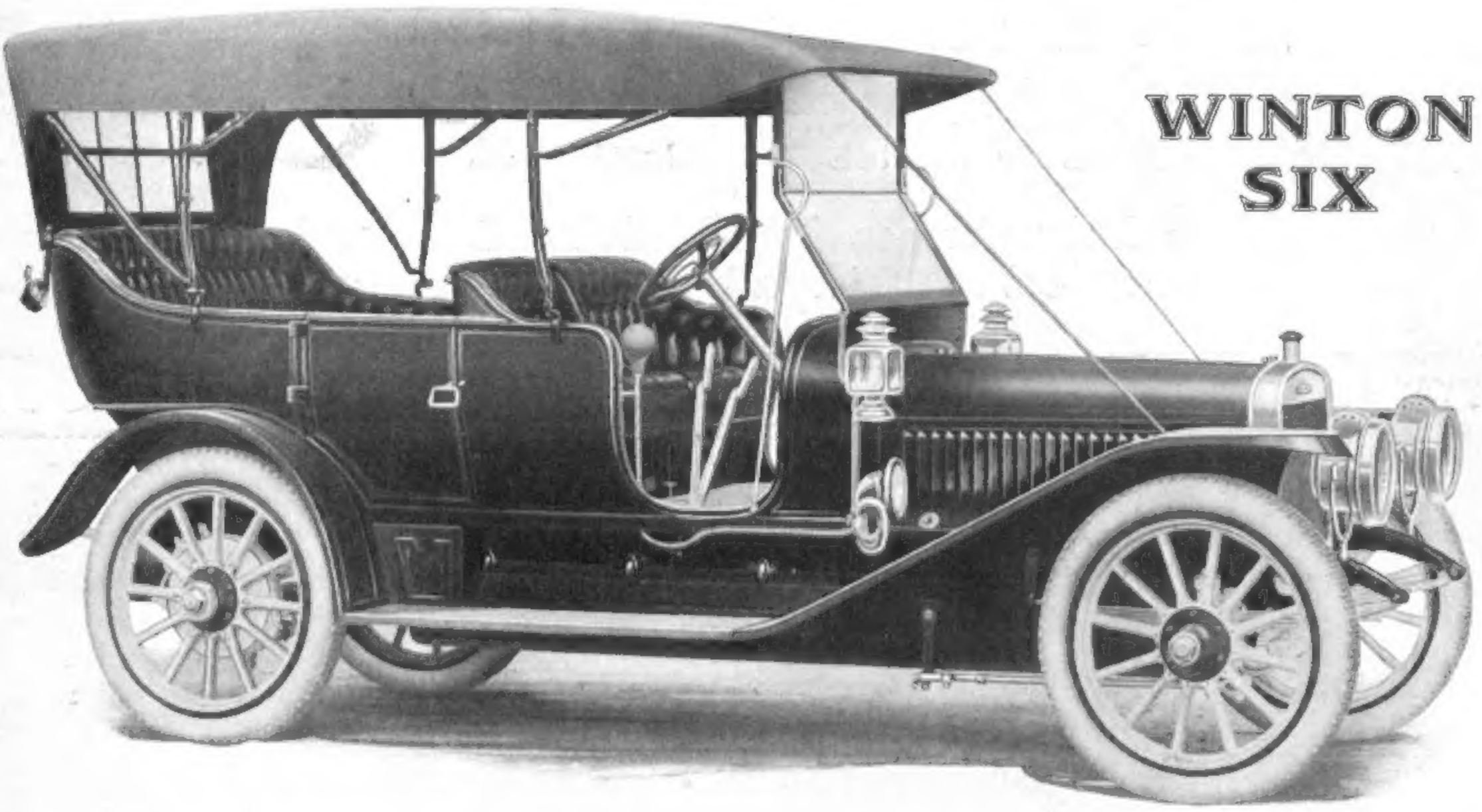
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

OCT. 1, 1910 — 5c. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly



WINTON SIX

Automobile Buyers Congratulate Themselves that the Automobile of Today is a Perfected Machine

It Isn't Wholly True

Don't you ever believe it—in a broad sense.

Hardly a car on the market today but has some feature so ancient as to require continuous apology for its presence, or that is experimental and unproved—which means that it is a possible source of trouble to every buyer of that car.

* * *

Changes Mean Experiments

Why is this so?

Obsolete features are continued in some cars because the makers are afraid to make changes.

Every change means an experiment, and the experiment may fail.

Then owners would complain hotly.

So, rather than risk experiments, some makers stick to old things, like the fly wheel clutch or the progressive type transmission, long after these have been discarded by other leading makers.

* * *

A Confession of Failure

Or, when a maker finds that some feature of his car will not do, he is forced to substitute an experiment.

Of course, that's a confession of failure so far as the old feature was concerned.

But, worse than that, it's a present experiment. And he doesn't know but that it, too, may fail.

But, as he can't help himself, he puts the risk upon the buyers of his cars.

* * *

High Price No Protection

Even high price is no protection against these faults. Look over high-price cars and observe that fact for yourself.

Then look at the 1911 Winton Six.

* * *

Nothing Obsolete or Experimental

Not a single element of this car is obsolete or experimental.

Not a single feature but is up to the minute, judged from the highest standard of automobile engineering.

Not a feature but has been used in Winton cars in previous seasons and proved in our own design, our own materials, our own workmanship, our own ensemble that it is trustworthy and dependable.

* * *

Must Have Six Cylinders

If there is any other car on the market of which this same statement can be truthfully made, we should like to see that car.

We'll admire it as a car in the class of the Winton Six.

If there is such a car, it must have six cylinders, for anything less cannot produce continuous power.

* * *

Fourth Consecutive Year

The Winton Six for 1911, with its powerful but velvety six-cylinder motor, is the same 48 H. P. car we have made for three years continuously, and are now making for the fourth year, without a single radical change.

No such change, because none was needed.

* * *

This is Our Confession

When we discarded four cylinders and began making sixes exclusively, in the summer of 1907, we confessed the failure of the four-cylinder motor.

By our own reasoning, the Winton Six made in 1907 was experimental.

Because it was experimental, we cut the output down to half the usual number of cars.

Took double time to make each car.

Exercised the most careful thought and engineering and manufacturing skill to avoid faults, and

Sold these cars at $4500.

* * *

Success From the Start

Those experimental cars were a great success.

We put the same car on the market a year later with practically no changes.

We increased the output to normal.

And, sharing our success with our buyers, we put the price at $3000.

For the same car we had marketed experimentally at $4500.

* * *

Only Car That Cranks Itself

We have been making that same car ever since.

It is now on the market for 1911.

It is the only car we know of that is absolutely free from obsolete or experimental features.

The only car that cranks itself.

The car that holds the world's lowest upkeep record—77 cents per 1000 miles.

* * *

Get Our 1911 Literature

Are you thinking of buying a car for 1911?

Then we have but one suggestion to offer.

Look over the best other car you ever heard of, and then compare it point for point with the 1911 Winton Six.

Our 1911 catalog is ready. It hits straight from the shoulder. Shall we send you a copy?

Send to my address information about the 1911 Winton Six.

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
121 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

Licensed under Selden Patent

121 Berea Road, Cleveland, U.S.A.

Our Own Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at 79th St.
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th St.
BOSTON	Berkeley at Stanhope St.
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 No. Broad St.
BALTIMORE	209 North Liberty St.
PITTSBURG	Beam at Beatty St.
CLEVELAND	Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
DETROIT	738-740 Woodward Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth St. N.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike St.

Be Sure Your Clothes Have Lasting Style and Shape Permanence

Poor workmanship or poor materials are visible faults which you can guard against yourself when buying clothes. The greatest enemy of "style" in clothes is the warping of imperfectly shrunk cloth caused by changeable weather.

A suit or overcoat will look well and fit well when you try it on—but after you have worn it in a rainstorm it may pucker, twist and warp.

The trouble is that all woolen goods, as they come from the weavers, will shrink. Ordinary processes fail to take out *all* this shrinkage, so that the first rainy day takes the stylishness out of the garment.

You can assure yourself of LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE in your clothes by wearing

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

For Men and "Campus Togs" for Young Men

Therefore, consider carefully when buying your next suit or overcoat, and bear in mind that in style, in fit, in workmanship and in material our clothes are equal, if not superior, to any other made; and, what's more, you procure *additional quality*—LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE.

These are assured by our *exclusive* "Pre-Shrinking" process, applied before the cloth is cut, which removes *every bit* of shrink tendency and prevents wrinkled coat fronts, puckered pockets, drawn-up trousers legs and sleeves—all the defects common to ordinary garments after the first rainy day wear.

Much of the price you pay for a suit or overcoat represents the appearance, the style and the fit. If these depart with the first damp weather—as with ordinary garments—what value are you getting for your money? Give thought, then, before you buy your next suit or overcoat, to the question of how it will look in a month—three months—or a season. For it is there that the test of real value lies.

There is a clothier near you who has a full line of Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments for Men and "Campus Togs" for Young Men, in the fabric and style you like best. Call and examine it and ask about our ironclad guaranty of LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE.

And don't fail to see our attractive Style Book of Men's and Young Men's Fashions for Fall and Winter. You can get it from the clothier or we will mail it direct for the asking. It illustrates Fashion's decrees for this season.

(51)

CHICAGO **Chas. Kaufman & Bros.** NEW YORK

On the Campus at Yale University

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

COLLEGE styles, as we make them, are models especially for young, athletic, stylish men. Our 'Varsity and Shape-maker are accepted by such wearers as perfection in young men's fashions; our name is a guarantee of all-wool quality, and fine tailoring.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Commercial Side of Aviation

BUSINESS POSSIBILITIES OF THE AEROPLANE

Glenn H. Curtiss

By GLENN H. CURTISS

HOW much does an aeroplane cost? How fast can you fly? Is it easy to learn to operate an aeroplane? These questions, which I am required to answer many times a day, illustrate the serious interest generally taken in aeroplaning from the practical and commercial viewpoint. They not only indicate the nature of the interest taken, but, when supplemented by the hundreds of letters I have received from embryo aviators and hopeful inquirers for machines to fly or positions to fill, these questions carry with them the conviction that the aeroplane has a commercial future offering vast possibilities. So much that is improbable, however, has been promised for the future utility of the aeroplane that a conservative estimate of its possible commercial value may prove inconsistent, if not disappointing. When we consider that the aeroplane has become more widely used in its short history than has any other mechanical invention, not excepting the automobile, we are prone to predict for it a big commercial future.

As a manufacturer I believe the tendency of the development of the aeroplane will be principally in speed, reliability and strength. The flying machine, in my judgment, can never become commercially valuable as a means of transportation except in special cases. That the aeroplane can ever take the place of the railroad or steamboat seems too absurd a statement to require consideration.

The commercial world has marveled at the strides made by the automobile industry. When the first horseless vehicle was put on the market it had little to recommend it but speed. There was no inducement to offer aside from the novelty of a self-propelled vehicle and the ability to travel at a faster rate than had previously been possible with a pleasure vehicle; in fact, very few dared to venture the opinion that the horseless carriage would result in an industry equal to the proportions of the automobile business of today.

The first few years of automobiling saw considerable improvement in the reduction of cost and maintenance, and in the methods of construction. And yet automobiles were not used for trips of the length and duration of those which have been made with the aeroplane so early in the period of its development.

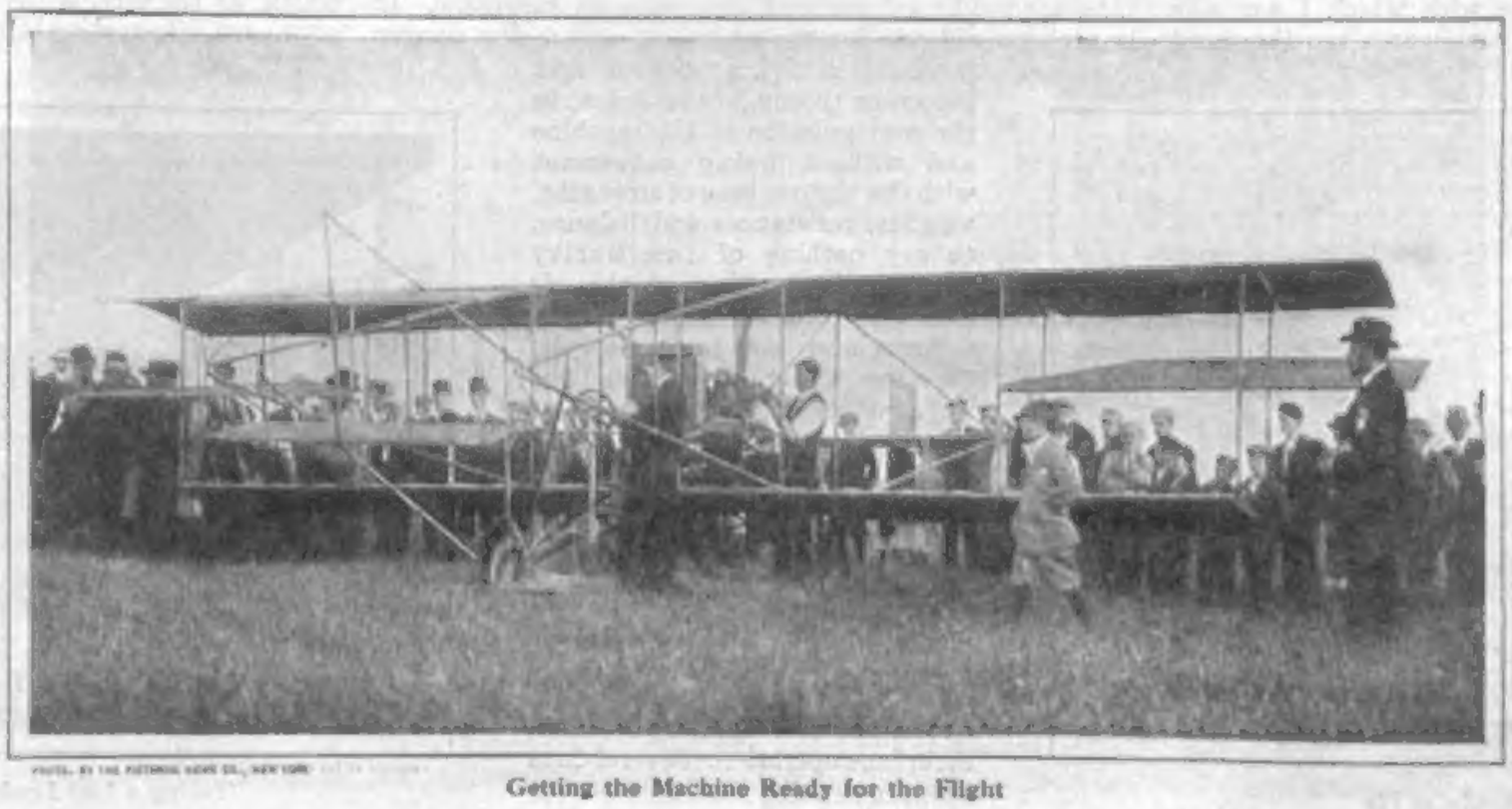
Speed the Spur to Competition by Manufacturers

THE time consumed in making the various aerial cross-country flights has been, in nearly every case, materially less than is possible with an automobile, even today. This fact is especially significant in that it brings to mind the human craving for speed.

The automobile industry, like other industries which preceded it, has been built up largely through keen competition resulting from races where the relative speed of the different makes of machines was determined; but there are physical difficulties which limit the speed possibilities of the automobile. Roads are not always straight. There are hills to climb and vehicles to avoid.

There is nothing, however, to limit the possible development of the speed of a flying machine. In its infancy it has equaled the rate of travel of the fastest express train. Who can say what it will do in the way of fast traveling in 1920?

The aeroplane has been a marketable product for less than a year, yet it is of more practical value today than the automobile was after several years' use. The aeromobile, as it might be called, is speedier, can travel greater distances, is more fascinating as a sport, has real military value, and can be adapted to many commercial uses.



Getting the Machine Ready for the Flight

Even in its present undeveloped state the aeroplane has many advantages over other methods of locomotion. It may be used as freely over water as over the land, and can also surmount natural obstacles where the automobile or any other vehicle would be useless. Each day I am becoming aware of new fields of usefulness for the aeroplane; in fact, there seems to be no limit to the uses to which the flying machine may be applied in the most practical manner.

A year ago, when a flight of one mile was recorded with great pride, and when such an event was chronicled in display type by the newspapers throughout the world, I was approached by a mine owner from Arizona with a plan to use an aeroplane for traveling between his various mining properties. He explained that the rough country made it necessary to travel a distance of two or three hundred miles by stage to get from one mine to the other, although they were less than forty miles apart as the crow flies.

"Why couldn't I use an aeroplane to get from one mine to the other?" he asked. "I could cover the distance in one hour instead of taking several days."

The longer that man thought over the proposition the more convinced he became that an aeroplane would prove invaluable to him. His plan is feasible and, when considered from the standpoint of saving in time, he could not make a better investment.

A Little Surprise Party for Hostile Indians

THERE are other uses to which I believe the aeroplane will be applied and in which it will fill a gap in the present order of things. That it will take a prominent part in the development of remote sections as well as in the exploration of hitherto inaccessible regions there can be no doubt.

I was recently requested to submit a bid for the purchase of ten aeroplanes by a Central American state, not for military purposes on account of an insurrection, but for exploring a region that has remained undeveloped and regarding which little is known because of the hostility of the Indians who inhabit that region.

The country, which these Indians consider their domain, is supposed to include a rich mining district, and it is with the object of locating these supposed mines that the state referred to wants to bring the aeroplane into use. It has also been suggested that the flying machine would have an excellent moral effect on the natives, who are steadfastly opposed to the exploration of their province.

To follow the same idea further into the future, it might be said that the improved aeroplane of several years hence will not only overcome the barriers of rough country and high mountains, but also will actually be used in exploring regions that are difficult to reach in any other way.

What I say in regard to the possible future practical uses for the aeroplane should not be construed into a statement that aviation has already reached this stage of development or that an aeroplane can be operated today under any and all conditions in perfect safety. Ignorance, impracticability and lack of caution summarize the dangers of aviation today. We cannot control the winds; therefore it is as foolhardy for an aviator to fly in a high wind as it is for a mariner to start to sea when there is a storm raging. Some day, however, the aeroplane will have become so perfected that winds will not prevent its operation.

When the flying machine has reached that stage in its improvement it should prove invaluable as a means of life-saving along the coast. When breeches-buoys or lifeboats could accomplish nothing an aeroplane could be used to ride the wind and accomplish the desired result of dropping a lifeline on the stranded vessel. It has been my experience that the winds along the coast are much steadier than elsewhere, even when their velocity is much greater. The possibility of equipping life-saving stations with aeroplanes is therefore not so improbable as might at first be considered.

In fact, it would not be surprising if steamships

should carry aeroplanes as part of their life-saving equipment. Accidents at sea are not confined to stormy weather, and even under existing conditions an aeroplane would prove of value in case of emergency.

Aside from the speed capabilities of an aeroplane, the most interesting phase of its development to my mind is its adaptability to use over water as well as over land. I have devoted much time to experiments in starting from and alighting on the water.

Though it takes greater power to rise from the surface of the water than to skim off the ground, by means of a specially constructed machine I have found it comparatively easy to start from the surface of a large body of water. I have on several occasions made successful drops to the surface of Lake Keuka, where all my experiments have been made. Taking into consideration the excellent wind conditions which prevail over the water, I would rather fly over the ocean or over a lake or river than over a rough or rolling country.

I have become so fascinated with the idea of over-water flights that I am planning to establish a camp near some body of water over which to continue my experiments during the coming winter. I am firmly convinced that the waterways of the country will become greatly enhanced in value to the public through their general use for intercity flights. A watercourse is the logical route for the aeroplane.

In making my flight from Albany to New York I found the advantages of a watercourse to be twofold. If the wind conditions are bad, high up in the air, it is possible to fly more safely close to the water than it would be close to the land, where trees and other obstructions would be a constant source of danger.

When flying high above the water there is no difficulty in finding a suitable spot for alighting. When high above the land it is difficult to distinguish between a clear, open space and one which is dotted with bushes or trees that cannot be detected when flying at a distance from the ground.

I received a bad twister in coming through the highlands, and I was able to prevent the capsizing of my machine only through my ability to plunge it downward until it grazed the surface of the water. If I had been flying over the land there would have been no way in which I could have prevented a smash-up.

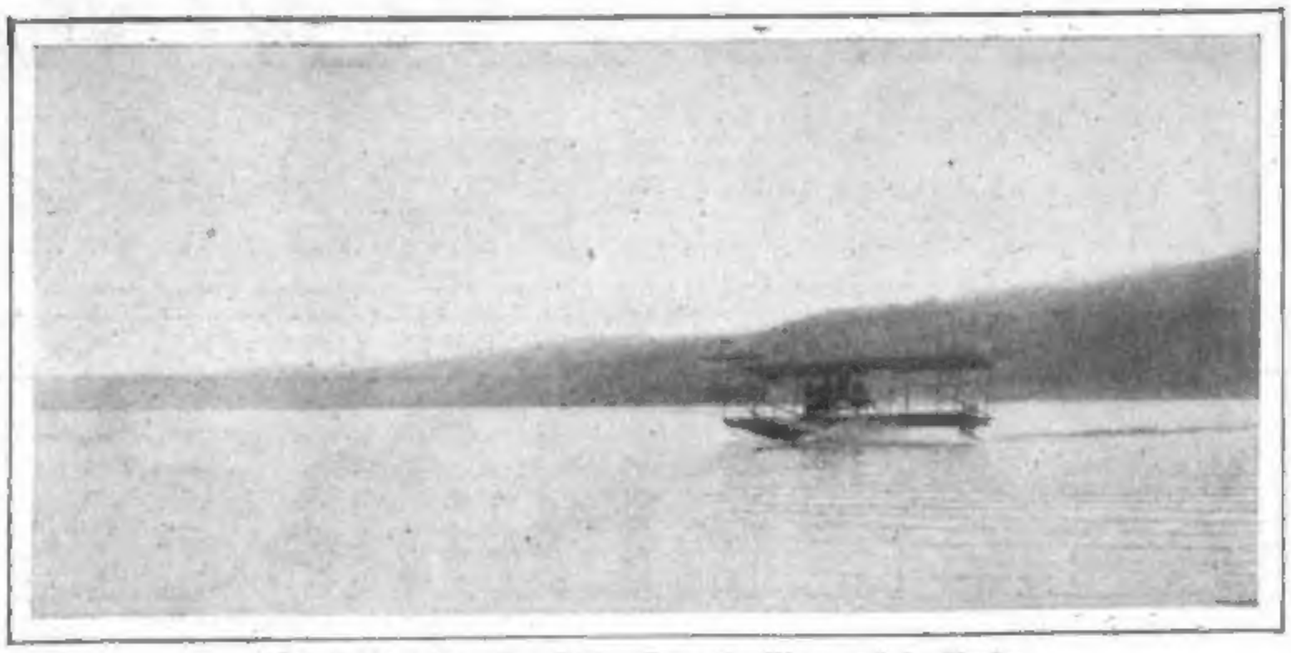
Big Prices for Famous Flyers

TO DISMISS the problematical and consider the actual, the value of the aeroplane today is chiefly in its advertising worth, its scientific interest, its moneymaking possibilities as an exhibition, the increasing interest in the sport and competition by aviation enthusiasts, and its proved military usefulness. Each of these spheres of activity is in an extremely healthy condition.

Despite the fact that there are estimated to be over ten thousand machines completed or in course of construction by experimenters in this country alone, the prices of the standard types have not diminished.

As with other things, the demand governs the price of aeroplanes, and the demand in this country is steadily increasing.

I was offered twenty-five thousand dollars for my Hudson-Fulton flyer within twenty-four hours after flying from Albany, and the machine with which I won the Gordon-Bennett cup in France was worth ten thousand



The Curtiss Aeroplane Rising From the Water at Lake Keuka

dollars to a large department store for a two weeks' exhibition. Neither of these machines would ordinarily sell for seventy-five hundred dollars at the factory.

Aviation as a means of advertising various kinds of business is extremely valuable. This method of advertising has already been taken up extensively by automobile and real-estate interests. The first aeroplane agency in this country was that of one of the largest automobile concerns in the city of New York. A member of this firm recently told me that, by undertaking the agency for flying machines and spending several thousand dollars in advertising the fact, his concern had made its wisest advertising investment, in addition to having received publicity which could not have been bought.

Another instance of the value of an aeroplane as a speculative venture is that of a prominent automobilist in a Western city, who bought one of my five-thousand-dollar machines. He placed the aeroplane on exhibition in the automobile show in his city and obtained sufficient money from the admissions in one week to complete a fund for building an automobile roadway.

Though entitled to the term "popular," the aeroplane must be considered as a scientific product. I apply the term "product" because it cannot be called an "invention," since it has been produced as the result of years of painstaking experiment combined with the opportunities afforded by modern invention for obtaining a maximum of power with a minimum of weight.

This modern product, therefore, being in its infancy and offering the widest possible field for improvement, is arresting the attention of the scientific world.

The flying machine offers for solution fascinating and intricate problems, and it will not be surprising to find every large institution of learning equipped with various types of air machines to be used in connection with special courses for those desiring to study the science of artificial flight.

The Harvard University aviation meet and the establishment of aviation courses in foreign universities, as well as various prizes offered students in scientific schools in this country, indicate this growing field of interest in aviation.

Risks Run by Foolhardy Amateurs

THE importance of the public demonstration of the aeroplane in flight should not be underestimated. As in all things which involve risk of life and require a certain amount of daring, there is a great tendency for people with reckless instincts and a love for the sensational to take up public exhibition flights with an aeroplane. It is perhaps difficult for the novice to realize the danger involved in flying without first becoming thoroughly proficient in the manipulation of the machine and without being conversant with the various laws of strengths, weights, resistances and balance, to say nothing of familiarity with the vagaries of the air currents.

Aeroplane manipulation is, therefore, an acquired art, and not an acrobatic accomplishment or the result of natural instinct. It is vitally important that the public should be educated up to this fact; that those who witness aeroplane flights should not become obsessed by the opinion that they can operate a flying machine without preliminary training.

With the proper machine it is not a difficult matter to learn aeroplane operation. Several days spent in running the machine over the surface of the ground, in order to become familiar with the movements necessary for balance and steering, will prepare the student for his first flight.

The first mistake made by the novice is to turn his machine upward too suddenly. This usually results in a drop to the ground with perhaps a bad jar. The next mistake is made after the machine is in the air and the student attempts to negotiate a landing. It is rarely that a beginner does not strike the earth with exaggerated force.

A number of my pupils who are now making excellent flights were given to the fault of making turns too sharply. Unless a machine has power enough it should not be used to make a sharp turn, as there is no bank in the aerial track to prevent the machine from sliding sideways and losing headway. Loss of headway is the principal danger to which an aviator is subjected, and nearly every serious accident has been traced to this cause.

The extent of the general impression that aeroplane operation requires no study or thought is alarming. I am constantly receiving letters from people who have no conception of what an aeroplane is and who seek an opportunity to fly one. For three weeks after I made the flight from Albany to New York I received letters from aspirants to fame who offered to fly machines for me without recompense or for practically nothing.

"I know I can fly well enough to satisfy you," wrote one man from a small town in the West. "I will take your place and you can pay me a small salary, and then you will not have to do any more flying."

I must say that this proposition to relieve me from the necessity of making flights was pleasing to me, and my only regret was that he could not do so. I have been endeavoring for nearly a year to retire from the field of public exhibition flights in order to devote more time to experimenting and to the manufacture of aeroplanes, but my efforts have been unavailing.

When the Public Blames the Aviator

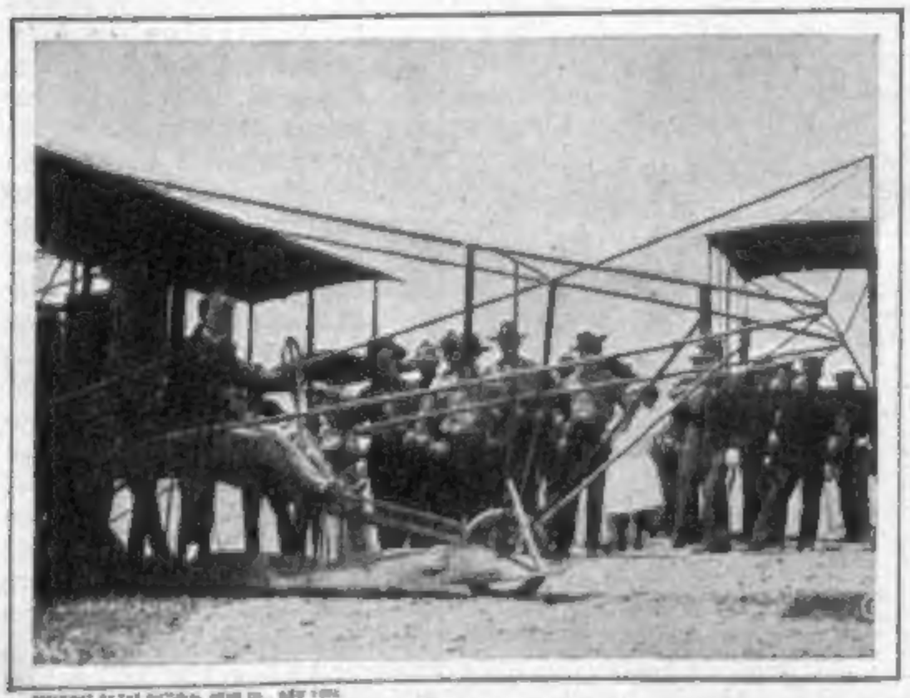
FROM the amusement manager's standpoint, exhibition flights have been profitable. Beginning with the Los Angeles aviation meet in January, there has been one unbroken series of aviation exhibitions and contests. It is true that weather conditions have been responsible for making several financially unsuccessful, but these have been an exception to the rule. In one city where I made some flights the receipts amounted to over thirty thousand dollars in two days.

From the aviator's viewpoint, the exhibition business is not so satisfactory. If conditions are against him the aviator's efforts are not appreciated. The public has been educated to the balloon idea. The general impression is that an aeroplane goes straight up for several thousand feet regardless of wind or air conditions. Therefore, when the aviator's experience argues against the flight because of dangerous conditions in the air, the spectators are disappointed and believe they have been duped.

It is not an uncommon thing to be approached on a day when the air currents are treacherous and flights are impossible, and have some one say:

"Why, Professor Smith made a parachute jump here last year in a greater wind than this."

The fact that a balloon was used by the "professor"—which, by the way, is the title by which I am frequently addressed, illustrating the tendency to confuse ballooning



Curtiss Ready to Fly

Taking a Last Look Before Starting

with aviation—had been entirely lost to view. The author of the remark did not seem to realize that the aeroplane weighed nearly a thousand pounds and forced its way through the air instead of floating by means of a gas lighter than air itself.

The exhibition flights that are being made throughout the country are having a far-reaching effect in overcoming these false notions. Wherever flights have been made the public has learned that weather conditions are as essential to successful aeroplane contests as a quiet sea and good conditions are to a yacht race. But, as with anything that is new, the public must be trained to receive disappointment without becoming agitated.

As a means to this end we have introduced "wind checks" which correspond to rain checks at a ball game. These have been very well received. Recently I conducted an experiment in New York by arranging an aviation meet at the Sheepshead Bay racetrack, and although flights were made on each day for which they had been advertised we issued wind checks on one day because stormy winds prevented lengthy flights. Though the crowds were disappointed there was not a murmur regarding the failure to satisfy their desire to see a real demonstration.

One of the brightest indications of the future commercial development of the aeroplane is the continual growth of aviation as a sport. Supplementing the public interest in exhibitions is the interest of enthusiasts who want to fly. Aero clubs have been formed in all the large cities, and without exception the membership of these clubs is composed of the best people in the different communities. It is through these clubs that the future course of development in aviation should be directed.

There can be no doubt that the sensations of flight are such that the sport will find a very large following. Devotees of automobiling will undoubtedly turn their attention to aviation, and aeroplane races will prove of far greater interest than any other form of competition. It must be remembered that, so far as is known, there can be no limit to the speed with which an aeroplane may, in the future, be driven through the air; in fact, everything seems to depend upon the physical endurance of the aviator.

The strain upon a man operating an aeroplane varies according to the weather conditions he encounters while in flight. If the air is calm, and he is not compelled to work his balancing planes to any unusual extent, the pleasure of the flight is greatly enhanced. Under such conditions I believe a man can operate an aeroplane for a longer period than he would be able to operate an automobile, from which there is more tension if going at any great speed. I never enjoyed any trip so much as my Albany-New York flight, during which I had an excellent opportunity to view the beautiful scenery for which the Hudson is so famous.

Aeroplaning at present does not permit the aviator to shield himself from the wind, but even under these conditions I have found it practicable to fly in zero weather.

For pleasure, an aeroplane has many attractive features, especially for the man who has a large country estate and enjoys open-air amusements. I had a little experience myself with the social uses to which an aeroplane may be adapted. While flying at Atlantic City, early in the summer, I took the opportunity to visit a friend of mine by means of my aeroplane. On arriving at his cottage he invited me to have tea, and after a pleasant chat I returned to the starting point.

I have also heard of other aviators abroad similarly making cross-country flights to visit friends. Aeroplaning is exhilarating, healthful and, if the proper precaution is exercised, it is as safe, if not more so, than automobiling. Ranch owners in the West will undoubtedly resort to the use of aeroplanes for intercommunication between their various properties.

Judging from some experiences I have had, it would not surprise me to hear any day that some one has used an aeroplane for rabbit shooting or fox hunting; in fact, on several occasions inquisitive birds have come so close to my machine that I would have had no difficulty in hitting them with a stone. There are few birds that can equal the speed of an aeroplane, and bird chasing may prove as interesting a sport in the future as fox chasing is today.

The military possibilities of the aeroplane have been discussed pro and con by experts in aviation and military affairs. The subject is decidedly fascinating, and it has given me a great deal of pleasure to participate in various

(Continued on Page 61)

The Innocence of Father Brown

Why The True Fishermen Always Wear Green Evening Coats

By G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

IF YOU meet a member of that select club, The Twelve True Fishermen, entering the Vernon Hotel for the annual club dinner, you will observe, as he takes off his overcoat, that his evening coat is green and not black. If—supposing that you have the star-defying audacity to address such a being—you ask him why, he will probably answer that he does it to avoid being mistaken for a waiter. You will then retire, crushed. But you will leave behind you a mystery as yet unsolved and a tale worth telling.

If—to pursue the same vein of improbable conjecture—you were to meet a mild, hard-working little priest named Father Brown, and were to ask him what he thought was the most singular luck of his life, he would probably reply that, upon the whole, his best stroke was at the Vernon Hotel, where he averted a crime and perhaps saved a soul merely by listening to a few footsteps in a passage. He is, perhaps, a little proud of this wild and wonderful guess of his, and it is possible that he might refer to it. But since it is immensurably unlikely that you will ever rise high enough in the social world to find The Twelve True Fishermen, or that you will ever sink low enough among slums and criminals to find Father Brown, I fear you will never hear the story at all unless from me.

The Vernon Hotel, at which The Twelve True Fishermen held their annual dinners, was an institution such as can only exist in an oligarchical society which has almost gone mad on good manners. It was that topsyturvy product, an "exclusive" commercial enterprise. That is, it was a thing which paid not by attracting people but actually by turning people away. In the heart of a plutocracy tradesmen become cunning enough to be more fastidious than their customers. They positively create difficulties so that their wealthy and weary clients may spend money and diplomacy in overcoming them. If there were a fashionable hotel in London which no man could enter who was under six foot, society would meekly make up parties of six-foot men to dine in it. If there were an expensive restaurant which by a mere caprice of its proprietor was only open on Thursday afternoon, it would be crowded on Thursday afternoon. The Vernon Hotel stood, as if by accident, in the corner of a square in Belgravia. It was a small hotel and a very inconvenient one. But its very inconveniences were considered as walls protecting a particular class. One inconvenience in particular was held to be of vital importance—the fact that practically only twenty-four people could dine in the place at once. The only big dinner-table was the celebrated Terrace Table which stood open to the air on a sort of veranda overlooking one of the most exquisite old gardens in London. Thus it happened that even the twenty-four seats at this table could only be enjoyed in warm weather; and this making the enjoyment yet more difficult made it yet more desired. The existing owner of the hotel was a Jew named Lever; and he made nearly a million out of it by making it difficult to get into. Of course, he combined with this limitation in the scope of his enterprise the most careful polish in its performance. The wines and cooking were really as good as any in Europe; and the demeanor of the attendants exactly mirrored the fixed mood of the English upper class. The proprietor knew all his waiters like the fingers on his hand; there were only fifteen of them, all told. It was much easier to become a member of Parliament than to become a waiter in that hotel. Each waiter was trained in terrible silence and smoothness, as if he were a gentleman's servant. And, indeed, there was generally at least one waiter to every gentleman who dined.

"I Want to Threaten You With the Worm That Dieth Not and the Fire That Is Not Quenched"

The club of The Twelve True Fishermen would not have consented to dine anywhere but in such a place; for it insisted on a luxurious privacy and would have been quite upset by the mere thought that any other club was even dining in the same building. On the occasion of their annual dinner the Fishermen were in the habit of exposing all their treasures, as if they were in a private house; especially the celebrated set of fish knives and forks which were, as it were, the insignia of the society, each being exquisitely wrought in silver in the form of a fish and each loaded at the hilt with one large pearl. These were always laid out for the fish course—and the fish course was always the most magnificent in that magnificent repast. The society had a vast number of ceremonies and observances, but it had no history and no object; that was where it was so very aristocratic. You did not have to do anything in order to be one of the twelve fishers. Unless you were already a certain sort of person you never even heard of them. It had been in existence about twelve years. Its president was Mr. Audley. Its vice-president was the Duke of Chester.

If I have in any degree conveyed the atmosphere of this appalling hotel the reader may feel a natural wonder as to how I came to know anything about it, and may even speculate as to how so ordinary a person as my friend, Father Brown, came to find himself in that golden galley.

As far as that is concerned my story is simple or even vulgar. There is in the world a very aged rioter and demagogue who breaks into the most refined retreats with the dreadful information that all men are brothers; and wherever this leveler went on his pale horse it was Father Brown's trade to follow. One of the waiters, an Italian, had been struck down with a paralytic stroke that afternoon and his Jewish employer, marveling mildly at such superstitions, had consented to send for the nearest Popish priest. With what the waiter confessed to Father Brown we are not concerned, for the excellent reason that that cleric kept it to himself; but apparently it involved him in writing out a note or statement for the conveying of some message or the righting of some wrong. Father Brown, therefore, with a meek impudence which he would have shown equally in Buckingham Palace, asked to be provided with a room and writing materials. Mr. Lever was torn in two. He was a kind man, and had also that bad imitation of kindness, the dislike of any difficulty or scene. At the same time, the presence of one unusual stranger in his hotel that evening was like a speck of dirt on something just cleaned. There was never any borderland or anteroom in the Vernon Hotel; no people waiting in the hall; no customers coming in on chance. There were fifteen waiters. There were twelve guests. It would be as startling to find a new guest in the hotel that night as to find a new brother taking breakfast or tea in one's own family. Moreover, the priest's appearance was second-rate and his clothes muddy; a mere glimpse of him afar off might precipitate a crisis in the club. Mr. Lever at last

And Reappeared With a Third Waiter

hit on a plan to cover, since he might not obliterate, the disgrace. When you enter—as you never will—the Vernon Hotel you pass down a short passage decorated with a few dingy but important pictures and come to the main vestibule and lounge which opens, on your right, into passages leading to the public rooms and, on your left, to a similar passage pointing to the kitchens and offices of the hotel. Immediately on your left hand is the corner of a glass office which abuts upon the lounge—a house within a house, like the old hotel bar which probably once occupied its place.

In this office sat the representative of the proprietor—nobody in this place ever appeared in person if he could help it—and just beyond the office on the way to the servants' quarters was the gentlemen's cloak-room, the last boundary of the gentlemen's domain. But between the office and the cloak-room was a small private room without other outlet, sometimes used by the proprietor for delicate and important matters, such as lending a duke a thousand pounds or declining to lend him sixpence. It is a mark of the magnificent tolerance of Mr. Lever that he permitted this holy place to be for about half an hour profaned by a mere priest, scribbling away on a piece of paper. The story which Father Brown was writing down was very likely a much better story than this one, only it will never be known. I can merely state that it was very nearly as long and that the last two or three paragraphs of it were the least exciting and absorbing. For it was by the time that he had reached these that the priest began to allow his thoughts to wander a little and his animal senses, which were commonly keen, to awaken. The time of darkness and dinner was drawing on; his own forgotten little room was without a light, and perhaps the gathering gloom, as occasionally happens, sharpened the sense of sound. As Father Brown wrote the last and less essential part of his document he caught himself writing to the rhythm of a recurrent noise outside, just as one sometimes thinks to the tune of a railway train. When he became conscious of the thing he found that it was only the ordinary patter of feet passing the door which, in a hotel, was no very unlikely matter. Nevertheless, he stared at the darkening ceiling and listened to the sound. After he had listened for a few seconds dreamily he got to his feet and listened intently, with his head a little on one side. Then he sat down and buried his brow in his hands, now not merely listening but listening and thinking also.

The footsteps outside at any given moment were such as one might hear in any hotel; and yet, taken as a whole, there was something very strange about them. There were no other footsteps. It was always a very silent house; for the few familiar ghosts went at once to their own apartments, and the well-trained waiters were told to be almost invisible until they were wanted. One could not conceive any place where there was less reason to apprehend anything irregular. But these footsteps were so odd that one could not even decide to call them regular or irregular. Father Brown followed them with his finger on the edge of the table, like a man trying to learn a tune on the piano.

First there came a long rush of rapid little steps such as a light man might make in winning a walking race. At a certain point they stopped and changed to a sort of slow swinging stamp, numbering not a quarter of the steps but occupying about the same time. The moment the last echoing stamp had died away, would come again the run or ripple of light hurrying feet, and then again the thud of the heavier walking. It was certainly the same pair of boots, partly because—as has been said—there were no other boots about, and partly because they had a small but unmistakable creak in them. Father Brown had the kind of head that cannot help asking questions; and on this apparently trivial question his head almost split. He had seen men run in order to jump. He had seen men run in order to slide. But why on earth should a man run in order to walk? Or, again, why should he walk in order to run? Yet no other description would cover the antics of this invisible pair of legs. The man was either walking very fast down one-half of the corridor in order to walk very slow down the other half, or he was walking very slow at one end to have the rapture of walking fast at the other. Neither suggestion seemed to make much sense. His brain was growing darker and darker like his room.

Yet as he began to think steadily the very blackness of his cell seemed to make his thoughts more vivid; he began to see as in a kind of vision the fantastic feet capering along the corridor in unnatural or symbolic attitudes. Was it a heathen religious dance? Or some entirely new kind of scientific exercise? Father Brown began to ask himself with more exactness what the steps suggested. Taking the slow step first, it certainly was not the step of the proprietor. Men of his type walk with a rapid waddle or they sit still. It could not be any servant or messenger waiting for directions. It did not sound like it. The poorer orders—in an oligarchy—sometimes lurch about when they are slightly drunk; but generally, and especially in such gorgeous scenes, they stand or sit in constrained attitudes. No; that heavy yet springy step, with a kind of careless emphasis, not specially noisy yet not caring what noise it made, belonged to only one of the animals of this earth. It was a gentleman of western Europe, and probably one who had never worked for his living. Just as he came to this solid certainty the step changed to the quicker one and ran past the door as feverishly as a rat. The listener remarked that though this step was much swifter it was also much more noiseless, almost as if the man were walking on tiptoe. Yet it was not associated in his mind with secrecy but with something else—something that he could not remember. He was maddened by one of those half-memories that make a man feel half-witted. Surely he had heard that strange, swift walking somewhere. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a new idea in his head and walked to the door. His room had no direct outlet on the passage, but led on one side into the glass office and on the other into the cloak-room beyond. He tried the door into the office and found it locked. Then he looked at the window, now a square pane full of purple cloud cleft by livid sunset; and, for an instant, he smelt evil as a dog smells rats.

The rational part of him—whether the wiser or not—regained its supremacy. He remembered that the proprietor had told him that he would lock the door and would come later to release him. He told himself that twenty things he had not thought of might explain the eccentric sounds outside; he reminded himself that there was just enough light left to finish his own proper work. Bringing his paper to the window so as to catch the last stormy evening light, he resolutely plunged once more into the almost completed record. He had written for about twenty minutes, bending closer and closer to his paper in the lessening light. Then suddenly he sat upright: he had heard the strange feet once more.

This time they had a third oddity. Previously the unknown man had walked with levity and lightning quickness; but he had walked. This time he ran. One could hear the swift, soft, bounding steps coming along the corridor like the pads of a fleeing and leaping panther. Whoever was coming was a very strong, active man, in tearing excitement. Yet when the sound had swept up to the office like a sort of whispering whirlwind it suddenly changed again to the old slow, swaggering stamp.

Father Brown flung down his paper and, knowing the office door to be locked, went at once into the cloak-room on the other side. The attendant of this place was temporarily absent, probably because the only guests were at dinner and his office was a sinecure. After groping through a gray forest of overcoats he found that the dim cloak-room opened on the lighted corridor in the form of a sort of counter or half-door, like most of the counters across which we have handed umbrellas and received tickets. There was a light immediately above the semicircular arch of this opening. It threw little illumination on Father Brown himself, who seemed a mere dark outline against the dim sunset window behind him. But it threw an almost theatrical light on the man who stood outside the cloak-room in the corridor.

He was an elegant man in very plain evening dress; tall, but with an air of not taking up much room. One felt that he could have slid along like a shadow where many smaller men would have been obvious and obstructive. His face, now flung back in the lamplight, was swarthy and vivacious, the face of a foreigner. His figure was good, his manners good-humored and confident. A critic could only say that his black coat was a shade below his figure and manners and even bulged and bagged in an odd way. The moment he caught sight of Brown's black silhouette against the sunset, he tossed down a scrap of paper with a number and called out with amiable authority: "I want my hat and coat, please; I find I have to go away at once."

Father Brown took the paper without a word and obediently went to look for the coat; it was not the first menial work he had done in his life. He brought it and laid it on the counter; meanwhile the strange gentleman, who had been feeling in his waistcoat pocket, said, laughing: "I haven't got any silver; you can keep this for yourself." And he threw down a half-sovereign and caught up his coat.

Father Brown's figure remained quite dark and still; but in that instant he had lost his head. His head was always most valuable when he had lost it. In such moments he put two and two together and made four million. Often the Catholic Church (which is wedded to common-sense) did not approve of it. Often he did not approve of it himself. But it was real inspiration, important at rare crises when whosoever shall lose his head the same shall save it.

"I think, sir," he said civilly, "that you have some silver in your pocket."

The tall gentleman stared. "Hang it!" he cried, "if I choose to give you gold, why should you complain?"

"Because silver is sometimes more valuable than gold," said the priest mildly—"that is, in large quantities."

The stranger looked at him curiously. Then he looked still more curiously up the passage toward the main entrance. Then he looked back at Brown again, and then he looked very carefully at the window beyond Brown's head, still colored with the afterglow of the storm. Then he seemed to make up his mind. He put one hand on the counter, vaulted over as easily as an acrobat, and towered above the priest, putting one huge hand upon his collar.

"Stand still!" he said in a hacking whisper. "I don't want to threaten you, but ——"

"I do want to threaten you," said Father Brown in a voice like a rolling drum; "I want to threaten you with the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched."

"You're a rum sort of cloak-room clerk," said the other.

"I am a priest, Monsieur Flambeau," said Brown gravely, "and I am ready to hear your confession."

The other stood gasping for a few moments, staring at Father Brown, and then staggered back into a chair.

. . . . . .

The first two courses of the dinner of The Twelve True Fishermen had proceeded with placid success. I do not possess a copy of the menu; and if I did it would not convey anything to anybody. It was written in a sort of super-French employed by cooks, but quite unintelligible to Frenchmen. There was a tradition in the club that the *hors-d'œuvres* should be various and manifold to the point of madness. They were taken seriously since they were avowedly useless extras, like the whole dinner and the whole club. There was also a tradition that the soup course should be light and unpretending; a sort of simple and austere vigil for the feast of fish that

Like a Man Trying to Learn a Tune on the Piano

was to come. The talk was that strange, slight talk which governs the British Empire, which governs it in secret, and which yet would scarcely enlighten an ordinary Englishman even if he could overhear it. Cabinet ministers on both sides were alluded to by their Christian names with a sort of bored benignity. The Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom the whole Tory party was supposed to be cursing for his extortions, was praised for his minor poetry or his saddle in the hunting field. The Tory leader, whom all Liberals were supposed to hate as a tyrant, was discussed and, on the whole, praised as a Liberal. It seemed somehow that politicians were very important. And yet anything seemed important about them except their politics. Mr. Audley, the chairman, was an amiable, elderly man who still wore Gladstone collars; he was a kind of symbol of all that phantasmal and yet fixed society. He had never done anything; not even anything wrong. He was not fast; he was not even particularly rich. He was simply in the thing and there was an end of it; no party could ignore him, and if he had wished to be in the Cabinet he certainly would have been put there. The Duke of Chester, the vice-president, was a young and rising politician. That is to say, he was a pleasant youth with flat, fair hair and a freckled face, with moderate intelligence and enormous estates. In public his appearances were always successful and his principle was simple enough. When he thought of a joke he made it and was called brilliant. When he could not think of a joke he said that this was no time for trifling, and was called able. In private, in a club of his own class, he was simply quite pleasantly frank and silly, like a schoolboy. Mr. Audley, never having been in politics, treated it a little more seriously. Sometimes he even embarrassed the company by phrases suggesting that there was some difference between a Liberal and a Conservative. He himself was a Conservative, even in private life. He had a roll of gray hair over the back of his collar, like certain old-fashioned statesmen, and seen from behind he looked like the man the Empire wants. Seen from the front he looked like a mild, self-indulgent bachelor with rooms in the Albany; which he was.

As has been remarked, there were twenty-four seats at the terrace table and only twelve members of the club. Thus they could occupy the terrace in the most luxurious style of all, being ranged along the inner side of the table with no one opposite, commanding an uninterrupted view of the garden, the colors of which were still vivid though evening was closing in somewhat luridly for the time of year. The chairman sat in the center of the line, and the vice-president at the right-hand end of it. When the twelve guests first trooped in to their seats it was the custom—for some unknown reason—for all the fifteen waiters to stand lining the wall like troops presenting arms to the King; while the fat proprietor stood and bowed to the club with radiant surprise, as if he had never heard of them before. But before the first chink of knife and fork this army of retainers had vanished; only the one or two required to collect and distribute the plates darting about in deathly silence. Mr. Lever, the proprietor, of course, long before had disappeared in convulsions of courtesy. It would be exaggerative, indeed irreverent, to say that he ever positively appeared again. But when the important course, the fish course, was being brought on, there was—how shall I put it?—a violent shadow, a projection of his personality, which told that he was hovering near. The sacred fish course consisted—to the eyes of the vulgar—in a sort of monstrous pudding about the size and shape of a wedding cake, in which some considerable number of interesting fishes had finally lost the shapes that God had given to them. The Twelve True Fishermen took up their celebrated fish knives and fish forks and approached it as gravely as if every inch of the pudding cost as much as the silver fork it was eaten with. So it did, for all I know. This course was dealt with in eager and devouring silence; and it was only when his plate was nearly empty that the young Duke made the ritual remark, "They can't do this anywhere but here."

"Nowhere," said Mr. Audley in a deep bass voice, turning to the speaker and nodding his venerable head a number of times—"Nowhere, your Grace, except here. It was represented to me that at the Café Anglais ——"

Here he was interrupted and even agitated for a moment by the removal of his plate; but he recaptured the valuable thread of his thoughts. "It was represented to me that the same could be done at the Café Anglais. Nothing like it, sir," he said, shaking his head ruthlessly, like a hanging judge. "Nothing like it."

"Overrated place," said a certain Colonel Pound, speaking—by the look of him—for the first time in months.

"Oh, I don't know!" said the Duke of Chester. "It's jolly good for some things. You can't beat it for ——"

A waiter came swiftly along the room and then stopped dead. His stoppage was as silent as his tread; but all those vague and kindly gentlemen were so used to the utter smoothness of the unseen machinery which surrounded and supported their lives that a waiter doing anything unexpected was a start and jar. They felt as you and I would feel if a chair ran away from us.

The waiter stood staring a few seconds, while there deepened on every face at table a strange shame which is wholly the product of our time. It is the combination of modern humanitarianism with the horrible modern abyss between the souls of the rich and poor. A genuine historic aristocrat would have thrown things at the waiter, beginning with empty bottles and very probably ending with money. A genuine democrat would have asked him, with a comrade-like clearness of speech, what the devil he was doing. But these modern plutocrats could not bear a poor man near to them, either as a slave or as a friend. That something had gone wrong with the servants was merely a dull, hot embarrassment. They did not want to be brutal and they dreaded the need to be benevolent. They wanted the thing, whatever it was, to be over. It was over. The waiter, after standing for some seconds rigid like a cataleptic, turned around and ran madly out of the room.

When he reappeared in the room, or rather in the doorway, it was in company with another waiter, with whom he whispered and gesticulated with southern fierceness. Then the first waiter went away, leaving the second waiter, and reappeared with a third waiter. By the time a fourth waiter had joined this hurried synod, Mr. Audley felt it necessary to break the silence in the interests of tact. He used a very loud cough instead of a presidential hammer and said: "Splendid work young Moocher's doing in Burma. Now, no other nation in the world could have——"

A fifth waiter had sped toward him like an arrow and was whispering in his ear, "So sorry. Important. Might the proprietor speak to you?"

The chairman turned in disorder and with a dazed stare saw Mr. Lever coming toward them with his lumbering quickness. The gait of the good proprietor was indeed his usual gait; but his face was by no means usual. Generally it was a genial copper-brown; now it was a sickly yellow.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Audley," he said with asthmatic breathlessness. "I have great apprehensions. Your fish plates, they are cleared away with the knife and fork on them!"

"Well, I hope so," said the chairman with some warmth.

"You see him?" panted the excited hotelkeeper—"you see the waiter who took them away? You know him?"

"Know the waiter?" answered Mr. Audley indignantly. "Certainly not."

Mr. Lever opened his hands with a gesture of agony. "I never send him," he said. "I know not when or why he come. I send my waiter to take away the plates and he find them already away."

Mr. Audley still looked rather too bewildered to be really the man the Empire wants; none of the company could say anything, except the man of wood, Colonel Pound, who seemed galvanized into an unnatural life. He rose rigidly from his chair, leaving all the rest sitting, screwed his eyeglass into his eye and spoke in a raucous undertone as if he had half forgotten how to speak. "Do you mean," he said, "that somebody has stolen our silver?"

The proprietor repeated the open-handed gesture; and in a flash all the guests were on their feet.

"Are all your waiters here?" demanded the Colonel in his low, harsh accent.

"Yes, they're all here; I noticed it myself," cried the young Duke. "Always count 'em as I come in; they look so queer standing up against the wall."

"But surely one cannot exactly remember," began Mr. Audley with heavy hesitation.

"I remember exactly, I tell you," cried the Duke excitedly; "there's never been more than fifteen waiters at this place; and there was no more than fifteen tonight, I'll swear, no more and no less."

"I Send My Waiter to Take Away the Plates and He Find Them Already Away"

The proprietor turned upon him, quaking in a kind of palsy of surprise. "You say . . . you say," he stammered, "that you see all fifteen?"

"As usual," assented the Duke. "What is the matter with that?"

"Nothing," said Lever with a deepening accent. "Only you did not. For one of zem is dead upstairs."

There was a shocking stillness for an instant in that room. It may be—so supernatural is the word death—that each of those idle men looked for a second at his soul and saw it as a small dried pea. One of them, the Duke, I think, even said with the idiotic kindness of wealth: "Is there anything we can do?"

"He has had a priest," said Lever, not untouched.

Then, as to the clang of doom, they awoke to their own position. For a few weird seconds they had really felt as if the fifteenth waiter might be the ghost of the dead man upstairs. They had been dumb under that oppression; for ghosts were to them an embarrassment, like beggars. But the remembrance of the silver broke the spell of the miraculous; broke it abruptly and with a brutal reaction. The Colonel flung over his chair and strode to the door. "If there was a fifteenth man here, friends," he said, "that fifteenth fellow was a thief. Down at once to the front and back doors and secure everything; then we'll talk. The twenty-four pearls are worth recovering."

Mr. Audley seemed at first to have hesitated about whether it was gentlemanly to be in such a hurry about anything; but, seeing the Duke dash down the stairs with youthful energy, he followed with a more mature motion.

At the same instant a sixth waiter ran into the room and declared that he had found the pile of fish plates on a sideboard, with no trace of the silver.

The crowd of diners and attendants that tumbled helterskelter down the passages divided into two groups. Most of the Fishermen followed the proprietor to the front room to demand news of any exit. Colonel Pound, with the chairman, the vice-president and one or two others, darted down the corridor leading to the servants' quarters, as the more likely line of escape. As they did so they passed the dim alcove or cavern of the cloak-room and saw a short, black-coated figure, presumably an attendant, standing a little way back in the shadow.

"Hullo, there!" called out the Duke. "Have you seen any one pass?"

The short figure did not answer the question directly but merely said, "Perhaps I have got what you are looking for, gentlemen."

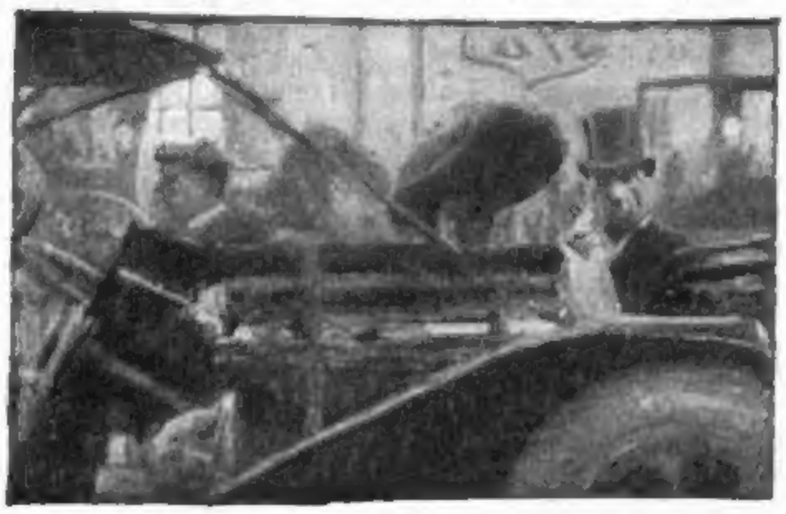
They paused, wavering and wondering, while he quietly went to the back of the cloak-room and came back with

(Continued on Page 57)

Retail Reconstruction Service

OR, GETTING OVER TO THE PUBLIC'S SIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



By

James H. Collins

SOMEBODY is always worrying about the hard lot of the retail merchant. A good deal of this worrying he does himself; so it is done very thoroughly. But manufacturers, wholesale merchants, bankers and credit men give their time and effort to helping him be anxious. Trade journals and trade gatherings discuss his business as "the retail problem," and delicately refer to his future by asking, "Is the retailer doomed?"

Great department stores are assumed to be ruining the individual retail merchant by their bargain methods. Trolleys and suburban trains are reckoned among his enemies because they help drain his territory of customers. Mail-order houses exert a similar influence. Chains of small stores backed by manufacturers are now invading his neighborhood to fight him on the spot.

His lesser competitors cause as much apprehension as the large ones. The rival who sets up on an opposite corner may have slender means and little experience, so that he will end by going bankrupt after he has demoralized prices. The mercantile faker who opens a "sample stock" emporium in the next block hurts legitimate trade by unloading tons of shoddy. Even the immigrant, peddling from a pushcart, is viewed dubiously because he has the apparent advantage of paying no rent.

Take it all in all, the retailer seems to have plenty of reasons for worrying when his field is surveyed in this general way. Yet retail opportunities have probably never been better than they are at the present time, and the whole industrial world is developing along lines that will steadily widen them.

It is the retail habit of mind to regard business chiefly in figures. Many a merchant studies price, discount and profit as the only essentials of his trade, and in his efforts to make sums in arithmetic work out to better purpose he brings pressure upon the manufacturer to pare materials and skimp quality. The logical outcome, with a great many merchants doing this, has been to fill the mercantile world full of junk made to sell at a price and not worth the purchaser's while to carry home. Gloom usually settles down thickest on the trade outlook when it is found that goods cannot be made more worthless.

The Failure of Old Man Smart

BUT prosperous retail establishments are being built up today on another idea—that of service to the consumer. Practically every mercantile success of the past ten or fifteen years has been grounded on this policy of service, and there is ample room for further development; because, when a merchant makes prices and discounts secondary and begins to study the great American consumer he is dealing with some magnificent possibilities.

For more than a generation things have been happening to the great American consumer tending to make him the most liberal customer on earth. From 1870 to 1905 our population a little more than doubled, but in the same period our output of manufactured goods increased from four billion dollars' worth to nearly seventeen billions. In effect, the consumer spends twice as much for food, clothes, amusements and material comforts. This increased consumption is due, not to higher prices, but to higher grades in staple goods, together with a more general distribution of things that were luxuries a generation ago, or perhaps unknown. In clothing, the consumer now pays for fashion. In foods, seasons have been abolished and quality and packing are infinitely better. In 1880 a zinc-lined bathtub was a banker's refinement, whereas today enameled bathtubs are found in working-men's homes and in farmhouses. In 1890 our output of photographic apparatus amounted to about six hundred thousand dollars; today it must be near fifteen millions, and this is only one item in a similar development.

Much of this merchandise reaches the consumer through retail hands, and there is little reason to complain of retail conditions when the merchant works in harmony with the new order of things.

Back in the early eighties there flourished, in a certain Middle-Western city, the Red Star Clothing House; Tom Smart, proprietor. The Red Star was a typical clothing establishment of that period. Tom bought his stock strictly by price and discount, and the manufacturers put it together on the same basis, sweating the poor immigrants who sewed the garments at home. The underlying creed of the trade was, in effect, that, if a customer had more than twelve dollars to spend for a suit or overcoat, he would probably know better than to buy one ready-made.

Tom Smart's stock was heaped up in mounds on long tables, accumulating dust and wrinkles. His two clerks, when not busy, kept close to the front door, watching for the profitable country cousin. Much of the art of the clothier then consisted in putting a suit on a customer, deftly gathering in the slack at the back while the customer inspected the front in a pier-glass, and taking up the slack in front while he looked at the back. If anybody objected to the fit the clothier was grieved.

"My dear friend, you are a man of judgment. Go all over town, go to St. Louis or Kansas City; if you can find a suit like this for twice the money, come back, and I'll give it to you."

For ten years Smart did well, and hundreds of other clothiers of his sort prospered over the country.

But about 1890 conditions suddenly changed. A department store was opened in Smart's town, and the advantage of its large stock as an attraction to the public led one of the younger clothiers to adapt the idea to ready-made clothing. In those days and in that section a large stock of merchandise was sufficient in itself to draw customers for many miles. When the Mammoth Outfitting Company opened, selling everything needed to clothe men and boys, buying favorably in large quantities, and advertising liberally, it soon dominated the trade in that community, driving most of the small clothiers out of business.

Smart complained bitterly when the Red Star was sold in bankruptcy proceedings. He said that the individual retail merchant no longer had any chance to make an honest living. About this time young Tommy Smart, his son, finished school. Instead of stepping into a snug business, according to his father's plans, Tommy had to get a job clerking in the Mammoth. He was a bright, industrious lad. The workings of the Mammoth interested him immediately. In a little more than two years he was first assistant to the head of the furnishing-goods department. In less than five years he gave up his position and, with the aid of a little capital and credit got together by the Smart family, opened a small furnishing shop in a side street, off the growing shopping section. It was only a hole in a wall, but Tommy had some excellent ideas about furnishings, picked up in the Mammoth. He had seen that, though the latter had put the clothing business on a more advanced plane than his father had occupied, it was at the same time teaching many of its customers to expect even better service.

In the elder Smart's palmy days furnishings had been a neglected side line. If you bought a suit he threw in a pair of suspenders. Socks were knit at home, and nobody paid much attention to the color, because long-legged boots were the footwear. Shirts were mostly home-made too, and underwear was still in the red-flannel period of evolution. Paper collars were staple. Neckties were funny little made-up bows glued to a bit of cardboard and snapped in place with an elastic loop—not one man in a hundred could tie a cravat.

The Success of His Son Tommy

BUT Tommy had seen the furnishing business expanding enormously. Shirts, collars and knit underwear came on to the market in great variety, everybody tied cravats, and there were many young bloods about town who gave scrupulous study to the color of their socks and bought much of their wardrobe in Chicago or New York. Evening clothes were now common. Tommy opened his shop with the general policy of carrying a small stock of fashionable novelties from the East—exclusive things in shirtings, cravats, underwear and hosiery which would sell to customers willing to pay fancy prices for choice goods. The time was ripe for such a shop. Soon Tommy was getting as much for half a dozen pairs of silk socks as his father had formerly asked for a suit of clothes. His connections with Eastern manufacturers and importers were good, and his judgment in matters of dress worth having. People left it to him in such delicate points as what sleeve-links were appropriate for a church wedding, and he could create as much interest for an exclusive new cravat as the local theatrical manager aroused in a new show. In two or three years he had all the fastidious patronage in town. Young bloods who got away to New York occasionally reported that it was hard to find anything in the metropolis that you couldn't get right at Tommy Smart's. Customers began to ask why he didn't handle other clothing, until, to meet the demand, he put in fancy waistcoats, bathrobes and similar sundries; then a line of raincoats; and finally, almost without giving it thought, he was back in the paternal business with a considerable stock of suits and overcoats. Instead of the ten or twelve dollars his father had asked for a suit, however, Tommy carried a line that ran up to fifty and sixty dollars; and instead of the piles on tables, familiar in his boyhood, he kept them individually in wardrobes.

Tommy Smart now owns a retail business much more profitable and agreeable than his father's ever was, and the future holds plenty of possibilities for him so long as he continues to think and give service. His success is quite typical of a new order in retailing. On one hand, manufacturers of clothes and accessories have modernized the American's dress, adapting it to our seasons and localities and broadening it to meet our expanding social life. On the other hand, the consuming public appreciates every genuine improvement or refinement and puts value before penny-saving. It only remained for the retail merchant to drop the old idea of buying cheaply, and to

step in between demand and supply with intelligent service. Success came because the retailer who could think and investigate for his customers was necessary.

The rise of the present-day haberdasher has been one of the most interesting phenomena of retail reconstruction. "Gents' furnishings" were formerly a side line in the old-time clothing store, comprising socks built on the model of the potato sack, red bandanna handkerchiefs and cheap suspenders. But in the past five or ten years these accessories have been developed with new materials and new ideas, the element of design utilized, and factory processes refined to give goods accuracy and uniformity. Where the clothier threw his furnishings together in a fly-specked showcase, the present-day haberdasher handles and displays his goods like jewels, with an intimate understanding of simple arrangements and color values. Indeed, the president of a jewelers' association lately suggested that merchants in his trade might well go to the haberdasher for suggestions in displaying and selling stock.

Something less than ten years ago a small haberdashery shop was opened in New York by two young men who laid down a service policy. The town was full of cut-price furnishings. With the standard price for a cravat fixed at fifty cents, merchants whittled values in the endeavor to sell at forty-five cents, forty-two cents, thirty-eight cents. Instead of trimming value off, however, these newcomers put it on. Fifty-five cents was set as their standard price for such goods, and this ten-per-cent margin gave them marked advantages in buying stock. Upon that general policy, backed by close personal attention to their business, they have expanded to meet the demand until they now own a dozen shops in different parts of the metropolis.

In a large Boston store, devoted to women's and children's clothing, this idea of intelligent service has been carried out in another way. Women's washable gowns, so known in the trade, are a various and doubtful quantity. The banker's wife who wants a few house dresses of cotton print, to be put into the tub and washed when soiled, usually takes her cloth to a dressmaker and has them made up. In that way she gets fit, style and wearing quality at a total cost of twelve to twenty-five dollars a garment. The mechanic's wife, unable to pay such prices, buys at a store where ready-made wash gowns are sold at an average of three to five dollars. These garments were made by "wrappermen," as they are known in the trade. All the wrappermen, haunted by the selling price, competed with each other to supply the stores. The garments were cut individually in a crude way to fit nobody in particular, and sewed together hastily. And they looked it in every detail. If the first lady in the land donned one it would make her look like a washerwoman.

The Boston store changed these conditions in a very simple way. A small manufacturing department was established, and each season, when the trend in fabrics became known, stylish prints were sent to the leading Eastern dressmakers to be made up in the best way possible, no matter what the cost. When these garments were delivered the new department took them apart, used them as models for cutting hundreds of others in a wide variety of colors and patterns adapted to sizes that were determined by special measurements and sewed with care to preserve the style of the models. To reduce cost, electric knives are used to cut several dozen garments simultaneously, and other economies are effected where finished results will not be marred. These gowns are then sold for exactly what they are, as "machine-made wash dresses," prices not exceeding seven or eight dollars. A remarkable trade has been built up in two or three years, because for the price of the wrappermen's creations any woman can buy a wash dress with some snap and service to it. This department has been conducted from the first by a young college man, who says that the whole trade in feminine clothes offers similar opportunities and that a college man can find in retail business a much better outlet for his energy than in manufacturing or the professions. From the time each season's stock is planned until it is sold on the floor he is in touch with the public he serves to an extent not possible in other lines.

In the retail shoe business, it is said, ninety-nine merchants in every hundred eventually fail. This ratio may be exaggerated, but one thing about shoe failures seems to be absolutely certain, and that is, when the receiver goes over the bankrupt stock he finds that unsold shoes put the merchant out of business. This dead stock consists chiefly of "end sizes," as they are called—the extremely long and short, broad and narrow lasts, of which the merchant bought too many. These absorb his capital and also cut into sales of medium lasts, because he will not have enough of the latter to meet the demand and loses a sale every time he is out of the combination of style, size and leather that a customer wants. Ordering shoe stock is so complex a matter that not one shoeman in fifty ever masters it.

A suburban shoe dealer near New York solved this problem when he stopped studying his stock too closely and began to study customers and serve them.

He is located about twenty-five miles from the metropolis, and had built up a profitable trade among the townspeople, the farmers round about, and the wives and children of commuters. Of the several hundred men who went to the city every day, however, he had very few as customers, as most of them bought shoes in New York. As he carried well-known makes and at the same standard prices he made it a point to go after this trade, and learned that the commuters bought in the city because they believed they could choose from a larger stock, and also because they had more time to shop at that end of the trip.

This suburban merchant bought a file-box and some cards. Whenever he could get hold of Mr. Lonesomehurst, the commuter, and sell him a pair of shoes, he wrote the latter's name on a card, with his home address, approximate

(Concluded on Page 73)

THE CHEERFUL SWEARER

Ole Reliable Helps a Young Man and Wins the Medal for Long-Distance Liars

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

They Settled Down Face to Face for a Heart-to-Heart Talk

A WOMAN screamed, a clock struck seven, a dog barked; running footsteps crossed the bridge and died away. The dog hushed, the clock ticked on; the steady drizzle continued without a sound. Water collected beside the slanting roadway and gurgled past the body of the dead.

'Cindy Badger had been murdered and thrown into a gully at the edge of the road. Many people must have traveled that way, but none saw her body in the darkness. Next morning a hackman found her lying in a pool of water with her head brutally crushed. Then neighbors began to inquire and to remember; everybody knew exactly what everybody else knew—and no more. 'Cindy had been killed precisely at seven the evening before with an iron spike fourteen inches long, wrapped in wet cloth—deadly and noiseless. Such spikes were used in the construction of barges. One man, perhaps, had run south across the bridge; another, perhaps, had silently escaped to the north up the muddy road; a mysterious hack had passed and the darkness swallowed it. Everybody knew this much, but that was all.

Ole Reliable toted the news to Colonel Spottiswoode, with whom he now had an irregular job with regular meals. Negroes talked of nothing else but "Who killed 'Cindy?" And Zack retailed their gossip, with embellishments, at shaving time. Every morning they had the same discussion over again with such additional facts and fiction as the day brought forth.

"Well, Zack, anything new?" the Colonel would inquire. Then Zack would stop in the middle of the floor, mixing lather and swapping guesses with the Colonel.

"How come 'Cindy 'way out dere on de Halls Ferry Road when she lived 'way down yonder by de river? Some niggers say dat one o' de lodge sisters war sick, an' 'Cindy war comin' to nuss her; but dat ain't so. Den what become o' dat money what she got frum de lodge when her ma died? She always toted it in her bosom. She warn't robbed, 'cause her dress warn't nowise disturbed. Cunnel, you reckon somebody follered dat gal more'n a mile in de rain jes to knock her in de head wid a spike? Must 'a' been somebody what knowed her mighty good.' Cunnel, did you ever see one o' dem barge spikes? Dey's more'n a foot long an' a inch thick; you could kill a bull wid 'em."

Every morning the same discussion went on, to no conclusion.

Late on the night of the killing the police arrested Bud Lowe, proprietor of the Hot Cat Eating House. He was at home, walking up and down his room, "Waiting for 'Cindy to come home"—so he said. When the officer told him that Lucinda had been killed on the Halls Ferry Road he exclaimed, "What was she doin' 'way out dere?"

"Now den, Cunnel," argued Ole Reliable, "I is well 'quainted wid Bud, an' dat makes me think he don't know nuthin' 'bout dis killin'. Ef Bud had kilt 'Cindy he war de onliest man what knowed how come she wuz out dere, an' he don't need to ax nobody. Ef Bud ain't kilt 'Cindy, den dat's de fust thing pop in his head—'How come 'Cindy 'way out dere in de rain?' What for he want to kill her anyhow? He war her step-daddy an' done raised her from a little gal."

Next morning Ole Reliable rushed into the Colonel's room, reeking, running over, rioting with news. "What you reckin, Cunnel? 'Peers like dey gwine to git Bud. Aunt Fanny—she's cook at de Hot Cat—soon as dey show

her dat spike she throws up bofe han's an' hollers, 'Dat's de spike what Bud had in de coal box to chunk de fire in his stove!' She allers wuz a plumb fool 'bout talkin' wid her mouf."

Zack fidgeted around and stropped the razor. "Dat's so, Cunnel; Bud did had a spike in his coal box. Many's de time I poked de fire wid it; but you kin lissen mighty keen an' you ain't gwine to hear my mouf shoot off."

When Aunt Fanny was pinned down to facts she could not be certain whether it was the identical spike or one exactly like it that Bud kept in his coal box. Having repented her outburst, she would not have testified at all if she hadn't been overheard by a dozen people. Her statement forced the unwilling admission from several loafers around the Hot Cat that Bud Lowe did have a barge spike in his coal box and that they had frequently used it to stir up the fire.

The Colonel was disposed to regard this as a clincher—putting the very weapon in Bud's hands. Ole Reliable shook his head. "Plenty spikes down by de river—anybody could git one."

From that time until the day of trial a virulent epidemic of argument raged among the negroes. Everybody caught the infection—for Bud or against him. Lucinda was

popular with her lodge. Bud Lowe kept a warm stove in the wintertime and his cronies refused to believe. Both sides grudgingly admitted that there were some things on the other side they couldn't explain.

Then both sides packed the courtroom from the iron railing around the bar to its massive walls in the rear. They sat in breathless silence while District Attorney Griscom developed a chain of evidence that drove nail after nail into a gallows for Bud Lowe. "Ole Gris sho is raw," they commented on his savage prosecution. The jury—twelve white men—fastened their eyes upon each witness; grim, unsmiling, attentive. There was no glancing around the room and nodding to friends. They rarely looked at Bud. Jurors hate to watch a man whom they are making up their minds to hang. Bud himself, stolid and indifferent, listened to the evidence; occasionally he bent forward and whispered something into Billy Marion's ear. This was Billy's first capital case, and he was keyed up to the highest tension. The hostile atmosphere affected him deeply; sometimes he flinched as the grizzle-haired Griscom hammered on circumstance after circumstance that looked mighty black for Bud.

Griscom had almost concluded the evidence for the state; Billy felt that he was saving his strongest testimony for a powerful impression at the end. The case had been full of surprises and Billy dreaded each witness that went upon the stand—perhaps a bromide, perhaps a bombshell. Griscom called Aunt Fanny and four other witnesses in succession to tell about the spike. They trailed each other like ducks going to a pond; cross-examination failed to shake them. Billy drooped back in his chair, having done his best; the testimony was probably true.

Bud Lowe listened vacantly as if he did not comprehend the effect of these statements.

Griscom arose and announced with dramatic emphasis, "Your Honor, we have driven home our last spike. That is the state's case."

Billy drew a long breath; bad as it was, that was the end. The jury stared at the floor—a sinister omen.

Judge Meredith glanced at the clock. "Gentlemen, it is the dinner hour. We shall suspend until four o'clock. Mr. Sheriff, take charge of the jury."

A mass of black humanity bulged through the door. Court officers and lawyers passed out through the consultation room. Billy Marion found himself crowded beside the District Attorney and they went down the street together. "Billy," Griscom remarked, "you can't save that fellow, and I hate to see you worried. My first client got hanged; I know how you feel."

"That's all right, Mr. Griscom," Billy answered with assurance. "Maybe we'll blow you out of the water yet."

Griscom shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject: "Billy, I've got to take dinner downtown; won't you join me?"

"Thanks; it will save time."

They were about to enter the Garden Restaurant together when Henry Parker, a friend of Billy's, caught him by the arm. "Hello, Billy, how's your case coming on?"

"Fine, Henry, fine—nothing but a lot of nigger news and suspicion. There's no real evidence against my man."

Griscom smiled. "Billy, I'd give a million for your appetite and your enthusiasm."

The District Attorney stepped into the restaurant, took his seat at the table and said, "Billy, shall I order for you?"

"Yes, go ahead," Billy nodded, and went on talking with Henry Parker in plain view of the man at the table. Griscom could see everything that happened.

"Howdy, Mister Billy, howdy!" Ole Reliable stepped up and took off his hat.

"Hello, Uncle Zack!" Billy nodded familiarly. As Billy was the lawyer for Bud Lowe and was talking about the celebrated case, Ole Reliable frankly stuck in his ear. It was no harm for him to listen to what the white folks said.

"The fact is, Henry," Billy Marion went on, "Griscom has put in some mighty ugly testimony. You remember that woman was killed with a spike. Griscom proved by five witnesses that Bud Lowe had a spike just like it, if not the same one, in his coal box. There was the weapon, ready for him to put his hand on it. I've got to meet that evidence someway or other."

"Shucks, Mister Billy, dat don't signify nuthin'!" interrupted Ole Reliable, so positively that both white men wheeled and Billy Marion demanded, "What do you know about it?"

"Anybody could git a barge spike. Dere's forty cords of 'em stacked up on de levee—scattered aroun' ——"

"Where?"

"Everywhere, all up an' down 'longside de river. I kin go down dere right dis minute an' git you a wagonload."

"Come on—show me—right now."

Billy caught Uncle Zack by the arm and was leading him away when he remembered his dinner engagement. "Wait here," he whispered, and ran back to the restaurant.

"Mr. Griscom, I'm sorry, but I've got to go and talk with some witnesses; afraid I won't have time for dinner." Billy was gone. Griscom watched him through the window until he and Zack disappeared down the steep hill toward the steamboat landing.

Billy Marion had scarcely dragged Ole Reliable out of sight before Colonel Spottiswoode sauntered up to the front of the building and looked around. He seemed disappointed and irritated at not finding somebody. Presently he stepped to the door and called a waiter. "Steve, have you seen Ole Reliable?"

"No, suh; he ain't been here."

"Yes, he was," corrected Griscom from the table; "just this minute gone down the hill with Billy Marion. Come here, Colonel, and sit down; maybe they'll be back in a little while."

The Colonel lounged over to Griscom's table.

"Gris, I'm going to change Zack's name, and call him Ole Slippery—can't hold him. Told him to meet me here; wanted him to go down to the boat to get a pair of mules."

Colonel Spottiswoode sat there crosslegged, smoking and chatting while the District Attorney ate his leisurely meal.

. . . . . .

For once Ole Reliable had accurate information. He guided Billy Marion to the steamboat landing and proved every word by an ocular demonstration. "Look yonder, Mister Billy, dere's a pile o' dem spikes stacked up same as cordwood; dere's annuder pile, an' dere's annuder. See 'em scattered all 'long de bank same as chips in de back yard. I tole you it didn't signify nuthin', Bud Lowe havin' dat spike in his coal box. Hit warn't de onliest spike in de whole world. I don't never aim to say nuthin' what ain't so—ef I makes no mistake."

He stooped and picked up one. "Dey's all jes alike; 'tain't nary one o' dem niggers kin tell de difference 'tween de one what Bud had an' all o' dese."

That put a new idea in Billy Marion's head. Why not produce a dozen of them in court, show how easy they were to get and how impossible to identify? None of the witnesses had testified to any distinguishing marks.

"Zack, I suppose there must be a thousand of them."

Ole Reliable squinted up and down the river; his lips moved. "No, suh, I don't spec' dere's quite a thousand—but 'most."

Billy took his seat on a dismantled hulk. Within a stone's throw were half a dozen wrecks—huge-timbered barges that bring coal from western Pennsylvania down the Mississippi River. Some lay rotting where they had stranded. Others had been taken to pieces, the timbers saved, and those enormous spikes piled crosswise. Anybody could get a spike; everybody could get one.

Marion sprang to his feet. "Look here, Zack, I'm going to make you a witness in this case. Come with me and keep your eyes open. Pick up six or eight spikes at different places and remember where you got them."

"Yas, suh, I'll sho do dat. Ef dere's one thing I loves more'n annuder it's to he'p a young man along."

They tramped half a mile along the riverbank; Billy stopped several times and had Zack count the number of layers in one stack and the number of spikes to a layer. From that they estimated the total number. They then counted the stacks in sight.

"Now, Zack, can you come to the courthouse at four o'clock and tell that jury what you have seen?"

"Shore kin, Mister Billy; I knowed your pa all his life, an' I'd sho do anything fer you. I believes in he'pin' a young man along."

Ole Reliable went into a warehouse and begged an oat-sack in which to wrap his spikes. It made a heavy load for the long hill.

At the foot of Clay Street they fell in with Mr. Adams, manager of the compress. "Hello, Billy! hello, Zack! ain't you two out of your bailiwick? Plotting against the whites?"

Zack grinned and Billy answered: "Uncle Zack was just telling me that the riverbank was full of these barge spikes and I came down here to see. Mr. Griscom has been trying to prove that there was only one spike in the world and that Bud Lowe used it to kill that woman with. Uncle Zack's testimony will knock him out."

"Sho will!" Zack nodded his head with determination. Mr. Adams smiled at the negro and asked, "Ole Reliable, are you a cheerful swearer?"

"Don't know, boss."

"Hitch up your galluses, spit on your hands and wade in. Don't let Griscom catch you in a lie. Keep him chasing you around from one to another until it makes his head swim."

"He ain't gwine to ketch me."

"Look here, Mr. Adams"—Billy tried to laugh, but couldn't—"let Uncle Zack alone; he's my witness. Don't be putting notions into his head."

"All right, Billy—what are you going to do with your client? Hang him?"

Billy flinched. "I hope not, sir."

"Don't let 'em hang Zack; give him about ten years."

Zack kept grinning—white men who talked that way to him would stand a touch for a quarter. Zack set him down in his book.

It was a long pull and a strong pull to the top of Clay Street hill. Just before their heads showed over the crest Billy nudged Zack and they stopped. Mr. Adams puffed on and crossed to the restaurant where Griscom and the Colonel were chatting over their cigars.

"Good you are here!" he exclaimed when he saw the Colonel. "Are you going with me to the courthouse to look over those deeds?"

"Don't tear your shirt, Adams; plenty of time. Gris is going up after a while and we'll take the climb together."

Billy Marion and Zack had halted beyond the hill where they couldn't be seen from the restaurant. "Zack," he suggested, "you go around the other way. I don't want Mr. Griscom to see you coming up with me. He might suspect something. It is just as well not to let everybody know your business."

"He ain't gwine to git nuthin' out o' me; I ain't tellin' nuthin' to nobody what ain't on my side. I believes in he'pin' a young man out an' keepin' yo' mouf shut."

"That's right; you keep out of sight and be at the courthouse at four o'clock. Tell the truth about everything we did."

"Yas, suh, I never aims to tell nuthin' what ain't so—ef I makes no mistake."

Billy Marion hurried over to the restaurant where he made the fourth at the table, and ordered a quick lunch.

"Well, Billy," Griscom observed, "Adams tells me you and Ole Reliable are putting up a job. Going to knock me out of the box, are you?"

Billy smiled and said nothing. Then the Colonel asked, "What became of Zack?"

"He went off somewhere."

The Colonel whistled softly, "Whew! You lawyers are so infernally secretive!" Then they said no more about it.

At four o'clock the court reassembled. Billy Marion had no misgivings as he called Ole Reliable for his first witness. Respectably dressed and respectful in his manner, the old man came around to the witness stand with the air of one who knows exactly how to move among white folks. In a plain and straightforward way Zack told about those spikes, effectively and truthfully as Billy himself could have done, using homely expressions and apt illustrations that relieved the somber tension. For the first time Billy saw a juror smile; Ole Reliable had made an excellent impression. Zack knew what he was talking about, and had told the truth; there was nothing to fear from the cross-examination.

"Take the witness, Mr. Griscom." Billy leaned back contentedly in his chair.

Griscom pulled himself forward to the table. "Old man, what did you say your name is?"

"Zack Foster, suh; but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

"You work for Colonel Spottiswoode?"

"De bes' part o' my time I do, suh—an' de bes' time, suh."

His reply brought a chuckle from the jury.

"How did you happen to go down there and examine those spikes so carefully?"

There was no danger in this question. Billy naturally supposed that Zack would say he had gone to the landing with Mr. Marion for that purpose; but Zack remembered how Billy had held him back at the Clay Street corner and cautioned him not to let Mr. Griscom know their business. Zack was not the man to betray a friend.

"How come I to go down dar?" He sparred for time, and from long experience the District Attorney knew what was coming.

"That's what I asked—how did you happen to go down there?"

Zack's answer came without hesitation, clearly and candidly as he had answered all other questions. "I jes happened to go down dere wid de Cunnel—ef I makes no mistake."

"Colonel who?"

"Cunnel Spottiswoode."

Billy jerked himself straight and gripped his chair like a man having a tooth pulled; for the life of him he couldn't help glancing at Griscom.

Griscom stiffened up likewise, but more in the manner of a terrier who sees a rat. He glanced at Billy with the sorry-for-you expression.

Both of them knew that Zack was lying, and each one saw that the other one knew it. It was up to Griscom to catch him, to utterly discredit him before the jury—and Griscom had a reputation.

The cold sweat stood out on his forehead and Billy Marion nerved himself to watch the chase—with much the same spirit that a friend of the rabbit might watch bunny with a pack of dogs behind him in an open field—even the dodgings and twistings giving no hope of ultimate escape.

Zack smiled blandly at the District Attorney, who smiled back. Then they settled down face to face for a heart-to-heart talk. Ole Reliable sent a glance of comfort to the younger lawyer. Out of his twinkling eyes came the message, "Don't worry, Mister Billy; I ain't gwine to tell nuthin' on you."

Griscom cleared the table in front of him, as a battleship strips her decks, shoved aside the water pitcher, the ink-bottle and a pile of lawbooks. Billy knew what that

meant. He sat and trembled while Zack smiled benignantly at them both.

"Now, Uncle Zack, when did you go down to the river with Colonel Spottiswoode?"

"Today, suh."

"What time today?"

"Maybe 'bout dinnertime or a little after—to be reel sure. Cunnel tole me to meet him at de Garden."

"And you did so?"

"Yas, suh; I always do what de Cunnel say."

"How did you happen to go down there with the Colonel—strolling about for your health?"

"No, suh; Cunnel was spectin' some mules on dat steamboat. He say to me, 'Zack, you come 'long wid me, an' if de mules arrives here you kin jes light in an' drive 'em home.'"

"Where were those mules coming from?"

"St. Louey. Pair o' big black mules. Dat's what Cunnel say; I don't like to say nuthin' 'cept what I knows."

"What boat were they expected on?"

"On de Carroll, suh."

"Me an' Yo' Pa Was Good Friends, an' I Believes in He'pin' a Young Man Along"

"You went down there to see about some mules, and were not paying attention to spikes? You weren't studying about spikes, were you?"

"Yas, suh, I wuz; we sho paid p'tickler 'tention to dem spikes."

"Very well; why did you and the Colonel pay such particular attention to those spikes?"

"Well, mister, it war dis-away: whilst we wuz waitin' fer de boat, Cunnel he set down on a ole barge, an' de argument 'bout dese spikes come up. Cunnel 'lowed he war gwine to build a new gin house on Sherwood Plantation, and he say to me, jesso, 'Zack, dese big nails would be de very thing fer dat gin house—I wonders ef I couldn't git enough of 'em.' Den me an' him raised a 'spute 'bout how many spikes wuz dere. Cunnel he reckons dere must be a thousand, an' I cast my eyes over dat bunch, jesso, an' I says, jesso, 'Cunnel, I got a good eye, an' I reckon, jes by lookin' at 'em, dere ain't more'n 'bout nine hundred an' eighty at de mos'—ef I makes no mistake.' We argufied 'bout dat fer de longest, an' directly Cunnel say, 'Dere's a way mighty quick fer to fin' out. You count de spikes in one layer an' count de number o' layers in a stack, an' den we'll know 'zactly how many's in de stack.' After dat we went trompin' up an' down de riverbank countin' spikes."

With open mouth and staring eyes Griscom listened through the lucid and convincing explanation. Billy Marion did likewise. Involuntarily the two lawyers turned to each other; their eyes met and Billy heard the old lawyer mutter, "Don't that nigger beat hell!"

For several moments Griscom toyed with a strip of paper, tearing it into bits. Billy hoped against hope that he was going to give up and quit; but Griscom wasn't a quitter; he arose and addressed the Court. "Will Your Honor indulge me for a moment? I wish to confer with a witness." He hurried out of the courtroom and down the stairs. Billy knew that Colonel Spottiswoode and Mr. Adams were in the chancery clerk's office.

"It's all off," he thought. "I'd like to break that old fool's neck." He glared at Zack, who returned a sweetly sympathetic smile.

Griscom broke in upon Colonel Spottiswoode and Mr. Adams, who were comparing a deed. "Colonel, did you go with Zack Foster to the landing today to get some mules off the Carroll?"

"No; never could find the old rascal."

"Did you and Zack ever make any observations about those spikes on the riverfront?"

"I don't know what Zack did; I did not."

"Did you ever have any conversation with him about spikes at all?"

"Never thought of such a thing."

"Did you count any spikes on the riverbank?"

"Never did; didn't know they were there."

"I'll need you for a witness. He's the champion long-distance liar of the world—and I'm bound to catch him or he'll ruin this case. By the way, Adams, you came up the hill with Billy Marion and Zack. Don't you remember laughing about it in the Garden? You told Zack not to let me catch him in a lie—just to keep me chasing him from one to another until he made my head swim. Well, he's doing it."

"Here, Griscom, here! Wait a minute! don't mix me up in this mess. I can't afford to hang around this courthouse for two or three days."

Griscom left the two men swearing at him, fluently and sincerely. He rushed out of the room, climbed the stairs three at a time and sent the sheriff for them before they could leave the courthouse. "Tell 'em to get just as mad as they please, but don't let 'em get away Keep them out of the courtroom."

Griscom returned to his seat at the table, rolled up his sleeves and faced Ole Reliable again. "Uncle Zack, do you know Mr. Adams Mr. Poindexter Adams?"

"Who? Dat young sandy-mustache gent'man what mends watches at de jewelry sto'?"

"No; tall gentleman, long gray beard. Boss man at the compress."

Ole Reliable began shaking his head.

"Don't you remember walking up the Clay Street hill with Mr. Poindexter Adams and Mr. William Marion? Didn't Mr. Adams tell you not to let me catch you in a lie—just to let me chase you from one to another until you made my head swim?"

"Lordee, Mister Griscom, you's done dribbled out a whole passel o' foolishness! I don't aim to say nuthin' 'cept jes what I knows—ef I makes no mistake."

"Who have you been talking to about this case?"

"Nobody."

"Never talked to anybody, white or black?"

"No, suh."

"Never talked to Mr. William Marion, that young gentleman there, the attorney for the defendant?"

Ole Reliable gazed blankly at the defendant's counsel. "Is dat de gent'man you calls Mr. Marion? I been knowin' his favor a long time, but ain't never heered his name yit."

Billy winced at this denial of their ancient friendship.

"Zack, look me straight in the face and look at the jury."

"Can't do dat, boss; I ain't crosseyed."

"Look at me, then. Is it not a fact that you met Mr. William Marion on the corner of Clay and Washington Streets in front of the Garden Restaurant, where he was talking with Mr. Henry Parker? Didn't you two go down the hill together to the riverbank, where Mr. Marion called your attention to those spikes? Didn't you come back up the hill together, and didn't Mr. Adams join you ——"

Ole Reliable kept shaking his head "I don't walk none in my sleep, Mister Griscom, an' I ain't able to sleep none in de daytime. I don't see how dat could be—ef I makes no mistake."

Griscom had started after Zack with a rapier—the keen white blade of knighthood—it being his long suit to make a witness angry, tangle him up and perforate him, gently, delicately, completely. Somehow the rapier could never find a joint in Ole Reliable's smiling armor.

Then Griscom substituted force for skill and tried a meat-axe. After an hour of cajolery and browbeating Ole Reliable had drawn the redoubtable Griscom out of his chair, gesticulating, waving his hands and thrashing blindly with a club.

Zack leaned forward, innocent and amiable—meekly regretful that any gentleman should get so "het up."

Long before this the jury had lost sight of the case they were trying, and had given way to an unreserved enjoyment of the spectacle—good-natured ignorance defending itself against the onslaughts of learning and wrath. Billy Marion's sympathy had shifted from the rabbit—he felt sorry for the hounds. "That is all, Your Honor." Griscom spoke with his head down.

Quick as a flash Billy Marion let well enough alone and motioned the witness to "stand aside." He felt limp and draggled when the protracted strain was over.

"One moment, please," remarked Griscom—he had another gun to fire. "Your Honor, I feel it my duty to ask that this man be held for perjury."

Billy Marion bounded up and lifted his hand. "Your Honor, let the jury be retired."

The two men faced each other like frozen images, while twelve jurors filed out and the door closed behind them.

Zack regarded the whole proceeding with benevolent complacency, beaming impartially upon everybody.

"I will hear Mr. Griscom," said the Judge.

Griscom spoke rapidly and with considerable heat. "Your Honor, I want this negro held until Colonel Spottiswoode and Mr. Poindexter Adams appear before the Grand Jury. They are both in the courthouse. I shall also use them as witnesses in this case. Will Your Honor hear their statements?"

Billy Marion interposed—respectfully, earnestly. "The District Attorney is too old a lawyer, and too good a lawyer, not to know better. Your Honor understands perfectly. I am free to admit this has been a surprise to me, but let us look at the law. Your Honor would not permit the District Attorney to introduce Mr. Adams and Colonel Spottiswoode to contradict this witness, because they would impeach him upon an *immaterial* point. It makes no difference whether this witness went to the riverbank with Colonel Spottiswoode or myself—the material point is whether those spikes are there as he described them."

Judge Meredith nodded to indicate that he agreed with Mr. Marion, and opened a code. "Mr. Griscom, you are familiar with the statute, 'Every person who shall willfully and corruptly swear, testify or affirm falsely to any *material* matter,' and so forth. To constitute the crime of perjury the false statement must be material to the issue involved."

The District Attorney surrendered sullenly.

Ole Reliable had already started to leave the witness stand when Billy Marion thought of something. "One moment, Your Honor. I suggest that you have the jury brought in. The charge of perjury was made in their presence. If they come back and do not see this witness they might naturally suppose he had been taken into custody. That would greatly prejudice our case."

"Quite right, Mr. Marion. Bring in the jury, Mr. Sheriff."

Court officers and attorneys seemed to feel relieved. They had reached a breathing point. The Court was practically at ease while they moved freely about the room. Griscom rose disgustedly and stretched his long legs. The jury smiled at him. Secretly they enjoyed the unequal tilt in which a shrewd lawyer had been worsted. Jurors are human beings and they sympathize with the under dog.

"Do you know," Griscom muttered to a deputy sheriff, "that old fool has beat me out of a verdict? The defense has started off with a hurrah. Can't convict anybody before a jury with the giggles." In which he was correct.

Billy Marion felt like a man who had been first reprieved and then pardoned. He walked to the iron rail which, like a levee, held out an overflow of black faces. Ole Reliable left the witness stand and moved reluctantly through the crowd, ostentatiously speaking to every gentleman he knew. He had been the star performer, and would gladly have responded to an encore. At the gate he stopped and whispered to Billy:

"Done fine, didn't I, Mister Billy? Is you got a seegar about yo' clo'es?"

Mechanically Billy handed him the smoke. Zack put his head close and whispered again:

"I tole you I warn't gwine to tell nuthin' 'cept what I knowed, an' I warn't gwine to mix you up in no nigger lawsuit, neither. Me an' yo' pa was good friends, an' I believes in he'pin' a young man along."

Ole Reliable Had Drawn the Redoubtable Griscom Out of His Chair, Gesticulating Waving His Hands

What's-the-Difference Kitty

Jim Hands Wins a Hat—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE leaves on the maples along the river bank were beginning to turn; all the valley was aflame with color. Jim Hands surveyed this display through a window opened to the sharp October breeze; then he wheeled around and looked along the lines of workers thoughtfully.

"You see a lot of queer folks, bein' a foreman in a factory like this," he said. "I was thinkin' of Martin Leeds. It was along this time of year. Great guns! he was a specimen!"

Still an' Hard an' Sullen, Like a Big, Sullen Face Carved on Some Confounded Heathen Idol

I remember the Old Boss called me down to the office that mornin' an' I won't ferget it because when the Old Boss takes you into his confidence he means business, an' you can always tell when he's goin' to do it because he'll sit back in that old leather desk-chair an' bite that gray mustache of his, an' look at yer a long while as if he didn't want you to tell anybody an' didn't want to say so. You understand?

"Jim," he says to me, "we've got to get a good man cuttin' vamps in your room. We've got a lot of orders that are away behind an' you're short-handed. Well, a man came in on the train this morning. He has just asked me for a job. He's sittin' down in the next room. I've hired him. I had to do it. If you don't want him in your department I'll take him off your hands and put him somewhere else. But he's had ten years' experience at the cuttin'-bench."

"Where?" says I.

"In the Wareham State Penitentiary," he says.

I looks at the Old Boss an' he at me. By-and-by he says: "Jim, he ain't a man; I'll tell yer that before you see him. He's lost every feelin' an' every emotion," he says, "that makes a man a man. He's all metal," says he; "there ain't any live heart in the feller. Them ten years cut it out."

"Maybe," I says; "I ain't seen him yet. But I've seen a lot of men come an' go, an' some bad an' some queer. I don't never expect, though, to see one that didn't have a openin' somewhere, an' I bet before we get through with this one he'll show that he's got one, too, someway or other," I says; "some little hole," I says.

The old man run his hand over his gray hair an' ruffed it all up an' give a laugh.

"Jim," he says, "if you ever catch this feller showin' anythin' tender you come to me an' I'll admit you know a lot more about humanity than I do. An' more than that," he says, "I'll buy you the best hat you ever put on yer head."

With that he got up an' opened the door an' spoke to somebody, an' when I looked up I seen this Martin Leeds standin' there, an' I guess I lost faith in ever wearin' that hat.

He was tall an' big, most a giant. He didn't look very old. He might have been over thirty all right, but there was gray hair all along above his ears an' he stood with the big bones of his shoulders stooped forward an' his big, long arms hangin' like a monkey's. I know his kind. They can lift an' carry a bundle of hides that it takes two men to handle, as men go. Maybe servin' time may make that kind of feller sick an' break his health, but it don't break his strength much. Nothin' does. But that ain't important. It was his face!

It was his face, I'm tellin' yer. I won't ferget it. It was white—white like the under side of a toad, an' hard an' no movement in it. He had eyes under them thick black eyebrows, an' they hadn't got no more life in 'em than his face. It was all still—still an' hard an' sullen an' tellin' you to go to hell—like a big, sullen face carved on some confounded heathen idol. I've seen pictures of 'em.

He never said a word, an' I can remember of thinkin' that maybe the Old Boss had made a mistake hirin' this feller—one of the old man's tender-hearted mistakes. But I knew what the Old Boss wanted, so I nodded. He seen it an' he smiled an' spoke to the big feller.

"Leeds," he says, "Mr. Hands is goin' to have you on his cuttin'-bench. I've told him about where you come from an' that you were there ten years fer shootin' a man in a hold-up. Mr. Hands oughter know this, because it's fair to him. But, Leeds, there ain't goin' to be anybody else know this from us. When we hire a man in this factory he belongs to us an' we belong to him. We're goin' to back him up. We're goin' to treat him as if he was ours an' we was his. You've come from a long way off, an' there ain't any reason why you can't begin here with a clean slate."

I seen the feller look up quick an' move his hand an' shut an' open his big fingers. He was strong!

"Clean slate," he says, an' his voice was kinder dead, too, just like his face. "Oh, all right!" he says with a kinder of a growl. "All right."

That was the way he come an' that was the way he stayed. He was a good worker—one of the best—an' he worked like metal, just like the Boss said. I guess he'd got to be a machine in them three thousand days, an' started himself up in the mornin' an' shut down at night. I've seen plenty of 'em who'd served time that had their spirits broke an' hadn't no pride an', just as soon as they got out, wanted to snoop around an' talk to people like they was tryin' to get people to like 'em, an' pretend that they was pretty important fellers after all, an' then show someway that they knew they weren't. Leeds weren't like that. He was just sullen an' hard. I can see him now comin' to work. He came down from Maple Hill, where he had a one-room house built because he didn't want to stay in any of the boardin'-places—Mrs. Jordan's or the like of that. An' he'd go along with them short steps of his, like a man that hadn't been used to walkin' where there was much room, an' he never spoke to nobody on the road or on the factory stairs or in the washroom. You've seen dogs that didn't look just right to touch. The big feller was like one of them—only he was a man, an' I used ter think it must have been hard fer him to walk up in Turner's woods so much, all alone.

There weren't many in the factory that weren't afraid of him. I guess nobody knew just why they was afraid, either, though I remember when a new heelin' machine come an' was backed up to the door, an' the teamsters couldn't get it by themselves, this Martin Leeds was standin' near an' fillin' his pipe; an' he whipped off his coat an' went fer that big machine just as silent an' vicious as if it had been somebody who'd called him somethin', wrestlin' with it, knees, long arms, knotty hands an' big shoulders, until he'd wrestled it on to the elevator. Lots of the men seen that; an' once he was comin' out of the door after we'd closed down fer the night. There was a half a dozen lasters there, an' whether they were laughin' at him I don't know. Anyhow, they laughed, an' Leeds swung around on his heel, slow an' deliberate, an' them black eyes of his got narrer an' shiny as if they was comin' to life, an' he lifted his long finger as if he was goin' to point it at 'em. But none of 'em said a word. So he walked on an' you could see they was relieved, especially Bill Terry, that feller that's always talkin' about knockin' people's blocks off or givin' somebody a clout or a wallop.

The women was afraid of him too. I guess they didn't like it because he wore them rubber heels an' didn't make no noise, an' slid along the walls when he passed on the stairs. I heard some of them stitchin'-room girls say so, an' he'd been here near a year then, an' they oughter got used to him by that time if they was goin' to at all.

Of course there was one of them girls who didn't care anyhow. You never seen Kitty Rogers?

She was a pretty little thing, an' she lived with her aunt an' uncle—Joe Rogers, the piano tuner—after she run away from her own home out by Turner's Mills. She was wild too. I don't believe she was regular bad—only wild. She went off with a theatrical show once an' was gone two weeks, an' she had to quit school before she finished because both she an' the teachers couldn't stand it any longer. An' she was sassy and bold, my Annie says—out on Main Street till all hours of the night, an' in summer rollin' her sleeves way up her arms to show 'em off, an' jumpin' in the river one night from the railroad bridge on a dare. An' once when she was about eighteen she had a fight with another girl in the stitchin'-room, an' nobody ever forgot to tell about it. She had a quick way with her an' a nose that turned up an' a rough way of talkin'.

If I remember right, she must have been twenty-two or three when Leeds was here. She didn't look that old. But she had a bad name, like many another in a small town, deserve it or not; an' she still had them wild ways, an' no feller had ever thought he could manage her. There didn't seem to be anythin' that would cure her an' there sure wasn't anythin' that would scare her. If anybody'd say, "If you do that, why, then so and so," she'd always say: "What's the difference?" That's where she got the name a good many called her, "What's-the-Difference Kitty," to show that in speakin' they didn't mean Kitty Gordon.

She weren't scared of Martin Leeds, she said.

"He might grab yer by the throat," says Nellie Conroy.

"I don't care," says Kitty. "I'm goin' to bring him a bunch of carrots done up like flowers an' present 'em to him." An' that's what she did. An' he was comin' across this room when she done it—with a bow, an' droppin' her skirt, an' a funny, solemn expression. I was sorry, because I knew about Leeds what the others didn't; but that iron face of his never changed any more than the side of that wall. He just stood lookin' at her. Then she laughed. What a laugh she had! An' she says with a sniff: "Oh, what's the difference?"

Leeds kind of looked after her as she walked away, an' toward night he said the first words he ever said to me outside of answering questions.

"Who's that girl?" he says, sharpenin' his pattern knife.

"Kitty Rogers," says I.

"Is that so?" he says, an' then he growls, kind of sullen, "All right," an' shifted them big, bony shoulders of his an' went back to bein' a machine again.

I guess it was along about that time that the Old Boss an' I was makin' out work tickets on some samples that we had to make up. It was in the evenin', an' I'd left my Annie an' the kids,

An' He Went Off With It the Way a Animal Goes Off With Somethin' That Belongs to It

which don't happen very often, but I was finishin' up to go home an' I seen a funny smile come on to the Old Boss' mouth an' he kinder shook a little as if he was laughin' inside.

"Jim," he says, "you ain't found any tender spot in Martin Leeds, have yer? You ain't goin' to claim the hat?"

"No, I ain't," I says. "I ain't sure you weren't right," I says. "I ain't sure the feller's got—what did yer call it?—any live heart. He does his work fine," I says. "But the man in him has been et out, I guess," says I.

That's what I said, but did yer ever notice how cussed things are? It ain't often a man can talk sure an' certain without a lot of events is arranged to give him the lie. An' when I spoke all I could see was the picture of the big feller, dull eyes, straight mouth, thin lips, scowl, an' his deadness—deadness inside—all dead. I hadn't any way to know what would happen on Thursday. I remember it was a Thursday because when we are turnin' out an ordinary amount of stuff I get cleared up Wednesday night, with everythin' taken into the stitchin'-room, an' we start on new lots Thursday. An' Thursday I come down a little earlier than usual an' I seen a crowd of men, a dozen or more, standin' around the door, an' I thought probably the watchman had forgot to unlock that mornin'. An' then I seen that the fellers were slappin' their legs an' lookin' an' crowdin' an' laughin' around the step, an' I heard Joe Bent, who's since got to be foreman of the packin'-room, say: "Who found it first? Was it settin' right there?" An' somebody says: "Ain't it a snifty little thing? Don't take no notice of anybody! Here's a note goes with it."

I couldn't make nothin' out of what they said, but I pushed my way in, an' right there on the doorstep of the factory, all done up in a basket, was a baby. An' it weren't a poor baby either. It was a good one.

I didn't say nothin'. There weren't nothin' to say. I just waited fer Joe Bent to finish readin' the note an' then I grabs it. It didn't tell nothin' much. It just said: "Somebody give this baby a bringin' up. Everythin' about it is all right, only its mother is dead an' its father ain't able to do nothin' for it. Nobody'll ever come back to claim it." An' the note was all a scrawl an' was signed "Bird of Passage."

"Where's Passage?" says the feller who was lookin' over my shoulder. "I ain't ever heard of it."

"It ain't a place, you big stuff," says the watchman; "it's one of them anonymous names," he says. "But I seen the feller who must have left it here when I looked out the window this mornin' early. I never thought of it then. But he had a buggy an' an awful sweaty horse, an' the rig weren't from this town," he says.

Then I give a second glance at the kid. "Hello, youngster!" I says, leanin' over; but it just looked up with them big blue eyes an' shut its hands over its thumbs an' looked kinder tired an' turned its head away. Everybody laughed, an' Joe Bent says:

"You don't belong to the lodge, Jim," he says, "an' none of the rest of us either."

He hadn't more than said it before Martin Leeds, who'd come up behind, put his big hand on my arm kinder rough, an' then he stepped forward, scowlin', an' says: "Who does this belong to?" an' somebody told him all about it.

Well, I can see him now straighten up an' stand there with his dead face an' dull eyes, an' them long arms hangin' down most to his knees, an' his shoulders stooped, an' sullen an' ugly all over. He stood there lookin' at that baby, an' the kid lay on its back on its little old sofa pillow an' looked back at him.

An' then all of a sudden the young one hauls its arms loose an' stuck 'em out toward Leeds an' give one of them laughs an' gurgles.

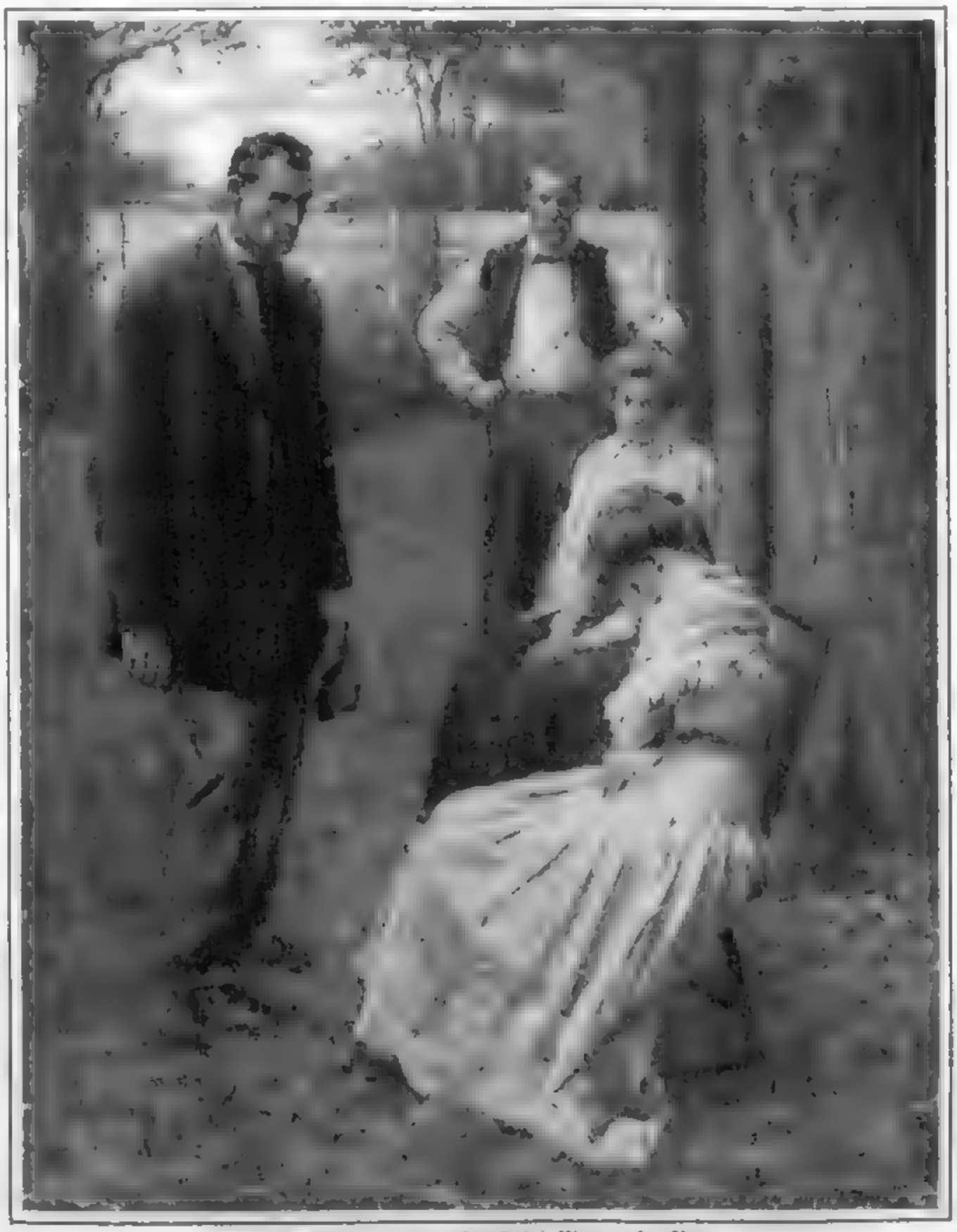
Great guns! I never see a feller look so frightened. He never flinched or the like of that. He just lost his dead look an' seemed scared. An' the little thing gave another wriggle with its feet an' stretched its arms out again an' gurgled at him. An' Leeds never took his eyes off it. He just said: "My God!"

An' the kid smiled an' let out a whoop at the big feller, an' that was enough. Leeds just went right down on the step there an' stuck his face down, an' the kid grinned an' touched him on the nose the way kids do.

An' when Leeds got up an' I seen his face I knew the Old Boss owed me a hat sure.

Leeds whipped around at us an' caught his breath, an' "Listen to me!" he says. "I don't know who owned it, an' I don't care. Listen to me, that's mine!" he says, with both his hands spread open toward that basket. "Mine! I'll take it! It's mine! Don't you ferget it!" says he.

An' he took it out of the basket an' held it close to him an' spread his big hand across its back, an' he took the basket in the other hand. An' he went off with it the way a animal goes off with somethin' that belongs to it. I can



I Thought fer a Minute She Didn't Want to See Him

see him now, with them short fast steps of his, leavin' his work an' all, an' goin' over the bridge up Maple Hill an' home.

He never come back to the factory that day at all—the first day he'd missed punchin' the time clock since he'd been here. Nor there weren't nothin' in the factory that day but talk about the kid, an' who took it, an' whether it belonged to some poor family or to some millionaire people who maybe were stayin' over at the Lake.

Sadie Willis stood in the door of the stitchin'-room, I remember, an' give her head a toss. "I sha'n't say anythin' more," she says, with a bundle of vamps in her arms, "but all I have to say is this—there is every reason fer a sensible person to think the baby belongs to rich people. Any fool knows that rich people don't like 'em. I know it very well, fer my aunt was very, very intimate with a rich family," she says.

"But that ain't the way they'd do," says Nellie Conroy, lookin' around at the other girls; "they wouldn't leave it on a factory steps. Whoever did that was somebody who knew enough to leave it with the poor," she says, "where it would get good treatment," she says.

"Who took it?" says Kitty Rogers, comin' up with that careless, tough way of hers.

"Martin Leeds," says somebody; an' I seen Kitty's eyes grow big, an' she didn't say nothin', which is unusual fer her, an' she wiped her face on her apron, fer the day was hot.

It was hot in the evenin', too, an' after supper at home, when my Annie had got the children to bed, we didn't light the lamp in the parlor. You could hear the mosquitoes singin' outside the screens, an' them bullfrogs in the river, the air was so still; an' you could see the heat lightnin' way up the valley when it ran along the sky an' showed the tops of the hills. We was sittin' there when I heard somebody come up the front walk. You know the way feet sound on gravel. An' it was What's-the-Difference Kitty, with her sleeves rolled way up an' her dress tucked in around the neck, an' she was whistlin' like a boy an' swingin' her big hat with the flowers on it.

She'd come to bring a paper pattern that her aunt had sent to my Annie, or some one of them things that women is always sendin' to one another.

Anyhow, my Annie says to her: "Sit down, Kitty, fer a while," she says, "an' don't be runnin' off down to Main Street," she says; "that's a good girl now," she says; "an' maybe you'll play on the pianner fer us," she says.

So with that Annie lit the lamp an' the girl sat down an' played them jiggled coon songs, an' I must say she played the pianner very bad, an' had to stop now an' then an' back up, an' try some places two or three times before she could go on. It was like a feller writin' who keeps stoppin' an' rubbin' out till the paper is all rough an' smooched.

It was while she had reached one of them hard places, an' had stopped to try it with one finger, that I heard a noise like a man comin' fast along the road. An' I heard the gate shut with a bang that shook the fence, an' then somebody was puttin' on the kitchen doorstep an' knockin' on the door with a fist that sounded like a pattern mallet.

When we opened the door it was Martin Leeds. An' he blinked at the light when he come in, an' looked scared, an' he says to me: "Mr. Hands, you know I wouldn't come here unless I was up against it," he says. "I don't know what to do," he says, turnin' to my Annie. "I can't get the damn little shrimp to sleep any," he says. "When I stay by him he laughs," he says; "an' when I leave him he hollers like a baseball fan," he says very serious. "I've been near crazy since six o'clock, Mrs. Hands," he says. "I think the heat has got him in the nut," he says. "Do you suppose he's goin' bughouse?" says he.

Well, you oughter heard Kitty Rogers an' my Annie laugh, an' seen the big feller look at 'em.

"Did it sleep in the day?" says my Annie.

"Sure!" says he. "He took a through freight," he says, "this afternoon," he says. "I borrowed a book about kids from the drug clerk's wife," he says, "an' I've got as far as a quarter through, readin' very hard, Mrs. Hands," he says, lookin' kinder sheepish. "An' when I'd given him warm milk, as it says in chapter three," he says, "it doped him," says he. "I was afraid there was somethin' wrong with it," he says. "I thought maybe the cow that give the milk had eaten some herbs or somethin'," he says. "But, now it's come night, it's just as bad the other way," he says. "It's insomnia—bad!"

"You're ravin', Martin," I says. "If kids acted the way anybody expects 'em to then it's time to get worried," I says.

"That's enough from you, Jim, with yer jokin'," says Annie, gettin' serious. "Mr. Leeds," she says, "there ain't anythin' the matter with the baby," she says. "But you can't raise it," she says; "you're crazy, man! What

(Continued on Page 66)

The New Woman and Her Ways

THE WORKING GIRL'S LOT IN THE SMALL CITY

In the Metropolis an Incompetent Girl Soon Meets Her Waterloo

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE difference between the working girl of a big city and the working girl of a small city is like the difference between a city lot and a suburban kitchen garden. The city lot is clipped to a line, formal, set about by other equal plots; the garden is often irregular in shape, individual in pattern, and hedged about and impinged upon by other individual gardens.

The girl of the great city has, as a rule, no personal relations with her employer. In a large concern he does not know her by sight in or out of the office any more than he would recognize one of his individual office chairs if he should chance to come across it in a hallway. And, though she knows him by sight, he is no more real to her than the President of the United States; he is just a symbol, like the flag—he stands for power and isolation. He is the remote and awe-inspiring source of her few weekly dollars. He is the Boss.

To the girl in a city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, her employer is a familiar figure. She may have known him all her life. He may have shooed her off the street-car tracks when she was a little thing, or taught her to ride the bicycle. If their relations are not so personal as this, at least she has seen him many times, and not in his workaday moods only, but socially. She has seen him at church, at church sociables, driving by to the country club, in the theater.

Her mother can tell her exactly how his father looked when he first came off the farm and was so unsophisticated that he didn't know enough to walk on the sidewalk. Her mother can tell whom he married and whom he used to be engaged to, and why they broke it off.

Neighborly Conditions of Labor

THE girl has a personal feeling toward her employer, and the moment he becomes her employer he has a personal feeling toward her. His office or shop force is small enough so that he soon knows the names and faces of all the girls, and his managers supply the personal details. In the big city the employer has no idea who his latest assistant bookkeeper is. He may notice that she is pretty; he assumes that she is capable or she would not be kept. She is just a cog in his machine—unusually burnished and bright, but nothing more. The employer in the small city asks his manager, who grew up with him:

"Tom, who is that girl with curly red hair who is helping Mary James with the books?"

"Why, you ought to know her, Jim," says the manager. "Say, you remember old Pop Matthews who used to hold down a chair in front of the old National Hotel and tell us kids stories about the war? He was the oldest man that enlisted from the town, you remember. Before he got through he was the oldest man in the war—the lying old cuss! Don't you remember all the battles he was in? Well, he had a big gawky son who supported him and kept the lies going. You remember him?"

"Let's see," says the employer—"the one that was always the first to be convicted of sin at the revivals? Sure, I remember."

"Well, he married old Sam Cole's daughter. You know the old fellow that had the Halsey farm on the Plank Road? She used to sing at all the funerals. You remember Annie Cole?"

"I guess I do. She was the first person to introduce Lead Kindly Light to the town, and you couldn't hear anything else all day Sunday. Every piano and organ in the place had a whack at it from breakfast till the last courting couple turned in at her gate."

"Well, this red-haired girl is their kid—Jennie Matthews; a corker, she is. Her eyes send out a trail of fire like the tail-end of a comet. My wife thinks she trots around to the vaudeville too much; afraid she'll pick up with some worthless rooster that sings, You Said You Loved Me in Those Dear Old Days, to moving pictures."

Half an hour later employer Jim is talking across her desk to employee Jennie, and it would not be at all uncommon to find him, when they know each other better, using his influence to wean Jennie away from cheap vaudeville. He has a million dollars, and she will never save a hundred; but they both belong to the same town.

The girls who work in the average small city, unless it has become too much factorvized, are usually of a better class than those who work in the large cities. They are no more efficient, and in some cases nothing like so efficient, but they are more wholesome. Most of them live at home; they have all grown up in the spaciousness of a little city, which is a very different thing spiritually from the contracted area of a large city. They are better off morally. To be sure, they may suffer from the unfortunate influences so often found in small places where what is unsavory may be concentrated and organized; where the microcosm is too easily controlled. On the other hand, they do not suffer from the countless insidious harms of the macrocosm; they don't breathe in, as young people do in a great city, from newspapers and posters and people, thousands of dangerous suggestions. They have a greater respect for religion and law, a more lasting faith in the goodness of people, and a sounder fear of public opinion. This is one of the healthiest of benefits due to living in a place that New Yorkers would call provincial.

So it is that the girls who stand behind the counters in the shops of the small city are of about the grade morally and socially, and perhaps intellectually, of those who go into offices in a great city. The telephone girls and the stenographers, as they walk along the street, are scarcely to be distinguished from young teachers, and the factory girls are rarely of the lumpish or hip-swinging sort. As they walk along, chewing gum, not arm in arm—for this their big hats will not permit—they make quite as good an appearance as the average shopgirl of the great city.

There are four kinds of work open to the girl of a small city: the factory, the shop, the telephone board and the office. A city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants usually has some manufacturing—a glove factory, a box factory, a knitting mill or some binderies. These will give employment to perhaps twelve hundred girls. They are probably the children of Germans and Poles, and perhaps of native-born Americans; never the Irish, who always go to shops. These girls are generally obliged to pay board at home and to buy their own clothes. They are nearly always of good moral character, and perhaps more thrifty, in spite of their gay dressing, than the girls in the shops.

Shops in such a city will employ as many as eight hundred or nine hundred girls, from the big department store requiring a hundred, to the little notion house where the place is run by the owner and one young assistant. There are few stenographers and telephone girls some of the time, though perhaps in the long run there may be many of them, for they are constantly leaving to get married.

Of those in the offices and shops some come from the very best families in the place, the families who really manage the country club, who are so thoroughly "in" things that they prefer not to be mentioned in the social columns of the newspapers. These girls or women work in a friendly way with their less distinguished fellows, looked up to and envied, of course, and equally of course feeling the difference between themselves; but not snobbish, because they have no reason to be. It goes without saying, however, that only absolute lack of money sends such girls out to work.

The great advantage of the working girls in these small cities is that they do not have to force their way into these four kinds of occupation. They are badly wanted. Many a shop or office manager, teaching in a Sunday-school, will gratefully consider it as a source of supplies for his business, and think complacently that some girls he has in mind will come to him rather than to Smith across the street—which is what Smith gets for not doing his religious duty by the country. The demand for girls in such cities is always greater than the supply.

Girls Happy in Shops

AT FIRST blush it would not seem so, for there are many girls working who really do not need the money at all. This is especially true of shopgirls. They have comfortable homes and plain clothes. They go into the shops partly to have more money for clothes, partly because their friends do, and partly because it is entertaining. The same pleasant relations that they carried on with their friends, between classes in the grammar or the high school, they can carry on in these shops. There is plenty of time for agreeable exchange of gossip. They occasionally see things that are going on in the streets. If there is a street accident, long before the newspapers have it set up the shop people know all about it. It is gratifying to watch the country people come in to buy; they look enviously upon the sales-persons as superior beings, and can be patronized or neglected or even browbeaten with impunity. If there is a pathetic side to all this the shopgirls do not see it—at least, not the young ones.

Many of the flirtations begun in the high school mature behind the counters into lasting marriages. It is more exciting to have a courtship going on all the time in a shop than it is to have it occurring occasionally at home. At times the work is, of course, taxing, and some of the girls who carry it out uncomplainingly could find easier work at home; but it would not interest them, for it is often dull in a kitchen. They welcome the chance while they are yet in the high school, when some manager in their social set asks them if they will not help out during the Christmas rush season. That is usually how they get into the work, and, liking it, they decide to stay till they get married.

But, though most of such girls do not really need to work away from their homes, it does not by any means follow that they spend all they earn for clothes and amusements. They do dress well, and they do go out to theaters and parties, but their expenditure for clothes and pleasures is much less than it would be in a large city. Moreover, they are encouraged to save money. No fish is too small for the nets of the banks, and employees often get their pay in envelopes furnished by the banks, with advertisements printed on them. The employers, too, are constantly urging their people to save, and are ready with personal suggestions about investments. There is more benevolent paternalism, more real friendliness, less self-seeking than in the great city. Of course the employer wants to keep his trained girls, but his reason for taking personal interest in them is not the fear that they will leave.

Yet, according to nature, they do leave constantly to get married. The stenographer marries her employer or a grammar-school teacher. The shopgirl marries a fellow-clerk or a smaller business man. Neither of them comes back to work. The home that seemed so dull when it belonged to mother and father is now a very different proposition. But this constant depletion by marriage is not the only reason why the demand for girls continues. Part of the blame rests on the shoulders of the young men of the town. The girls consider their work temporary, to be ended by marriage. The young men consider it temporary,

Customers Insist on Having Such a Saleswoman to Attend to Their Wants

"Oh, I Beg Your Pardon; I Thought You Were Ready for Me to Come In"

because presently they are going to a great city to make their fortunes. If the girl considers the limits of her parents' home as too narrow and seeks the wider world of the shop, no less does the youth long for the wider world of the metropolis. And even when young men have no intention of leaving their homes immediately, they try position after position—sometimes for a little more money, sometimes to find out what they really like to do best, sometimes for sheer love of change. Usually there is plenty of work for them, and therefore they are independent, hard to manage—not nearly so docile as the girls. The girls have serious deficiencies; they do what they are told to, but they rarely do anything else; they lack initiative. Yet, though they run along in a conventional rut, they do try to please the manager and the employer. If they are reproved for poor work they try to do better. The young men feel that they can always leave if they don't like what the manager says to them; it merely means seeking their fortune away from home a few months sooner than they had originally intended. A girl's interest is in her little city; she does not want to leave till she is married, and generally she is willing to have a reasonably long engagement, for young married people in such a place are dropped out of things by their unmarried friends in a fashion not followed in the big world. Youth would seem to end at the door of the home, and so the girls stay contentedly enough in the office and the shop till Dame Nature becomes too imperative. Then they leave, and the manager goes back to the Sunday-school for some more of them; but when the young men leave the manager is by no means sure to find more of them in the Sunday-school.

Incompetents remain long in these happy fields. In the metropolis an incompetent girl soon meets her Waterloo in the shape of a blue envelope or some other symbol which warns her that she is not to come back; but girls are so hard to get in the smaller places that the employers and managers are willing to train them with the most patient care, and even when hope of adequacy seems gone they give them trial after trial to see if they can possibly be retained. Sometimes it seems as if the girls cannot be retained—but somehow they must be.

Why Katy Resigned

"CLARA," an official of the telephone company says to his wife, "Katy Clark must be dismissed. I've had the head operator try her again and again. She has explained away the frightful blunders Katy is always making, she has given hours of time to helping her, and it's all no use. The girl's just addleheaded."

"Oh, you simply cannot do it," says Clara in consternation, "when she goes to all the parties our own boy Fred goes to, and he takes her to some of them! Why, we cannot! Katy's mother would never forgive me. She and I have always worked on the same committee in the Woman's Club. I can't tell you how many things I've told her that I wouldn't have her repeat for the world. If Katy left everybody would know she had failed. It can't be done."

"It's got to be done," says her husband firmly, "unless you want the head operator to be fired. The mistakes of Katy Clark are enough to demoralize the whole force. Besides, she inherits her mother's talent for gossip. She tells what goes on over the lines, and she'd talk the head off of any one who would listen."

"I suppose there'd be no way of changing the regulations and making the height of telephone girls five feet three instead of five feet two?" asks his wife hopefully. "Katy is just short of five feet three."

"Change the regulations!" exclaims her husband disgustedly. "For one girl? Even if you could carry out such a silly plan, think of the good girls that would have to go, and think of what high heels can do anyway. No; at the end of the week Katy will be fired."

But by the end of the week Katy resigns and the official's wife wears an enigmatic smile as long as she feels her husband will endure it. Then she reveals how, by that indirection which only women know, she persuaded her son Fred, Katy's admirer, that telephone work was very bad for a girl's nerves and hearing, and spoiled her good looks quicker than any other occupation. Fred advised Katy to leave, and this she did, and blithely entered the circulation department of one of the newspapers, where pretty girls are essential, since no irate country subscriber can speak to her so violently as he could to a youth about the fact that his paper has been arriving irregularly. Thus, in a small city, discharging a girl has sometimes to be managed with great circumspection, for it not only concerns the business but is frequently entangled with all sorts of secular and religious matters as well.

These social relations account for a good many pleasant phases in the management of an office or a shop, and a good many embarrassing phases. There can be no petty tyranny on the part of some head clerk, for the girl may appeal to the department manager, who thinks her of as much importance socially and humanly as is the head clerk. Even a department manager is not all powerful, for if a girl does not like some order he has given her she may, on account of her personal acquaintance, appeal over his head to the general manager or even to her employer. Likewise a subordinate may sometimes exercise an authority almost equal to that of the employer.

In a certain city, which grew from twenty thousand to thirty-five thousand inhabitants within ten years, a middle-aged woman was bookkeeper in a large office. She was handsome, capable, hot-tempered and hypercritical; she thought she owned the place and every one else acted as if she did. Years before, when her employer and his wife had been small children, the two had stolen out in a rowboat on the river. The bookkeeper, several years their senior, was approaching the bank when their boat capsized. A good swimmer, she sprang in and rescued them both.

Husband and wife were glad to be alive, and had a sense of gratitude to her for saving them for each other and for a pleasant life in their little city; but they did not have to live with her all day long as did the office force. She delighted in catching any of the latter in mistakes, and she would reprimand them before every one else in a knock-down-and-drag-out fashion that was extremely galling. Now and then she would stalk into her employer's office and lay down the law to him about his business. Sometimes she was right, and always he remembered that she had saved his life. At any rate, he always soothed her and never discharged her.

The growth of the city and of its business enabled him to buy out another firm in a neighboring city, the head of which became his manager. The new manager arrived, and in three days he decided that he would "straighten the bookkeeper out." He called her into his office to have a plain talk with her about her dogmatic and tactless and impossible ways. A few minutes after he sent for her she strolled in to find him blazing angry because she had kept him waiting. Unwisely he stormed, and told her the lines he had marked out for her, and offered her the alternative of doing precisely what he told her, or else of leaving. The bookkeeper was too amazed to lose her temper.

"Why, you little whipper-snapper!" she said. "Who would have thought it of you? You lit-tle, lit-tle strange man from the next town!"

In spite of discipline, in spite of the effect upon the office force, the bookkeeper could not be discharged; the rescue will always give her the right to do anything she pleases in the office. If any one goes it will be that new manager.

In the shops there are nearly always a number of older women who wield an amount of influence entirely disproportionate to the work they do and the pay they receive. They have probably grown up with their employers and their employers' wives during the days when the city was smaller and younger, and when class distinctions were vague. They all went to dances together in the old days; perhaps the owner of a shop used to be engaged to a saleswoman. If not, there are the old sentimental associations not only on his part but on the part of his friends. There are half a dozen old-time beaus still unmarried, perhaps still dancing at the young people's parties, who used to dance with these saleswomen and who were fond of them, and who still ask the employers about them.

How Personality Counts

SUCH women are likely to be strong personalities in more than one way. They usually do their work well and have a large personal following. Customers will come who insist on having such a saleswoman and no other to attend to their wants. They will wait till she is free, and then they will demand that she go about with them from department to department selling them whatever they want. This is more or less demoralizing to the departments, but it cannot be helped; the customers must have what they ask for. The reputation of such a saleswoman grows. People from the country towns who have never seen her will come in and ask that she wait on them, and will take no one's service but hers. All this, of course, adds to her importance in the shop. She is apt to be jealous of her prerogatives and orders the new girls about, and generally her manager would discharge her if he dared.

A man bred to business in a large city who comes to a small one finds it hard to get used to the fact that the employees are not mere parts of the machine, but real human people, to be reckoned with as such. The head of a big manufacturing concern needed a manager. For social reasons it was not wise to promote any of his men to such an exalted position over the heads of the others. He chose a city manager famous for making money. The office force consisted of a score of nice girls, all high-school graduates. None of them was in the exclusive sets of the place, but they knew almost everybody and were well thought of.

The new manager came in, was presented to them, looked them over with a hard appraising eye, merely to see what their working capacity was, and forgot all their names. During the morning he addressed them as "Here, you!" On the street at noon hour he cut one of them who bowed to him, simply not recognizing her. During the afternoon he smoked until his private office was blue and then called in one of the stenographers for dictation. The smoke choked her and she coughed.

"Here, here!" he said; "go out and send another one in. I can't stop for people with pneumonia."

After a slight delay another entered to find the manager prepared to dictate with his feet on the top of the desk and his hat on the back of his head. She promptly turned her back, saying:

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought you were ready for me to come in."

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There Can be No Petty Tyranny on the Part of Some Head Clerk, for the Girl May Appeal to the Department Manager

Bonanza Wheat-Farm Methods

By FORREST CRISSEY

WHEAT farming in the Northwest is the art of hitting the high spots with a broad, swift stroke; of doing big things with a slap and a dash, and leaving the rest to take care of itself. It is prodigal in its methods, spectacular in its magnitude and the absolute antipode of the careful, intensive agriculture of the older states.

To the farmer from Illinois or Indiana, where the one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm is the standard, the way things are done in the wheat country looks very much like giving the land a lick and a promise in the place of real cultivation.

Clark Dalrymple Ready for the Field

Up in the Red River country of North Dakota there is a tradition that every newcomer from the central states starts into wheat farming with the conviction that he's going to show the natives how to farm without wasting about half the output of the land—and ends by becoming as enthusiastic a strawburner as the oldest settler.

Though no land-looker from the East can witness the burning of thousands of tons of straw without wincing, or can see mountains of manure unapplied to the fields and not feel that this is a wanton and wicked waste of fertility, the big farmer is not at a loss for a very plausible answer to the indictment. Simmered into a sentence, that answer is this: About the biggest lesson for a man to learn when he starts into bonanza wheat farming is what to waste and what to leave undone; not to learn that lesson at the outset is to discover that he's too small for his farm and that he belongs back East on a hundred and sixty acres instead of up here where the man with a section is considered a small farmer.

The Beginnings of a Great Farm

BECAUSE a farmer puts the torch to his strawstacks and lets his pile of manure grow to the size of a country railroad station without a thought of distributing it upon his fields it is not altogether safe to set him down as a man without regard for his balance sheet or without a system in his farming operations; in fact, he may have a very shrewd and level perspective on things in general and on final results in particular. Go into the Red River country beyond Fargo, ask for the best wheat farmers of that section, and you are likely to draw the remark:

"Well, the Dalrymple boys are about as good farmers as we grow up here; year in and year out they generally manage to put it over the rest of us by several bushels to the acre. Then they seem to have the faculty of selling at just about the right time. Somehow they appear to have a heap of market sense and they contrive to unload their crops at the right time with great regularity. What's more, they keep their land and their buildings and their stock up to just about the right pitch—a little more and they'd overdo it; a little less and they'd be skinning too close. There's a great knack in knowing just where to draw the line in building up a big wheat-farm property so that the annual profits will not be torn down—and the Dalrymple boys have caught that knack. They're not fancy farmers—not on your life!—but their properties are in better shape with every year and they have more money in the bank with each season's clean-up. They're just good, sound, progressive wheat farmers, without any frills or nonsense."

And yet these same Dalrymple boys burn thirteen thousand to twenty-five thousand tons of straw a year and waste enough manure annually to fertilize a fair-sized county in the East.

When the late Oliver Dalrymple exchanged the vertical scenery of western Pennsylvania for the broad reaches of the Red River Valley he bought land at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars an acre—bought it by the section; and every square foot of it was as black and rich as a plum pudding. After he had turned miles of sod and began to be known as the great bonanza wheat farmer of the Northwest, his nephew, Clark Dalrymple, decided to follow in the footsteps of "Uncle Oliver" and go where farming was done on the level instead of on a hillside angle of forty-five degrees. He borrowed the money with which to get into the new country, where the land looked like a rimless billiard table. He was sure that his uncle would give him a job, and he was not mistaken. Almost before he was thoroughly acclimated he found himself in the position of superintendent of the great bonanza wheat farm; for he caught on to the art of farming in the large, to handling lands and crops in great masses, to thinking in big figures and farming with a wide sweep.

Incidentally he learned that some sections of land were better than others, and he also learned where the best of them, in that entire region, were located. His eye was ever alert for bargains, and when an absentee-owner offered him a choice section at twenty dollars an acre, with plenty of time in which to pay for it, he promptly accepted the offer. Steadily since then, as the right opportunity has offered, he has increased his holdings. Some of his later tracts have cost him as high as thirty dollars an acre. Today he operates five thousand acres, most of them his own property—the heirs of a brother having an interest in the Number Two farm of about sixteen hundred acres. An exact book account is kept of this Number Two farm. Last year its total income was $17,436.83, while its expenses were $7040.95, leaving a profit of more than ten thousand dollars. The yield of wheat was eighteen bushels to the acre, while the year previous it was twenty-one bushels. All things considered, the year of 1909 was probably a fair average, and therefore its figures are typical. Wheat, of course, was the main source of revenue, the harvest of 14,072 bushels bringing $14,448.82. Barley came next, in the amount of $1670.41.

Among the expenditures, the labor account led all the rest and amounted to $4144.16; supplies cost $529.85, new machinery $300, machinery repairs $259.81, and freight and express $216.63.

"I haven't kept books so closely on the Home farm," confessed Mr. Dalrymple, "because I didn't feel that I had to; but the results may be put in a few words: the farm has paid for itself and doubled in value, besides yielding a good living for a family of five and an active automobile! For a considerable part of the time two of our children have been away from home in private schools, and we have spent all our winters in Minneapolis or some other city, or in traveling. The first land was bought in 1890 and the last eight years ago. It could be sold today at sixty dollars an acre, but it isn't on the market and will not be for several years to come, so long as it continues to do the handsome thing by me and I'm on earth to operate it. It's a big, roomy, pleasant kind of a life, and I know of nothing that looks half so good to me. Of course, if I had to stick by the farm through the winters it would be a different kind of a story; but with the whole winter for a vacation and freedom to go anywhere the working season has no terrors to one who enjoys work."

Farm Life a Perpetual Party

LIFE on a bonanza wheat farm, from spring plowing until the clean-up in the fall, would not be an intolerable existence even to a confirmed society woman of the city, judged by the standards of the Clark Dalrymple Home farm; in fact, it might compare quite favorably with the attractions offered by many an alleged summer resort, especially in the estimation of a woman of out-of-door tastes. It is a dull week with the bonanza farmer's household when there are not city guests under his roof, and often the screened porch—where all meals are eaten—has the appearance of sheltering a very busy house party. Then there are many transient guests on business missions—crop experts, agricultural investigators from the East and from abroad, representatives of the big mills and grain commission houses, machinery salesmen and editors of agricultural papers. These business visitors are numerous and are not without their social value to the household. Guests of this character are housed in the chambers of the office building in the same yard with the house. Telephones, a piano player, an automobile, horses and a pony rig for the smaller children are among the accessories of the bonanza farm that go to make its daily life devoid of the isolation that tradition connects with existence on the farms of the great Northwest.

The quarters for the hired hands are so far removed from the house that when a chore boy is needed a bell, large enough to do justice to a country church, is rung. Threshing time does not stir a ripple on the surface of the household routine, for the appetites of the threshers are appeased by a professional cook and his assistants in a "chuck house" which is well outside the home yard. A thoroughly modern ice-house, with a room for hanging meats, is the latest addition to the place. Meat and plenty of it is the demand of the hands, and the bonanza farmer who does not kill his own meat on the place is behind the times.

The stock equipment of the Home farm of three thousand acres comprises about seventy-five horses and mules,

Threshing on a Clark Dalrymple Farm

forty cattle and one hundred and fifty hogs. Ten cows are kept to furnish milk and butter for the family and the work force. A seventy-five-barrel tank is piped to the various barns and buildings. The water supply is two wells, which flow almost to the surface. A windmill and a gasoline engine are used to elevate the water into the tank.

The big machine on the Home farm is a thirty-five-horse-power, double-cylinder steam engine, which pulls sixteen plows and turns forty-five acres of stubble-ground a day. To operate this jumbo machine requires an engineer, a pilot, a plowman and a waterman—a daily labor cost of twelve dollars. Less than a ton of coal will run the big steam tractor for twelve hours, and this brings the maximum operating cost up to seventeen dollars a day. On the Home farm of three thousand acres twenty wagons are used, the allotment for the Number Two farm being fifteen.

One of the most important adjuncts of the farm is the blacksmith shop, the main work of which is repairing and plow sharpening, as few of the work animals are shod. The handy man is the presiding genius of the blacksmith shop, and the bonanza farm would be a helpless institution without his services. He must be able to deal with any mechanical emergency from improvising a broken separator part to fitting flues into an engine boiler.

Pointing to a header that cuts a fourteen-foot swath, Mr. Dalrymple declared:

"There's an illustration of the fact that if a farmer will do a little thinking on his own part he may be able to turn a trick that is not down in the books. Up here we are troubled with kingweeds and with volunteer rye in our wheatfields. Looking over a field of wheat one day, I was discouraged at the sight of hundreds of kingweeds waving their heads several inches above the wheat. At first thought there seemed to be no way of preventing them from going to seed and growing a bigger crop next year. Then it occurred to me: Why not gear the sickle of the header high enough to pass above the wheat and low enough to nip the heads of the kingweeds and the volunteer rye? By doing this before the stuff was mature enough to seed, the pests could be practically exterminated. I tried it and the results have been great. The old header now does splendid service as a wholesale weeding machine, and I've got the kingweeds on the run."

Heavy Thinking and Idle Hands

ALTHOUGH the bulk of the plowing is done with the big steam tractor engine, Mr. Dalrymple finds it of advantage to keep ten gangplows on the home place. Each of these plows turns a double furrow and is drawn by five horses. Around all fields plowed with a heavy tractor engine it is necessary to leave a wide margin unplowed, as the tractor requires generous elbowroom in which to make the turns. Again, certain soil conditions permit of plowing with horses when a tractor of the heaviest type cannot be used to advantage.

Mr. Dalrymple's ideas of how a big wheat farm should be run are clear and definite. Here are the rules of operation as they have been evolved by his own experience:

"There are two purposes always before the eye of the farmer: to reduce expenses and to increase income. To keep the right balance between these two lines of effort is the thing that makes the difference between a good farmer and a poor one. It's like managing a canoe: if you fail to trim the boat right you're bound to have an upset. This, of course, is true of any business. I emphasize it only because so many fail to realize that farming—at least, on the big scale of operation out here in the bonanza country—is a large manufacturing industry that calls for the application of up-to-date business principles every minute of the time. It takes business administration to make it go and come out on the right side year after year. The man who isn't big enough to keep himself busy with the administration end—the thinking part—of running a bonanza farm is of too small caliber to be on the place. If he can't keep from putting his hand to the manual work on the place he's out of his class, and ought to be back where a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm is the rule.

"When it comes to laying down rules for running a big farm it must be remembered that farming is a game of emergencies, and that probably the most important part of farm administration is that of making exceptions to the cut-and-dried rules. However, there are many points of operation that may be reduced to rules that hold good in the main and from which there is seldom any need to deviate. Those rules, as I understand them, are about as follows:

Off to a Dinner Party, Forty Miles Away

"Labor in spring should be kept off high wages as long as possible—at least, until seeding begins. That is right and reasonable all round. Then, good teamsters should be hired by the month for the season, and the balance of the help at one dollar a day. Provide a foreman to be always with men and teams, when there are six men or more. Drunkards and gamblers should be discharged. Create rivalry among the foremen to see who can get the most work done and done in the best manner.

"Working stock should be kept up and off grass, and furnished with farmwork six days a week throughout the season. They should have half rations on Sundays and rainy and idle days. Teams can go twenty-four miles a day on two-and-a-half-inch plowing and eighteen miles on seven-inch plowing.

"About one-quarter of the land should be laid out each year to be cleaned and enriched by barren summer fallow or its equivalent. It should be plowed from two to three inches in fall, then plowed a second time after wild oats are from two to four inches high, and again plowed the last of May. In July, either plow it again or deepdisk it. As much barley land as possible should be plowed in July and August, as that is equal to a half-summer fallow.

"Crops should be diversified, rotated and sown early, so as to be harvested earlier with cheaper labor and less expense and in the period of the long days. About half a section should be sown in oats near the buildings and threshed in the barnyard, and cut on the green side for winter hay and forage. One section or more should be sown in barley early and on the best land, to be harvested with one-dollar labor in July, and then summer-plowed. Corn to the amount of eighty acres should be put in near the buildings and harvested by hogs and horses without expense, beginning August 15.

"An old-fashioned cornerib should be built in June and the fallen-off ears picked up from the ground. Corn land should be plowed last in the fall.

"Seed grain should be thoroughly clean and of the best quality. The progressive farmer will know by actual germinating tests that his seed is what it should be. No wheat should be sown later than April 30.

"A five-section division of thirty-two hundred acres should be handled as follows:

In wheat	5/16	or 1000 acres
In barley or rye	3/16	or 600 acres
In oats and pasture	2/16	or 400 acres
In corn	2/16	or 400 acres
In flax	2/16	or 400 acres
Summer fallow	2/16	or 400 acres
		3200 acres

"Dry cows should be replaced often with fresh cows and old horses sold each winter.

"Pigs should come in April and be fed from three to five times a day on milk and wet shorts and other suitable food, turned into the cornfield about August 15, and marketed about Christmas at two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds each.

"Hogs cannot be wintered on a hard floor. They will get rheumatism and shrink. A house should be made for them by turning hayracks against strawstacks and covering the racks well with straw. The location for this shelter should be as warm and dry as possible, and the ground should be thickly bedded with straw. Fresh water should be at all times accessible. Hogs require good feed, care and attention to become real mortgage-lifters.

Matching Competition With Small Economies

"HORSE, cow and hog pastures should be enriched and seeded near each barnyard, and should have plenty of fresh water. Corn fodder should always be stacked dry and early on a dry straw bed, and fed sparingly until June comes around again.

"Drains should be well opened on plowed fields after the fall plowing and after seeding. Roads and ditches should be made rounding in order to withstand the wear and tear of automobiles. Roads, weed patches, the edges of streams and all low spots should be mowed twice each summer.

"We must be on the alert for cheaper and better methods.

"Earlier sowing, higher cultivation, cleaner seed, cleaner land, more cheaply-run elevators, feed mill and threshing machines with twenty-five per cent more daily execution, should be the rule.

"Taxes and interest should be kept at a minimum. Watch your chances to make small economies.

"All the above is necessary in order successfully to compete in the great markets of the world with the virgin soil and pauper labor of Russia, India, Argentine, and the cheap labor of Canada and Australia—especially as our labor, equipment and materials are now at a maximum of cost.

"This is the way I mapped my course

Harvest on the Home Farm of Clark Dalrymple

several years ago, and these rules have worked out well in actual practice and paid good dividends. The principal departure that I have lately made has been in the adoption of what might be called a modified summer-fallow system which does not leave the land idle for so long a time, and still seems to give the same results to the soil.

"Of course the theory of barren summer fallowing is to turn up the soil where the sun and air can get action on it and liberate the plant food, which is not available for the growing of crops until that chemical action has taken place. It is not fertilization, but it takes the place of fertilization up to a certain point. In other words, all soil experts are agreed that almost all soils contain much more plant food than the growing crops get out of it, simply because that surplus is not in chemical shape to be available in the growth of crops. This is why you can take land that has been condemned as exhausted, and by turning and returning it you can get a fairly good crop. The adage that 'tillage is fertilization' is based on this principle. To be sure, with every soil, no matter how rich, there is bound to come a day when constant cropping and consistent tillage will liberate practically all the plant food in it. Then tillage ceases to become fertilization, and the only thing to do is to put in the fertilizer and build the soil up by restoring its fertility.

"But that day is a long way off for any land like that here in the Red River Valley, which has been pronounced by scientists to be the richest and most fertile, in its natural state, of any in this country. In fact, practical experience has taught me that one decided drawback to barren summer fallowing is that the first crop of grain following it has a tendency to make such a prolific growth of straw that it does not stand up well, and does not fill with kernels as plump and hard as they should be. Again, a barren summer fallow takes the land out of commission for a full year."

Unburned Straw Stacks in the Distance

The Air Bath as a Crop Tonic

"CONSEQUENTLY I have modified this practice by putting in a crop of winter rye or winter wheat in the fall after the land has had quite an airing, having been turned immediately upon the heels of harvesting. This produces a good crop the following July, and these winter grains have the added advantage of cleaning the land quite thoroughly. Then, too, it doesn't leave the farmer in the position of having absolutely all of his eggs in one basket. After the winter rye or winter wheat is harvested in July, the land is promptly plowed and left open to the sun and air and snows until the following spring, when it is put into spring wheat again. And almost invariably I have found that this crop of wheat filled better and stood up more firmly than that following a year of barren summer fallow."

Each year Mr. Dalrymple seeds a half section to mixed timothy and clover, which is kept in sod for two or three years and then backset or broken under, when the grass is well started for the season. The last of July this broken ground is replowed at least an inch deeper and left fallow until the following spring, when it is put into wheat. Usually he raises about one hundred acres of corn on each farm. This crop is all fed to the stock on the place. All seed corn must have been subjected to a thorough germinating test. A corn crop is invariably followed by wheat, as the great problem in wheat growing is to keep down the weeds, and the cultivation given the corn leaves the ground remarkably free from weeds.

Aside from putting the land into a corn crop, and the ingenious use of the header for beheading the tall weeds before they have reached the point of seeding, about the only method of weed fighting left open to the wheat farmer is that of turning the ground over as soon as the harvester has done its work, and repeating the operation as often as may be necessary to prevent the weeds from reaching maturity.

Help is a big problem on a bonanza farm, and is growing more difficult and expensive. Only four men are required to take care of the stock in the winter on the Home farm of Mr. Clark Dalrymple. When the season of plowing and seeding begins this number is increased to about eighteen. Harvesting brings the number up to about thirty-five, and threshing sometimes sees it reach fifty. In addition to their board, harvest hands receive two dollars and threshing hands two dollars and a quarter a day. The engineer is high man on the daily wage scale and gets his eight dollars. Harvest and threshing hands are floaters and most of them are technically known as hoboes. They quit on slight provocation, and, in the main, their prevailing attitude toward work is submission under protest. There is nothing in their movements in the field to remind one of the eager alacrity of a boy who has been promised an afternoon at the circus as soon as his stint is finished.

Mr. Dalrymple's main dependence in holding his harvest and threshing help is placed on the quality and abundance of the food provided at the chuck house. All farmers in the wheat district pay the same wage, but there is a difference in the commissary provisions, and the farm that maintains the highest reputation on the score of its grub holds the winning hand.

To the men who are retained to look after the stock through the winter is intrusted the important task of cleaning the seed wheat for the spring sowing. Like many of the progressive farmers, Mr. Dalrymple has adopted the practice of breeding up his own seed wheat. Between chores the barnmen enliven the winter days by putting the seed grain through a hand fanning mill. Often it is subjected to this process three times. Then, in the spring, just before seeding, it is put into a floater containing a formaldehyde bath, as a protection against smut and to clean out the weeds and kingheads which, being lighter than the grain, rise to the surface of the bath and are brushed off by revolving paddles. The bath solution is made of one pound of formaldehyde to fifty gallons of water. This kills the smut spore on the seed.

Mr. Dalrymple has a direct telephone line into the office of a big commission house, and from the moment that he is able to form a clear idea of the amount of wheat he will harvest the line is kept busy. As he hung up the receiver after a conversation with the commission man, Mr. Dalrymple remarked:

"Here's where the work of the whole year is sugared off. There's about as much in selling right as in following the right methods of tillage. A man may have the faculty of coaxing big crops from the soil, of outwitting adverse conditions, of keeping expenses down to the lowest line of safety—and then fool away in a minute all the advantages gained by his good farming if he hasn't a broad grasp on the market and fair understanding of what certain market conditions signify. If he isn't up on this end of his business the wheat farmer had better post himself.

"Just now I've heard from all the principal grain markets of the world, and I've made up my mind what to do. Here's the situation as I see it: Today cash wheat in Duluth is one dollar and twenty cents. In a few days the big threshers, or separators, as we call them up here, will be running in every field in the Red River country. In my opinion that is going to make a sag in the market. It generally has that effect when the first tide from the separators flows into the markets. And this year the crop is likely to pan out better than the public expects.

"Now one dollar and twenty cents is a good price, and as I see it this morning it's going to be about the best price of the season. On the other hand, I can buy May wheat in Chicago today at a dollar eight and three-fourths. Of course the May option can be closed out at any moment. Therefore I have sold my crop at one dollar and twenty cents, taken out a May option at a dollar eight and three-fourths. What is the result? I get a premium of eleven cents for my cash wheat, have the use of my money, and save storage, insurance and interest charges on my crop. It would pay me to sell my cash wheat at the May price."

Getting In First All Round

"OF COURSE I sometimes make a mistake in failing to sell in this way at the moment of greatest market advantage, but in the long run this method of marketing my crops has paid me handsomely. But there is one thing that I invariably aim to do, and that is to get in early at every point of the game, from plowing to threshing. It pays—and especially does it pay at the market end. Many a time it has been a big advantage to me to have my grain ready to ship to the big mills in Minneapolis before the other wheat growers of the valley had fairly begun to thresh. The most important thing I've learned about wheat farming may be put into these words: Do it early!—and that means, do everything early. Get in first all round."

"Doing it early" has advantages other than getting into the market before the rush. It adds about three thousand dollars a year to Mr. Dalrymple's income. His

(Concluded on Page 74)

Teams Taking a Noon-Hour Drink

THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IX

AFTER the departure of his guests Mr. Applebo returned to his yellow cabin and remained for some minutes, sitting upon the extreme edge of his bunk, his eyes fixed upon infinity.

Like many men who spend much of their time alone, Mr. Applebo had acquired the habit of audible self-communing, this custom being rendered more spontaneous by reason of his practice of reciting his poetic efforts for the sake of euphony and meter. Audible self-communing was also a favorite employment of the Finn; so that any one approaching the yawl at any time of the day or night might have been surprised to hear two monologues proceeding with the tireless monotony of a phonograph—one from forward in Danish, the other in English from the cabin.

As though to relax his mind after the lofty heights of poetic utterance, Mr. Applebo's unofficial self-communings were very apt to be curt, colloquially idiomatic—which is a high-sounding way of saying slangy—and even at times profane. Mr. Applebo pouring out his soul over a sonnet or madrigal and Mr. Applebo commenting with himself on topical events were scarcely to be recognized as the same person.

On the present occasion the subject of his soliloquy was the visit just received.

"That must have been Hermione with the old man. She looked like a sassy young thing. If I'd seen her face I'd never have wasted good verse on her. The old man looks like a sun-blister in red paint-work. He'll go pop some day. So he's going to try to lose me out. I'll fool him. Since I've met Cécile I'd follow him over Niagara whether I had a chart or not. Cécelia! Cécile!" He dwelt upon the name as if loath to leave it. "Doesn't lend itself to verse like Hermione, but the girl is a wonder. Harold, my son, I'm afraid you've got yours at last."

For some minutes he remained in silent contemplation of this reluctant admission, and to look at his face one would have thought that he had just discovered himself to be infected with malignant smallpox. Presently he gave a sigh that suggested a porpoise coming up to blow.

"She is a wonder, and I am not surprised that every man who sees her goes off his chump. It is their own silly fault for presuming to raise their eyes to such a young goddess. I shall not raise my eyes to her, but I shall raise my voice and send her a drool. And this time it will be the truth."

One long arm went to the locker beside the bunk and drew out a writing-block of corn-colored paper and a fountain-pen. For a few minutes Mr. Applebo scratched away industriously, then flung himself back on the bunk and read aloud and sonorously what he had just written.

"Pretty rotten, but I have no time to monkey with it. Her proud parent has given me a dare and honor compels that I gird myself for the fray. He is going to lead me an offshore chase, I fancy. I must now get busy and grub up. I had better fake the address of this drivel or Hermione might get sore. All women but one are cats."

The note addressed in an utterly characterless copper-plate hand, Mr. Applebo lifted up his voice in a melodious yowl, whereat the Finn came scuffing aft and stood in the cockpit, peering into the cabin like a gnome looking into a cave.

"Come down here." Applebo spoke in Danish. The two always conversed in that tongue when they conversed at all, which was seldom.

The Finn hooked his strong fingers over the rim of the hatch and swung down his squat body to stand before his master, cap in hand and with an expression of doglike devotion in his great brown eyes. Applebo, busily making out a list, did not look up. Presently he said:

"We are going on a long voyage. Fill the watertanks and the icebox, and take this list to the store. Bring off the stuff with you, but first mail this letter. No drink. Dost thou understand?"

"Yes, master."

"The least sign of liquor and I leave thee on the beach and ship a clean man in thy place. Remember."

"Yes, master."

"Very well. Go."

The Finn swung up through the hatch like a chimpanzee. Applebo sat for a moment thinking. Then he flung his great frame back on the bunk and reaching into the book-locker took therefrom a copy of Rostand's Cyrano. This was his favorite of modern poems. He began to read aloud, in sonorous tones and with careful regard to the scansion:

"Je t'aime, je suis fou, je n'en peux plus, c'est trop ton nom est dans mon cœur comme dans un grelot——"

Which, when one considers that the name at that moment tinkling in the heart of Applebo was the name of the wrong girl, made his pleasure in the verses a delightful irony!

"I Look Like a Pussy-Cat!"

He was still half reading, half didactically reciting, when there came the splash of oars alongside and Applebo threw down the poem, arose and shoved his tawny head up through the hatch to behold a small and frightened-looking boy in a boat. The youngster handed him a note and appeared loath to linger for the tip which the poet tossed him. Applebo tore open the envelope to find within a sheet of paper with the Shark's heading. On it were the words: "Sailing tonight for Halifax. CECILE."

The middle of the following forenoon found the Shark well on her course across the wide mouth of the Bay of Fundy. The schooner was almost becalmed and smothered in a thick white fog, through which the sun was trying to burn its way.

On the starboard rail were leaning Paula and Huntington Wood, trying to look into the cottony blanket of mist. The yacht had been threading her way through a fleet of fishing-boats and from all sides there came the faint or loud, but always muffled and elusive, dong-dong-dong-dong of the fishermen's bells.

From the t'gallant forecastle of the Shark there blared out at half-minute intervals the honk-honk of her automatic foghorn. A few minutes before they had heard the shriek of a steamer's siren as it ripped its way through the fog. Directly it had come again, appallingly close aboard; so close, indeed, that people could be heard talking on her decks and a gruff voice, apparently from the bridge, had rasped, "Lookout, wha'ar d'ye make that foghorn?"

The Shark had answered the question for herself, when the same voice aboard the steamer said in a sharp tone, "Starboard! He's plumb under our baows!"

Everything was adrip. There was scarcely breeze enough to keep steerageway, and the knowledge of the swift tides and eddies and the treacherous southern extremity of Nova Scotia did not tend to have a soothing effect on the nerves of Captain Bell. He was standing on the weather side, just abaft the mainmast, muffled to the ears in a heavy ulster with a deer-stalker's hat pulled down over his eyes and a very long cigar, which reminded one of a spinnaker-boom, sticking straight out from his damp, rubicund face. Altogether he looked more like a discontented British tourist than an ex-naval officer conning his yacht through the fog. At sea Bell always stood watch-and-watch with Heldstrom and did his own navigating.

"This is the sort of weather that makes you more indulgent toward power!" he growled, waddling up to join Paula and Huntington. "I'll bet our bloomin' Pilot-fish wishes that he had some!"

"Do you suppose that he is out in this?" Wood asked.

"Sure! He took my challenge; so the chances are that he followed us out last night. If he'd waited until this morning he'd have missed the tide."

"Poor little Daffodil!" said Paula. "It's no place for her out here! I hate to think of it."

"She's all right," growled Bell. "Don't you worry about her."

"How is the betting?" asked Wood.

Bell grinned. "The sailing-master is offering two to one that Applebo will be in Halifax harbor within four hours of ourselves. He used to bet against the Pilot-fish, but since he found out that he was a square-head he backs him. The bosun offers even money that we get there first, and the cook has taken him on for a V, but then the cook's a —— fool! In light airs the yawl can outsail us, as unless there's half a gale this tub is so —— slow that if it weren't for her sails they'd take her for a light-vessel. But I can out-navigate the chump, and we'll save on steering a truer course."

"Don't try to cut corners, Papa," said Paula. "You might cut one off the schooner."

"No danger. I didn't serve for twenty-five years in the United States Navy for nothin'." He glanced forward, then raised his voice. "Lookout, there! Why don't you report that bell? What d'ye think you are—the figgerhead?"

"Bell on der poort bow, zir!" bawled the lad.

"All right," snapped the owner. "I'm deaf already from listenin' to it. Don't try to make me any deafer. Now keep your lugs buttoned back and see if you can't hear the next one before I do!"

Bell stumped aft to look at the taffrail log, then to the companionway for a peep at the barometer.

"Glass risin'," he announced. "This stuff will blow off before noon and then we may get a bit of a breeze. He stumped forward, pausing at the door of the galley to watch the cook, wishing mightily that his watch was over that he might get to work on a ragout. Paula looked at Wood and laughed.

"Papa's wishing that he were inside there, warm and messy and spoiling good food," said she. "Why don't you get a fad, Huntington?"

"Cécile intimated last night that I was rapidly doing so."

"And what is that?"

"She declined to say, but I think that it had some reference to yourself."

Paula did not immediately reply. With both elbows on the schooner's high rail she stared into the gray-green water eddying sluggishly alongside. Wood watched her and his fine eyes kindled. Experiences of the past year had taught the young man many things about life and character, and he was beginning to be able to tell the pure from the alloyed metal. Never in his life had he known Cécile Bell to be as ravishingly lovely as the night before at his dinner party, nor had he ever found her so sweet and sympathetic. But not one flash of the old emotion had been rekindled. His eyes had been so evidently filled with Paula that in the end Cécile had grown slightly piqued and turned her attentions to Mr. Poole, whom she speedily reduced to abject slavery.

Paula was sufficiently pretty, when it came to that. Her charm was of a sweet, gentle sort that was destined to grow with her character. She was fuller of figure than either of her sisters, with a great abundance of chestnut hair, which held deep auburn tones. Like the other girls, her complexion was clear to transparency and the general type was Celtic – French or Irish. In repose Paula was as quiet as a nun, but when she became interested in conversation to the point of self-forgetfulness the change to a vivid animation was almost startling. On these occasions the rich color flooded her face, her words were rapid and vehement, and she gesturred as freely as a Frenchwoman. Paula was a continual surprise to those who knew her but slightly.

She raised herself from the rail and let her clear, jade-colored eyes rest thoughtfully on Huntington Wood. There was a faint tinge of color in her cheeks, damp from the fog.

"I was wondering how long it would be before Cécile became jealous," said she.

"Cécile has no reason to be jealous," Wood replied. "I offered her all that I had and she very graciously declined it, but desired to be a sister to me. I accepted the honor with gratitude. Eh, *voila!*"

Paula looked into the fog. Wood gave a little laugh.

"Of course," he went on, "it is one thing to offer to be a sister and another to consent to be a sister-in-law."

"Don't speak in that flippant way, Huntington."

Wood stepped to her side and laid his hand upon her gloved one as it rested on the rail.

"My dear," he said, "I do not mean to be flippant. Of course you know, Paula, that I was very much in love with Cécile and took it very hard when she told me that she did not care for me in the same way. I did not try to argue the matter, but started in to forget my own troubles in trying to interest myself a bit in those of other people who were much worse off. The result was most successful, although all of my friends seem to find it most amusing."

"You mean your charity? That was splendid, Huntington."

"The motive was originally selfish, but I don't think that it is so now; because I am cured."

He paused, as though thinking of how best to go on.

"What I wish to say now, Paula, is rather difficult. Perhaps I had better not try any complicated self-analysis. When Cécile refused me I thought that my life was blasted, and that I should never love again, and most of the things, I suppose, that young men usually think under those circumstances. I don't claim any originality. It has not been so. My life is not in the least blasted, and I do love again, and very, very deeply. I love you, Paula, and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me, dear?"

Paula appeared to have some difficulty with her breathing. Perhaps it was the fog, which, at any rate, had very evidently got into her eyes. She turned slowly to Wood, her face very pale and her sweet mouth quivering. They were standing near the main rigging and Paula steadied herself by gripping a lanyard. This movement may have been due to the very slight heave coming in from the sea.

"Huntington," she said in her soft contralto, "do you think that you are quite sure?"

"There is no longer the slightest doubt, Paula."

The girl did not seem able to speak. As if seeking counsel she turned again to the sea. Wood waited, his eyes upon her face. He was impressed by the sweet purity of her profile, cut like a cameo against the white fog. There was the family likeness to her sisters in the short, straight-bridged nose with its seductive tip; a frivolity of feature corrected by the straight, pretty mouth and decisive chin. Paula's face in repose had sometimes a hint of melancholy not to be found with her sisters. There was a touch of the Madonna of the Italian painters.

"Paula," said Wood, with the tone of one who offers not a compliment but a simple fact, "you are a very beautiful woman. You will grow even more beautiful as you get older."

She turned to him with a faint smile. "I am glad that I please you, Huntington, but ——"

He stepped forward quickly and took her hand. She twisted it away, almost impatiently.

"Oh," she cried, "if I could be sure! Cécile rejects you, and you come to me! All of Cécile's rejected suitors come to me. First they want *sympathy*, then—more! I'm sick of being *consolatrice!*"

Paula had passed with startling abruptness from her breathless silence to an almost passionate vehemence, and as she talked she made fierce little gestures with her hands. Yet her voice was low in pitch and volume. "It is so easy for a man to fall in love with the woman who pets and pities him! Hermione has the right of it. I heard her say a few weeks ago to one of Cécile's despairing swains: 'You had better go to Paula and have your cry out. You can't weep on my shoulder; I've got troubles of my own; and besides, this is a clean shirtwaist!' Paula laughed semi-hysterically.

Wood looked rather hurt, but not at all irritated by her attitude.

"That's not quite fair to me, Paula," said he. "I did not try to weep on anybody's shoulder, nor am I coming to you for consolation. I don't need it. The want of it disappeared long ago. It is precisely as if I had never been in love with anybody."

"Oh, Huntington, are you sure?"

"Positive."

"And you really love me?"

"I love you with all my heart, Paula. Can't you believe me? And don't you think that you could manage to care, yourself, just the least bit?"

Paula threw a swift look forward. Her father, a bulky figure half-swaddled in the fog, was rolling aft in their direction. Behind them, alas, was the ubiquitous man at the wheel.

"So you will tell me nothing?" Wood asked.

The Finn

Paula turned to him quickly, caught up his ungloved hand and squeezed it between her own so tightly that it gave him a stab of pain.

"I adore you!" she whispered, then dropped his hand and fled to the companionway.

X

WHILE these agreeable events were transpiring on the deck overhead, Cécile, warm and luxurious in her bed directly underneath, had been doing some very busy thinking, and had finally, aided to some extent by the muffled but agreeable tones of Wood's voice as it came intermittently through her ventilator, arrived at her decision. This decision was that she had better be a sensible girl and marry Huntington Wood.

By this time she had come fully to realize that the undoubted attraction that Applebo could have for her came through an appeal made neither to the heart nor to the mind. It was merely a physical attraction and its hold was only upon her material senses. Cécile was, however, very much alive in her senses. If not the slave to them she was at least a very indulgent mistress, and the things that they brought her she valued more than the higher attributes of mind. She reveled in all five: bright pageants of color, exquisite perfumes whether natural or artificial, music of any sort from a gipsy band to Bach, a terrapin or canvasback and an old amontillado, a cold bath on a hot day or a hot bath on a cold one.

Her visit to the Daffodil had catered to these senses. Applebo was pleasing to the eye in coloring and contour; the odor of late roses perfumed the cabin of the yawl, for the poet loved flowers and always had them about when procurable; his resonant voice rang in the ears of Cécile and stirred more sympathetic chords than had ever an opera; the touch of his hand as he helped her into the gig had set her pulses pounding like old wine. As for taste, there had been certain moments when in her vexation she had felt a strong desire to bite him!

Cécile was no fool, and she was quick to realize that these were not precisely the emotions upon which to lay the foundations of lifelong happiness. Moreover, Cécile was both luxurious and socially ambitious. Her husband must be a man with money and position, and she much doubted that Applebo had either. Wood possessed both, with many other desirable qualities. Cécile, though not in the least in love with him, liked and admired his personality. She found in him a great improvement over the idle and rather aimless young man whom she had rejected some months ago. His disappointment and its manly method of treatment, followed by a real, philanthropic interest in his work, had matured and sweetened him. Cécile thought it possible that in time she might grow really to care for him. Also, he would make such a creditable husband; clean-cut, good-looking, thoroughbred of type, popular with all who knew him, well connected and very rich. Cécile had observed a certain disposition on his part for her sister Paula, but she was too accustomed to seeing her rejected suitors turn to Paula to put much importance on the fact. She had not the slightest doubt that she could whistle Wood to heel whenever she so decided.

Cécile wanted to marry. She was twenty-four years old, a full-natured beauty with plenty of high vitality beneath her luxurious laziness, and she found herself becoming bored with her spinsterhood. She was tired of the Shark and her family, as a steady diet, and she wanted the big world and a definite individual position in it—which is to say, she wanted the fullness of life, and she decided that under the circumstances Huntington Wood was about the most fitting and available person to furnish her with it.

Scarcely had Cécile arrived definitely at this conclusion when she heard the rush of light feet on the deck above, followed by steps flying down the companionway. The next instant the door of her room was thrown unceremoniously open and Paula dashed in.

"Oh, Cécile! Cécile!" she cried, "Huntington has just asked me to marry him!"

Cécile raised herself in bed and stared wildly at her sister. It was a bit trying, and for the moment it took her clean aback. Paula was far too excited to notice her sister's expression, which was changing from astonishment to a dismay not unmixed with resentment.

Paula's cheeks were like Jacqueminot roses and her eyes sparkled like the sun on deep-green water. As was habitual when she was greatly moved, her speech was swift and torrential, and she gestured with quick hands, shoulders and little nods and jerks of her head.

"He was so darling and manly; he said that when you refused him he was sure that his life was blasted and that he would never love again. Then, instead of moping or traveling or drinking, he went to work with his charity, and that healed the wound, and now he is deeply in love again." She gave a nervous little laugh. "With me this time, and oh, Cécile! I just adore him, and always have!"

"What?" cried Cécile sharply.

"Yes, dear. Even when he was in love with you." Paula's rich color deepened. "Because it was plain enough that you did not care for him in that way. But if he had come to me at once for consolation I would never have married him. Never, never, never! It might even have killed my love for him. But now that he has gone away and got over it and come back heartwhole —— Cécile! Why do you look at me in that odd way?" Paula's eyes opened very wide. She stared at her sister, and slowly the color faded from her face, leaving it as white as of one drowned.

Cécile stared back without answering. In the course of Paula's rapid recital she had made up her mind. Wood had told her when she refused to marry him that he would love her always nevertheless, and Cécile chose to believe him. Under these circumstances she did not think that Paula should be permitted to marry him. So she stared at her sister with a set, pale face.

"Cécile!" cried Paula, her voice trembling so that she could scarcely speak. "Do you—are you—do you—care for him—yourself?"

Cécile's eyes filled. The color flooded her face. She was one of those natural actresses of whom the very reflex emotions lend themselves to the rôle. Paula was clinging to the foot of her bed, watching her sister with a white, anguish-filled face.

"Do you?" she cried despairingly.

Cécile nodded. "Yes," she whispered, then twisted upon her side and buried her face in the pillows.

For several minutes she remained in this position, during which time a choked sob and the rustle from Paula's raincoat, followed by the gentle closing of her door, told her that her sister had gone. Cécile then raised herself, glancing instinctively in a mirror at the side of her bed. There was a hot flush on her cheeks; her hair was in disorder and her gray eyes held a sullen look. Altogether, her appearance was not pleasing to her.

"I look like a pussy-cat!" she muttered, and slipped out of bed. Standing before the mirror she gently massaged her face with her hands. "And I rather think I am one too," she added under her breath.

She rang for the maid, who brought her tea and toast. Cécile was thoughtfully making her *petit déjeuner* when

there came a tap at her door, and Hermione, fully dressed in gray sweater and a green homespun skirt, entered.

"What have you been saying to Paula?" demanded Hermione. "She's in her room sobbing her heart out."

Cécile's face bore the keenest sorrow and sympathy.

"Oh, Hermione!" she began, with her mouth full of toast, and then went on to tell what had occurred. Hermione listened with her black eyebrows drawing a straight line above her deep, violet eyes. Her vital face hardened in a manner not pleasant to see in so young a girl. Cécile, glancing at her, grew actually frightened.

"Hermione!" she protested; "why do you look at me in that way? I did not tell Paula that she was not to have Huntington! No doubt he is really in love with her and no longer cares a snap for me! But when she asked me if I cared for him what was I to tell her?"

"The truth," said Hermione shortly.

"But I did, did I not?"

Hermione thrust out her chin. "No," said she; "you told her a lie!" Then she turned abruptly on her heel and went on deck.

The first person whom she saw was Captain Heldstrom, he having relieved the owner, who was joyously disporting himself in the galley. Heldstrom was peering into the fog, which was thinning out on all sides. The big Norwegian's beard and mustache were beaded with the moisture, and he looked like a hero of Wagnerian opera.

"What are you looking for?" Hermione demanded.

"For der Bilot-vish. Der lookout reported a little yawl on der poort bow; den der fog closed. I hope it vas he."

"Why? On account of your bet?"

"No. Der bet is nodding. But ve haf a good offing und der tide iss setting like a millr-race on to Cape Sable. Der glass is dropping und it looks like a soud'easter, und it vould not be vell to be much nearer in."

"First time I ever saw you worrying about the Pilot-fish," observed Hermione.

"That is true. Since I have seen him in der vater, svimmin' mit you—dere is somet'ing about that yoong man."

He passed his hand across his eyes as though to clear his vision.

"Well," said Hermione. "What about him?"

"That is yoost vat I cannot tell. But his face clings in my mind like a gr-reen hand in der r-rigging." He glanced at Hermione, and something in the girl's face caught his attention and held it.

"Vat is der matter?" he asked.

This was exactly what Hermione wanted. She led him to the break of the quarterdeck, and there, out of all earshot, she told him of the complication between Cécile, Paula and Huntington Wood, frankly concluding with her own forthright observation to Cécile. Captain Heldstrom listened with his heavy brows knit.

"That iss goot und bad," he said, when she had finished. "I am glad und sorry. Q-varrels between sisters are very bad. But Mr. Vood is der von to settle der business. He iss in love mit Paula und he vill marry mit her und dey vill be very, very happy. Cécile does not care for him, but perhaps she t'inks she does, und for that reason you haf done very wr-rong to say vat you did. It vas unkind und unjust und unladylike; und you vill go down at vonce and ask her par-rdon."

"I won't!"

"Go, Hermione!"

And Hermione turned without a word to descend the companionway.

As she entered Cécile's room she saw that her sister had been crying. This softened Hermione and made her apology spontaneous.

"I'm sorry, Cécile," said she. "I was angry and spoke without thinking. Will you forgive me?"

Cécile nodded and her gray eyes filled

"You don't really think it, Hermione?"

"No. If you say you care for Huntington I believe you. But I do not believe that you care one-hundredth part as much as Paula does. Oh, Cécile, why don't you keep out of it?"

Cécile looked thoughtfully at her sister and nodded.

"I am going to," said she. "I have been thinking it over and have come to the conclusion that I was a cat. I will tell Paula so. Don't let us talk about it; I'm awfully ashamed. What is going on above?"

"Fog and calm," said Hermione, pleased at getting off the topic. "Uncle Chris is worrying about the Pilot-fish. So am I."

Cécile knit her brows. She had honestly determined to give up Huntington Wood, and had rather consoled herself by thinking that she would at least "take it out" of the Pilot-fish. And now, here was Hermione confessing to an anxiety for this self-sufficient young man. Poor Cécile felt that she was navigating shallow and uncharted waters.

"What are you worrying for, Hermione?"

"I don't like to think of Applebo out here in that little tub. We are in a silly business, I think."

"No sillier than he is."

"It's undignified. Papa gives him a dare and he takes it. Suppose he were to come to grief; how would we feel?"

"I don't see that we are to blame if a silly young man in a thirty-foot yawl tries to stay with a big seagoing schooner. It's rather cheeky of him, I think."

"It's a game"—Hermione knit her brows—"and not one that I care for. I like Applebo. Besides"—her tint deepened a trifle—"he's the only man I ever met to give me a thrill."

"Hermione!"

"It's nothing to be ashamed of. He fascinates me, and I like him too. He is something between a tiger and a great boy. When he leaped on the pig of a keeper he was the tiger—tawny and fierce and swift and strong." Hermione's eyes kindled and the light in them found its reflection in those of Cécile. She breathed quickly.

"And the boy?" Cécile asked.

Hermione laughed and her color spread to the tips of her little ears.

"When he kissed me goodby ——"

"What!" cried Cécile, honestly scandalized. With all of her coquetries Cécile had always drawn her dead-line before the kissing stage.

"He kissed me goodby out there in the water," said Hermione, smiling. "I couldn't help myself. I'm not sure that I would have done so if I could. It was a very diluted kiss and was finished under water."

"Hermione! You ought to be ashamed!" Cécile looked as if she had just been kissed herself. "Well?"

"It wasn't much pay, considering the service recently rendered. To tell the truth, I was rather crazy about it I've been kissed under the mistletoe and under the ear and under protest, but to be kissed under water is sensational. Another, and I would have drowned happy."

"Hermione, hush! You shameless hussy!" Cécile was laughing in spite of herself, but she was agitated also. Oddly, in spite of her disapproval, she was conscious of a sudden envy of her younger sister's unaffected naturalness. Hermione had been kissed under circumstances that she found most agreeable, and she did not mind saying so. But Cécile knew well that Hermione would put up a very pretty little fight before she would submit to the same sort of thing again. Still, as an older sister, she felt that she ought to read Hermione a little lesson, in which sophistry there was a certain element of ironic humor which Cécile, being a very feminine woman, was quite unable to appreciate.

"You surprise me, my dear," she said sedately. "Of course you are merely a child and, as you say, you couldn't very well help yourself. But I wish I had known that this undesired appendage of ours had collected his pay. I would have told him what I thought of it. You seem to think that it was quite right and a gentlemanly sort of performance and all that, but if a man had done that sort of thing to me ——"

"Rats!" said Hermione, going off to console Paula.

. . . . . .

It was two days after these unpleasant incidents that the Shark sailed into Halifax harbor, arriving about noon. Exactly four hours later the Daffodil was sighted, blowing in with a damp breeze that had backed into the east and smelled of trouble.

"Get under way!" growled Bell. "Keep the scoundrel on the move!"

The Shark had already left her forwarding address for Old Point Comfort, a little run of eight or nine hundred miles. She got her anchor shortly after the Daffodil had dropped her own. It is probable that Applebo followed her out and hung on her heels through the night, which was sufficiently clear, for at daylight the news spread over the schooner that the yawl was on the starboard quarter, a mile astern; and as the day advanced she hauled up abeam, about half a mile distant.

All of that day the two vessels were in sight of each other. Toward evening the breeze dropped light and Bell swore.

"Dammit!" said he. "We could leave him with a bit of wind and sea, but this sort of thing is just his weather. Wait, though. The race is not always to the swift!" Which was lucky for the Shark.

At midnight the wind dropped to almost a calm. Daylight showed the Daffodil wallowing drowsily on the long, oily rollers, almost in the same position as the evening before. She was under her mainsail and forestaysail only, the jib and mizzen being dropped.

Captain Bell's language would be barred by the censor.

"It's an insult!" he raved "Shortenin' sail to keep from leavin' us! Just you wait, you peroxide blondine! I'll make you wish you were in the Adirondacks!"

As if to help him to fulfill his threat the breeze sprang up freshly from the sou'west, with the promise of plenty to follow. Bell tacked inshore. The Pilot-fish stood out to sea.

"Now, what is the chump doin' that for?" Bell demanded of Heldstrom.

"He t'inks der vind vill back into der soud'east, und I am not sure but he vas r-right. It is late of der season und der vind is a little crazy."

(Continued on Page 65)

"Of Course it is One Thing to Offer to be a Sister and Another to Consent to be a Sister-in-Law"

Home Life of Garfield and Arthur

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Young Human Comet Flashed Past Them Around and Around the Most Magnificent Apartment of State in America

ONE of the first evidences I had that President Garfield's family had taken up their home life in the White House occurred a few days after the fourth of March, 1881, when the new President was inaugurated. On the third of March President Hayes had given a great banquet in honor of the incoming Administration, and the office force was trying to settle down to routine when I happened to go on an errand that led me into the great corridor running through the main floor of the Executive Mansion. I was walking rapidly, thinking hard about the errand, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, when suddenly, just as I reached the foot of the grand staircase leading to the living-rooms of the President's family on the floor above, I was startled by a shrill cry of warning shouted in a boyish voice:

"Hoop-la! Get off the track or you'll be run down!"

Without an instant's hesitation I sprang to one side, and as I did so I quickly glanced upward. And there, perched on one of the old-fashioned bicycles with a high wheel, was President Garfield's young son Irving, coasting down that staircase like lightning. In an instant he had reached the foot of it, zipped across the broad corridor and with skill little short of marvelous turned into the East Room, the flashing steel spokes of his wheel vanishing like the tail of a comet.

I stood still for a moment and gasped. I confess that for a minute I was paralyzed. That any small boy, even a son of the President of the United States, should dare to start at the head of that great staircase on a bicycle and coast down it was almost unbelievable; and that he should do so as successfully as a trained circus performer was beyond my comprehension. These thoughts flashed their way across my astonished brain in the fraction of a second, and the next second I sprang forward to the door of the East Room to pick up the dismembered remains of Irving Garfield; but it was not necessary. That enterprising American youngster was still on his high wheel, and was treading it around and around the great East Room with evident satisfaction to himself, wholly regardless of two or three attendants who stood with their backs pressed against the wall, their faces gray with horror and apprehension as the young human comet flashed past them in his orbit around and around the most magnificent apartment of state in America.

The Bicycle Track in the East Room

BEFORE many weeks had passed I got used to such innocent boyish pranks, and so did the doorkeepers and the servants of the Executive Mansion. Occasionally when the President was surely engrossed in some protracted meeting in the Cabinet Room or elsewhere, and when Mrs. Garfield was away—driving into the country, perhaps—young Irving Garfield did not hesitate to bring three or four of his boy friends and their bicycles into the East Room, where they would hold a series of races. The room was eminently suited to such purposes because it contained little furniture and was very spacious. The carpet, too, was firm and smooth, although soft enough to prevent the wheels from "skidding." It is needless to say that such pranks never came to the knowledge of either President Garfield or his wife, for no member of the White House staff would tell tales out of school. Furthermore, young Irving Garfield had precedent for such pranks, although he did not know it. At about that time bicycles were coming into general use in this country, and when President Hayes' family were away for the summer several of the clerks in the Executive Office purchased machines and learned to ride by practicing in that same East Room. That such a thing could ever have happened in the White House seems almost incredible today; but it is a fact, and only shows what great changes for better discipline and more businesslike conduct of affairs have taken place in the last three decades.

President Garfield was fifty years old when he came to the White House, and Mrs. Garfield was but one year younger. Both had risen from humble stations in life and, like so many other young men and women of that generation, they had studied as hard as they had worked. They had absorbed unconsciously the atmosphere of progressive culture while Garfield was making his way to the presidency of Hiram College—at the age of twenty-six—and then through an increasingly important political and military career. Consequently, when they came to live in the White House they stood on perfect equality with personages of the highest social station in Europe as well as in this country. Mrs. Garfield was at the White House for only about three months before she became ill. She was removed to Long Branch in June, because the heat of a Washington summer already had commenced. It was only a month later that the President was shot. For this reason there are comparatively few details to be told concerning the Garfield family life in the White House; and for the same reason it was not my privilege to become as well acquainted with President Garfield's family as would otherwise have been the case.

Mrs. Garfield was rather slender than plump. She had a sweet, pleasant face and dark hair and eyes. The Garfield children were James Rudolph, Harry, Mollie, Irving and little Abram. James and Harry were then preparing for college, and a small room at the northeast end of the White House was set aside as their study. I had made for this room a large desk seating four people, with a set of drawers on each of the four sides—the only desk of its kind I ever saw. And there the boys went every morning and every afternoon together with Donald, the son of Colonel Rockwell, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, who was an intimate friend of the Garfield family. Each day their tutor arrived, Dr. W. H. Hawkes, who later practiced medicine in Washington and has since died. James and Harry were both of studious habits and paid close attention to their books, as did young Donald Rockwell.

All of the boys and their tutor were punctual to the minute and worked hard from nine o'clock until lunch was served, and most of the afternoon, as well.

When a President is inaugurated he is usually so taken up with new duties that no formal entertainments of a social nature are given by him until the following New Year's Day; consequently there was no elaborate entertaining of guests during President Garfield's short occupancy of the White House. The children invited their young friends there, and a few intimates of the President and his wife called on them and sometimes stayed to lunch or dinner. Other than these, however, there were no attempts made to entertain. I never happened to see Mrs. Garfield, the President's mother; but his love for her was shown in many ways during his life; and when she came to the White House, feeble because of age, she found that her son had built an elevator for her use, as she was unable to walk upstairs. This was the first time an elevator was ever put into the White House.

The Shooting of Mr. Garfield

MRS. GARFIELD had no secretary, and her correspondence was attended to in the usual way. She was very fond of driving, as was her husband, and they used to drive together whenever possible; and both were interested in the flowers and shrubs in the conservatories and gardens of the White House. The President never hesitated to walk around the city alone, unaccompanied by a guard or other attendant. When Mrs. Grant left the White House her old housekeeper, Mrs. Mullen, went with her. Mrs. Garfield, like Mrs. Hayes, had no housekeeper, although President Hayes' steward, W. T. Crump, stayed on under Garfield's Administration.

Crump was devoted to Garfield, and after the President was shot helped to care for him in the sick-room. Once, in lifting the President, to ease him while lying in bed with that terrible wound, Crump injured his own back so seriously that he never got over it.

The story of Garfield's assassination by Guiteau is too well known to need another recital here, but several little incidents of White House life connected with that tragedy may be of interest to my readers. Mrs. Garfield had been ill and was recuperating at Long Branch when the President arranged to go on an extended tour through New England, leaving Washington on July 2, 1881, and going through New York, where Mrs. Garfield was to join him. The party that was to accompany him from Washington consisted of his children, Harry, James, and Miss Mollie Garfield; Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, and their children, Don Rockwell and Miss Lulu Rockwell; Dr. W. H. Hawkes; the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Windom; the Postmaster-General and Mrs. James; the

Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Hunt; the Secretary of War; Judge Advocate-General Swaim; and Colonel Jamison, of the Post-Office Department.

From New York they were to go to Irvington-on-the Hudson to spend Sunday; on Monday to Williamstown, Massachusetts, there to stay until Thursday noon in order that the President could take part in the commencement exercises of Williams College. They were to journey thence to St. Albans, Vermont, spending Friday there and going on Saturday to the White Mountains for a quiet Sunday, intending to ascend Mount Washington on Monday. On Tuesday their intention was to go to Portland, Maine, and to Augusta, where the Presidential party would be the guests of the Secretary of State. Mr. Blaine had obtained a revenue cutter, on which the guests were to sail along the Maine coast, visiting Mount Desert and other places of interest; thereafter returning home by way of Concord, New Hampshire, Hartford and New Haven, and two or three other places.

When the President Turned a Handspring

AS MAY be readily imagined all who were fortunate enough to be included in the Presidential party looked forward eagerly to this extended outing, especially the younger members, who had thought about it for days. President Garfield was especially pleased, because his wife had so far recovered her strength that she would be able to leave Long Branch and join him in New York, proceeding from there as has been outlined.

I shall not forget that morning of July 2, 1881. I left my home very early and went to the White House to see the President, and also to attend to a business matter with his secretary, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, who was starting for Europe. As I reached the Mansion I saw Guiteau coming down the steps leading to the main entrance, and hurrying past him I said to the doorkeeper:

"I thought we'd got rid of that fellow! What does he want here today?"

"He came as usual to ask how the President is this morning," the doorkeeper replied, and I went to the office more disturbed inwardly than I cared to show.

The President and his children were to leave the White House in plenty of time to catch the limited express for the North which was to start from the old Baltimore & Potomac depot at half past nine o'clock. Before breakfast was served, one of the doorkeepers, Ricker, went from the main floor to the living quarters of the family to find Mr. Garfield. Hearing shouts of laughter in a room occupied by Jim and Harry Garfield, Ricker went directly there to ask where the President was, and as he approached the open door he saw the two boys turning handsprings on the bed. Garfield himself was in the room, and said to his sons:

"I think I can do that as well as you can!"

Whereupon Ricker saw the President of the United States step forward without an instant's hesitation, spring up into the air, land on his hands, and without apparent effort turn a perfect handspring, coming down lightly and firmly on his feet, to the surprise of his two young sons and to the amazement of the doorkeeper who had been sent to find him.

An hour or so later Garfield left the White House for his summer outing, as other Presidents have left it year after year, without a thought of impending danger. I was not sorry to see him go away, for although Guiteau had been refused admittance to the White House for some time, he kept calling there every morning to ask after the President's health. I tried to reassure myself with the general conviction held in the Executive Office that this man, though undoubtedly a crank, was a harmless crank—one of the familiar type of partly responsible people who are always trying to see every President. Yet, because of my experience while personal bodyguard to Lincoln, I was always scenting possible danger, although frequently laughed at by my friends for so doing. I was greatly relieved, therefore, to know that President Garfield was on his way out of the city. Perhaps while he was gone, I thought, Guiteau might so conduct himself that he could be legally locked up in an asylum.

Both Were Interested in the Flowers and Shrubs in the Conservatories

Word reached the Executive Mansion, only a little while after President Garfield had left there, that he had been shot. A message was flashed at once to Mrs. Garfield, who started for Washington as soon as she received it; and from then until the wounded President was taken to Elberon everything possible was done at the White House to save his life. When he had been carried within the Executive Mansion a strong force of police was rushed there and a guard instantly thrown around the extensive grounds, nobody being admitted without a special permit. My duties were such that it was absolutely necessary for me to be able to enter and leave the grounds and the Executive Mansion, and the first permit that was issued and signed by the President's secretary, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, was an order for the police to permit me to go in and out at all times.

When the surgeons ascertained how seriously the President was wounded certain steps were taken that were necessary for the transaction of Government business. The President was unable, of course, to sign papers or documents, and very soon I received an order to have a stamp made, containing a facsimile of Mr. Garfield's signature, this to be attached to important documents. I think this was the only time that such a stamp had ever been made for the use of any President, unless possibly in the case of William Henry Harrison while he was lying ill in the White House, where he died.

One day I received word that the consulting surgeons thought the President's strength might be increased were he to have some squirrel soup, of which he was very fond, and I was notified to be ready, whenever the doctors should send word, to go out and shoot some squirrels. This intention was communicated to General Sturgis, then commandant of the Soldiers' Home, who at once rushed over to me a permit to shoot squirrels in the grounds surrounding the home, for the purpose mentioned. I think this was the only time that an order was ever issued permitting any one to go gunning in those grounds. But I never used the permit, for the doctors never sent me word to go out after the squirrels.

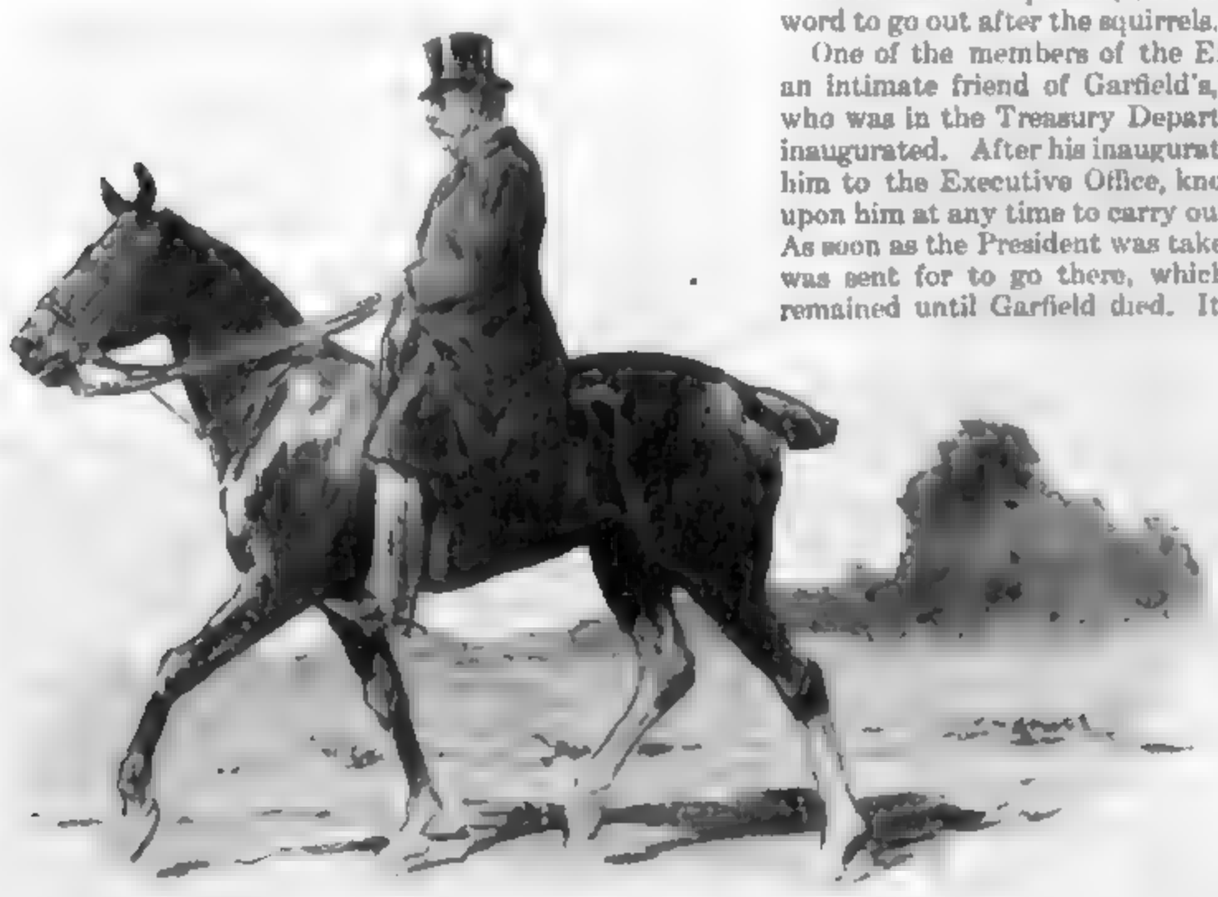
One of the members of the Executive Office staff was an intimate friend of Garfield's, Mr. Warren S. Young, who was in the Treasury Department when Garfield was inaugurated. After his inauguration Mr. Garfield brought him to the Executive Office, knowing that he could rely upon him at any time to carry out the most difficult tasks. As soon as the President was taken to Elberon Mr. Young was sent for to go there, which he did; and there he remained until Garfield died. It is not known generally that Mr. Young accidentally gave to the country the news of Garfield's death. He was in the room where the President lay, and when the end came he hurried out with a sheaf of telegrams. A moment later he ran into the army of newspaper correspondents waiting outside, who formed the death watch of the President. Almost overwhelmed by the sad event that had just occurred, Mr. Young did not understand a question that one of the correspondents asked him as he passed the group, and thinking it must have been in regard to the President's condition he replied:

"Yes, it's all over."

Hardly had the words escaped his lips when that squad of newspaper men sped off to the telegraph office like birdshot fired from a gun. When I recalled this happening to Mr. Young, only yesterday, he said that in all his life since then he has never seen anything like the way those correspondents whirled around at his words and darted off toward the wires.

"They did not wait to ask anything further," he said. "President Garfield had just died. Their business was to get that single sentence into their newspaper offices at the earliest possible second. And they did so."

Mr. Young, by the way, is still a member of the staff of the Executive Office. At present he looks after all the dinners, lawn parties and musicales given at the White House, making up lists of invitations from instructions given him by the Lady of the White House, arranging for the seating of guests at the state dinners, and preparing and sending invitations. All this is very responsible work, requiring not merely good taste but exact knowledge of social forms and requirements, as well as a wide and absolute understanding of the order of precedence of the many officials, and of members of the diplomatic corps, who strictly observe such matters of etiquette.



He Was Always Well Groomed; Almost Faultless in His Dress

A Temporary Dwelling on Capitol Hill

ALTHOUGH my own personal knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield was limited, under the circumstances, still I have learned a great deal about them from people who knew them intimately and who would have no reason for telling me anything but the exact truth. A loving, devoted couple were General and Mrs. Garfield to the end. Together they had worked their hard way upward from small beginnings. I make this unqualified assertion most emphatically. And yet even James A. Garfield could not escape being lied about by wicked, malicious gossips whose hearts were eaten with envy.

. . . . . .

Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President of the United States, was sworn in as President at New York the day Garfield died. He came at once to Washington and took up his residence in General Butler's house, on Capitol Hill. At the time this was a fine modern residence built of granite, with spacious rooms beautifully finished and elegantly furnished. The first floor was entirely given up to general offices, while Mr. Arthur had his private office on the second floor. It was not until weeks afterward that he came to the White House to reside; and in the mean time messengers were constantly going back and forth, carrying mail to and from the President, as well as all sorts of papers and documents that needed his inspection and signature. Mrs. Garfield had been able to do little in the way of partly refurnishing the White House, because she had been there so short a time. So, during the weeks that Arthur lived in General Butler's old home, he generally

(Concluded on Page 48)

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The Tariff as Its Friends See It

SUPPOSE the directors of the Union Pacific Railroad should say to Congress: "When this road was being built the Government aided it to the extent of forty million dollars; the road has long been built, is very rich and profitable, paying ten per cent dividends on its common stock; therefore we demand that the Government now grant it another subsidy of a hundred million dollars."

Or suppose, when the Elkins Law was under consideration, the directors had said: "For a great many years the railroads have systematically granted rebates to big shippers, thereby oppressing small shippers and building up monopolies like the Standard Oil Company. During these years the country's wealth has increased enormously. This increase in wealth is due to the rebate system. If you stop rebating you will destroy the prosperity."

Such are the arguments for high protection which an apologist for that system gravely advances on another page of this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The founders of the Government were protectionists. That is, when the nation was young, small and poor, almost wholly engaged in agriculture, with very little manufacturing, Hamilton advocated a protective tariff. A duty of about seventeen per cent was the measure of protection which he deemed necessary to encourage the upbuilding of infant industries. Now that these industries have grown huge and rich beyond all precedent we must give them still more protection or we shall be flying in the faces of the Fathers!

True, the nation has had a high-protection system, and its wealth has increased amazingly. This wealth came from the development of its rich natural resources. What schoolboy will believe that the wealth is due to a system which made all the implements used in that development cost more than they were worth?

We meet again the hoary and defunct argument that the foreigner pays the tax. But we shall not meddle with it. That would be too much like digging up a graveyard. Also, the argument that high protection lowers prices. Of course, the favored trusts insist upon a high tariff because they know it will lower the prices of their products, thereby enabling them to pay their workmen high wages!

The Government deeded many million acres of raw public land to homesteaders who settled upon and cultivated it. And it has licensed manufacturers to overcharge the homesteader for his lumber, tools and clothing. To put these two governmental acts in the same category is strictly typical of the protectionist mind.

Our apologist quotes some Scripture. The case might be rested upon one familiar quotation from the same admirable source—to wit: "Thou Shalt Not Steal."

Workmen's Compensation

NEW YORK is now at least abreast of Turkey in dealing with the important problem which was stated to Congress a few years ago in the following language: "Exactly as the workman is entitled to his wages, so he should be entitled to indemnity for injuries sustained in the natural course of his labor." It is still, in this respect, somewhat behind nearly every European state. On the other hand, it is well in advance of many states in the Union.

Important amendments to the law governing compensation to workmen for injury received in industrial accidents took effect this month in the Empire State. The barbarous old rules of "contributory negligence," "fellow-servant" and "assumed risk"—under one or another of which it is so often possible to jockey a crippled workman out of any compensation—are greatly restricted. For example, instead of assuming that the man was negligent because he was hurt, the employer must now prove that he was negligent or pay damages. A superintendent who sends a workman into a dangerous place is no longer a "fellow-servant," whose carelessness absolves the employer. Moreover, the new acts introduce a fixed scale of damages based upon the earning power of the hurt or killed man—thereby adopting enlightened usage.

But the great fault of the new acts is that the victim of an accident must still, in practice, go into court and suffer the expense and delays of a lawsuit. It is here that Europe, with her system of prompt, inexpensive settlement of damage claims, is so far ahead of us.

Direct Primaries in Practice

COMPARATIVELY speaking, not much was heard of insurgency in Michigan before election day. There was no such strong leadership and aggressive organization as the movement enjoyed in Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas and California. But when it came to a count of noses insurgency swept the state. This is clearly a result of the direct primary.

Without such a direct expression of opinion by the people Burrows undoubtedly would have been returned to the Senate—to stand pat with the New England oligarchy and for the Payne-Aldrich Act—although we now have indubitable proof that an overwhelming majority of Republican voters do not want him returned to the Senate. Under the convention system, probably, that gubernatorial candidate who was said to be the heir of a discredited state machine would have captured the nomination, although a great majority of Republican voters did not want him to have it, and said so when the opportunity was given them.

Opponents of direct primaries, and of initiative and referendum, twaddle fatuously about maintaining "our historic and Constitutional system of representative government." The twaddle, we think, deceives nobody. What they really want to maintain is a system of government that is not representative. If they were anxious to represent the will of the people, why should they be afraid to let the people say what their will is?

Twaddle About the Fathers

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt, for example, innocently remarks that the Constitution ought to be interpreted in the light of the spirit and needs of these times, certain deeply conservative critics talk about it as though he were trampling under foot something for which our forefathers devotedly shed their blood. But the plain fact is that only a handful of our forefathers had anything to do with or about the Constitution, and only a few out of the handful had any particular enthusiasm for it.

When the Constitution was adopted there was only about one-third as many voters in the United States as are now found in the city of Chicago. In every state the suffrage was restricted by property qualifications, and the total number of voters in 1790 has been estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand. The best opinion is that, had the Constitution been referred directly to these voters, it would have been rejected. In the New York convention, after a year of diligent campaigning by its friends, it was accepted by a majority of only two voters. Virginia would not accept it at all save with recommendations of immediate amendment. At most, it became the organic law of the land by the sanction of fewer voters than may now be found in three or four big city wards. That sanction of the Fathers, to which conservatism now so eloquently appeals, came into being long after the Fathers were dead.

The Farm Population

APPARENTLY the new census is to contain little comfort for those enthusiastic admirers of farmlife who are themselves engaged in railroading, manufacturing and banking. Such items as a growth of thirty-nine per cent, or over a million and a quarter souls, in the population of Greater New York are discouraging, and, as a whole, city population, relatively to farm population, seems to have maintained the lead of the preceding ten-year period. The greater part of Michigan's growth, for example, was absorbed by her leading city and the number of rural inhabitants probably remained stationary.

From 1890 to 1900 the price of farm products did not advance at all; but from 1900 to 1910 it increased sixty-five per cent, which was a larger advance than was shown by any other great group of commodities. It should be noted, however, that to 1908 this advance was quite gradual. The big bulge occurred in the last two years of the census period—a time too short to produce any perceptible change in the drift of population. Another decennial period, with an honestly revised tariff, may produce a different showing. Yet, if the farm is to compete successfully with the city in attracting the young man, it must, on the whole, pay rather better than the city does, because it holds out no grand money prizes. To be sure the city merely holds out the grand prizes—just out of reach, in fact. The instances in which it actually hands them over are so relatively few as to be negligible. But their presence is a powerful attraction to the young man.

William James' Sealed Letter

WE HOPE the sealed letter which Professor William James left to be opened a year after his death contains some quotations from his book The Will to Believe; for, whatever happens under the test conditions which he so carefully prescribed, few people will be convinced who were not convinced beforehand. We have heard two very intelligent and candid gentlemen—either of whose words we would cheerfully take for a thousand pounds if we could borrow the money—describe their experiences with a very celebrated medium under fine-test conditions. One came away convinced the medium was a fraud; the other as fully convinced that the manifestations were geniune and inexplicable by any known physical laws.

Whatever test conditions anybody may devise, this conflict of opinion will probably continue until—if ever that time comes—some manifestations take a form which is beyond the intellectual plane of an ordinary, earthly stable boy. Even Professor James' test implies that, at most, he may possibly be able to recollect something after death with which he was perfectly familiar before death. Popular indifference to the whole learned and unlearned controversy is sufficiently explained by the complaint of a scholarly German that the spirits, even if genuine, are frightfully stupid. That doesn't make a good pun in English, as it does in German, but it makes good sense.

The Certainty of Crops

AT THE end of a summer somewhat more harrowed with doubts than usual, barring the chance of a heavy frost in the corn belt, the grain crops are now made. It is in order, then, to remark that year in and year out, in spite of all alarms of drought, flood and bugs, the grain crops do pretty regularly manage to mature. The Government's September report indicates a corn yield only a little below the record and well above a five-year average. Only once in ten years—in 1901—has there been any really extensive damage to corn. Then the yield, as compared with the average of the three preceding years, declined about twenty-five per cent. One must go back to 1894 to find the next "failure." The year's wheat crop is only four per cent under the average of the last five years, and only once in ten years—in 1904—has the yield fallen below six hundred million bushels. Oats—a more variable crop—break the record this year and exceed a billion bushels for the second time. The year of the last corn crop "failure," 1901, was the year that produced the greatest wheat crop ever harvested in this country; and in 1904, when wheat production suffered a big shrinkage, the yield of corn was above the average. Cotton production, it is true, fluctuates rather more violently than grain production. Beginning with 1904, the following numerals, expressing millions of bales, show the successive yields: 13⅛, 10¼, 13½, 11⅛, 13⅛, 10⅛. But a failure of the crops is pretty nearly an unthinkable calamity.

The Cry for Popular Government

"ONE of the sensations of the primary," says a dispatch from Wisconsin, "appears to be the wiping out of the Democratic party in this state"; for a party which fails to poll, at a primary election, one-fifth as many votes as it polled at the preceding general election forfeits its place on the official ballot.

In 1892 Wisconsin gave its electoral vote to Cleveland—on the issue of tariff reform and general disgust with the dominance of big business in Republican councils. In 1896, when the Democratic issue was free silver, it returned to the Republican column. The number of voters in the state is four hundred and fifty thousand, and to retain a place on the ballot the Democrats would have had to poll thirty-three thousand votes. There is some doubt, then, whether seven per cent of the voters are now sufficiently interested in Democracy to keep alive the party.

For many years the electoral vote of Ohio has always been Republican, but we do not hear any doubts as to whether the Democratic party in that state is alive. On the contrary, there is a rather general expectation that the Democrats will carry the state this fall.

In Wisconsin, Republican insurgency has stepped forward to lead and absorb the aspiration for popular government, leaving the Democrats not much to do except look on. In Ohio the same aspiration turns to the Democratic organization. Probably, if there was as much Republican insurgency in Ohio as in Wisconsin there would be just about as little Democracy.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Triumph of the Toilee

ISN'T it the clammy truth that the poor workingman never gets a chance? Ever since they built the Pyramids we have observed that the iron heel of the employer has clutched the scrawny throat of the laborer in the vineyard, and laughed at the toiler trying to rise from the dust of oppression and soar to the heights of freedom, to emancipate himself from the shackles that gag him, to place his hands on an equal footing with the heads of those who crush him. Every time a workingman has attempted to soar it has always made the employer sore.

This, of course, is a universal condition, worldwide, old as time. Still, we had been led to hope that there might prove to be certain communities in this fair land of ours where the people would resent the continued triumph of the employer and would see to it that the employed were given an opportunity. If, before a recent event, we had been asked to select a commonwealth where the public would rally to the standard of the employed our first choice would have been Nebraska, enjoying, as it has for twenty years, the preaching and practices of the Peerless Leader, and on various occasions responding thereto as one man.

Here, we should have said, is a state wherein the rights of man are predominant, where the hideous autocracy of plutocratic power cannot raise its venomous head, where the plain people never fail to indorse the toiler as distinguished from the toilee, where the man in the ranks wins over the man in the banks. Here is a state where the unterrified proletariat always marches to the polls and casts snow-white ballots for the lad in the trenches; for the chap behind the gun instead of for the man who owns the ordnance. We should have said all these eloquent things, and many more that do not occur to us at the moment; but we should have erred. We should have been off our twittering trolley. We should have been four down and three to play. We should have been smeared, sloughed, slaughtered.

For, what happened in Nebraska? Did those untrammeled denizens of the broad and fertile prairies march up to the polls and cast their snow-white ballots for the workingman? Did they seek to rebuke the employer when they had an opportunity to hand a peach to the employed? Of a truth, gentlemen and all others present, they did not. "And what did they do?" asks the lady with the hobble skirt. They did this, and it makes the typewriter stutter to put it down—they did this: They marched gayly to the polls and put one over for the employer. They slipped a sour one to the employed. Oh, Nebraska, Nebraska! For what has the Peerless Leader peered?

Let me recite the sickening details. It so fell out that there was a primary, not alone to determine who should be the candidates for the various state offices in either party, and for the Congress, but to designate which Republican and which Democrat should go before the legislature next winter and, by virtue of the majority of votes therein cast, wrest from Burkett the senatorial toga he has worn for some years and has decorated with shoulder-straps and other insignia by his heroic efforts to have Nelson W. Aldrich, Eugene Hale, Julius Cæsar Burrows, Weldon B. Heyburn, Stephen B. Elkins and all others of that senatorial band wear white carnations on a certain occasion that he designated as Mothers' Day. On the Democratic side there were two candidates, Richard L. Metcalfe and Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Metcalfe representing the employed and Hitchcock the employer.

You see, for years Metcalfe worked for Hitchcock, who owns the Omaha World-Herald, a prosperous newspaper in a prosperous town. Also, in those earlier days William J. Bryan worked for Hitchcock during a portion of the time Metcalfe was there. There are a lot of us left who remember Bryan reporting the St. Louis convention that nominated McKinley in 1896, only to go therefrom to Chicago, where he was nominated to oppose the man whose convention he wrote about.

Stirring Up the Land Office

AFTER Bryan became a National Figure—capitals, please—Metcalfe succeeded him as editor of the World-Herald, and remained there until he went to Lincoln to write those editorials in the Commoner that make the people who subscribe for that valuable periodical say: "Doesn't Mr. Bryan have a fluent and convincing style?" But that is neither here nor in Omaha. The point is that Metcalfe, the employed, ran against Hitchcock, the haughty employer. Moreover, Mr. Bryan came out for Metcalfe. Thus the people of Nebraska had the choice. Whereupon they selected Hitchcock, showing there is something umbrageous in Nemaha, Keyapaha, Sioux and other counties therein.

Of course there is no intention here of casting any asparagus at Mr. Hitchcock because he happens to own and edit two newspapers. The deep, poignant regret is that the people of Nebraska should have shown such a reversal of form when they had such a chance to come marching to the front and convince the world that they vote as they converse, which very few constituencies do. Mr. Hitchcock is an able and accomplished gentleman. He has been in Congress several terms on the Democratic side, and has made his mark. He is well fitted to be Senator. All that now remains to bring that elevation about is the election of a Democratic legislature. I fancy, too, that Dick Metcalfe is just as happy in Lincoln as though he had won. I fancy, too, that it wasn't Mr. Bryan's particular year for indorsing candidates out that way, which may have had something to do with the general result.

Hitchcock was born in Omaha in 1859 and established the Evening World in 1885. Later, he bought the Morning Herald and put the papers together, running them since as the morning and evening World-Herald. He was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, defeated for the Fifty-ninth and elected to the Sixtieth and Sixty-first. The largest splurge he ever made was on the question of investigating the General Land Office, whereby he set in motion the machinery that finally ground out the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation and took flesh off our revered President faster than golf, riding, walking or banting combined could.

Soon after the dismissal of Glavis, Hitchcock introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of the General Land Office. This was on December 6 of last year. Secretary Ballinger immediately blew up with a loud noise. He had been Commissioner of the Land Office for a year or so under President Roosevelt, and while he was there the famous row between himself and Pinchot had its beginning. Ballinger insisted that the Forestry Bureau, of which Pinchot had been chief, should be included in the investigation, and said it was his opinion that the pernicious activity of certain officials of the Forestry Bureau had resulted in the charges against him.

Hitchcock made his speech in the House ten days later. He criticised Ballinger for suggesting that the investigation be made along lines suited to Ballinger. He drew the deadly cuttlefish parallel, claiming Ballinger was trying to imitate that celebrated ink-producer and infuscate the water that he might escape unnoticed, or words to that general effect. Nevertheless, the House passed a joint resolution calling for an investigation of both the Interior Department and the Forestry Bureau—or, really, Ballinger and Pinchot. There were many arguments both for and against this resolution, but it was finally passed.

He Set in Motion the Ballinger-Pinchot Investigation

Even though Hitchcock did not get his single-handed investigation of Ballinger, there is no doubt he started something that has not ended yet.

Hitchcock is a handsome, scholarly man who speaks well, is intensely in earnest and has high ideals of public duty. He was a loyal Bryan man for many years, but has rather drifted away from the Peerless of late. He has a fight on his hands to get a legislature that will elect him instead of Burkett, who won his primary; but if he does land in a toga he will be a most serviceable Senator, of advanced ideas. And he defeated Dick Metcalfe, who worked for him for many years. The iron heel of the employer still gallops roughshod over the prostrate form of the employed. Nebraska, I take it, has failed signally. Nebraska has weakened. Nebraska is infected with the virus, especially those Nebraska Democrats. First thing we know, Nebraska will be electing a predatory plutocrat to something. Oh, the times! Oh, the customs!—as the people say when they come back from Europe.

A Realistic Picture

A FRIEND of the editor of one of the evening yellow newspapers in New York happened into the editorial rooms soon after Mayor Gaynor was shot.

"Did you get a picture of it?" he asked the editor.

"Did we get a picture?" repeated the editor, straightening up and patting himself on the chest. "I should say we did. We got a picture showing every drop of blood."

One Too Many

ON ONE of his frequent trips to Europe the owner of a New York paper engaged an Englishman, who came highly recommended, as an editorial writer. The Englishman went to see the publisher at Nice and satisfactory arrangements were made. As the Englishman was leaving, the publisher called to his private secretary: "By the way, get Mr. So-and-So the back copies of the paper for three or four weeks and give them to him."

"What for, may I ask?" inquired the Englishman stiffly.

"Why," replied the publisher, "so you may read them and get a knowledge of our style and manner of treating questions, and so forth."

"No, sir," said the Englishman; "I will write for your paper, but I'll be hanged if I'll read it!"

Some Kisses From Sarah

SAM DAVIS, the Nevada journalist, brother of Bob Davis, the inventor of wooden bait for bass and also editor of a flock of Mr. Munsey's magazines, is a great friend of Sarah Bernhardt.

One time when the immortal Sarah was in Nevada, where Sam lives and edits the Carson Appeal, she stopped over to see Sam. As she was leaving she threw her arms around Sam's neck and kissed him.

"That," said the divine Sarah, "is for the Carson Appeal."

She kissed him again.

"That is for the San Francisco Examiner."

She kissed him a third time.

"That is for yourself."

"There's a lot of small papers through the state I represent as well as the Examiner," said Sam, "and I am sure they would all like to hear from you."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, was that state's first Representative in Congress after the state was admitted. He had been a delegate before that.

¶ Don C. Seitz, publisher of the New York World, has gone to Japan. He will write an exhaustive work when he returns on the differences between Japan and Cocob, Connecticut.

¶ Charles B. Dillingham, the musical-comedy producer, never wore an overcoat in his advance-agent days. Now he owns sixteen and a theater, and wears two at a time—overcoats, you understand.

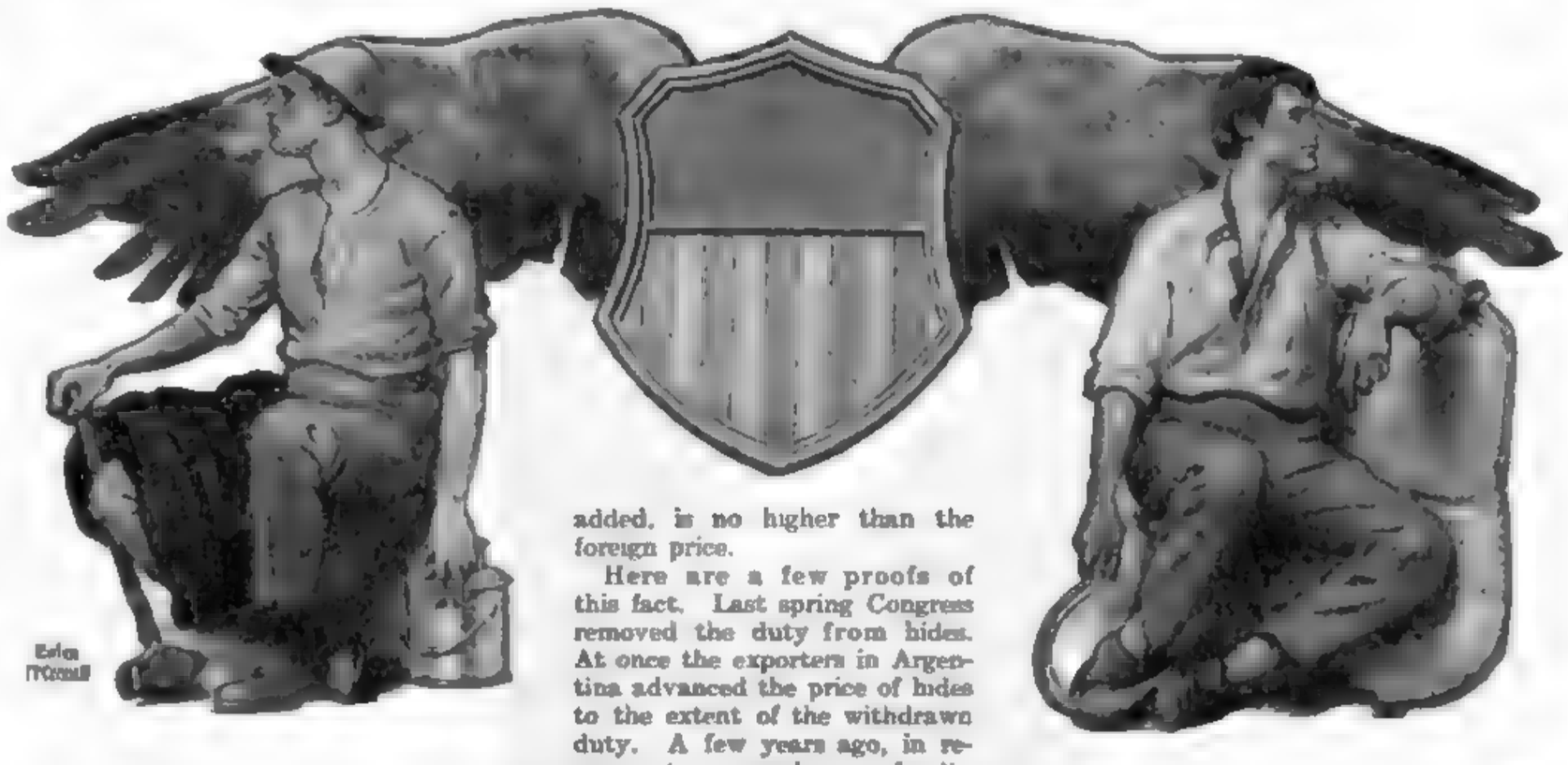
¶ Vice-President Sherman has a flat-topped derby hat, a shape which, when it became the fashion twenty years ago, struck him as the last word in headgear. He's worn one ever since—not the same hat, but the same kind.

¶ "Big Bill" Edwards, New York's street-cleaning commissioner, who grabbed the man who tried to shoot Mayor Gaynor, isn't so tall as President Taft; but it takes just as much of a tape-line to go around his waist as it does to encompass the Presidential one.

The New Tariff as Its Friends See It

By CHARLES HEBER CLARK

DECORATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL



THERE is a kind of man who always takes a small view of a large subject. If you shall speak to him of the glory of religion, of the splendor of sacrifice, of the beauty of holiness, of the sweetness of Christian love and of the inspiring heroism of the noble army of martyrs, he will answer: "Yes; but it costs me ten dollars a year for pew rent."

Turning from spiritual things to material things, you may point him to an economic policy framed by one of the most illustrious of the founders of our Government, sanctioned by Washington and a long line of mighty statesmen, Lincoln among them—a policy with which this nation has grown to industrial greatness without precedent in the history of mankind—and our narrow friend will answer: "All very well; but it makes me pay a cent a pair more for stockings and ten cents more for a hat."

I shall not contend that the costs of living are too despicable for attentive consideration. I do contend, however, that no man can estimate a vast national concern by looking at a single aspect of it. If you would perceive the beauty of the architectural proportions of a noble building, do not glue your eye to a single brick.

It will be denied that the protective policy has helped this nation to unequaled industrial power. But no man can prove that it has not made this achievement; and I can prove not only that all forward movement in this country is coincident with the existence of this policy, but that no nation, at any time, has acquired true industrial strength without the aid of tariff protection.

I challenge contradiction of that declaration.

Our Double Rôle of Producer and Consumer

TO BEGIN with, let me protest against the oft-repeated attempt to divide the people into separated classes of producers and consumers. There can be no such division. Every man not a mere tramp is both a producer and a consumer.

The brakeman on a train, the man who drives a cart, the clerk in the bank, are producers. Even the idle rich man is a producer, for his money works, and must work, for him. Should some tremendous cataclysm suddenly destroy every manufacturing industry in the great state of Pennsylvania it would hurt in his pocket every honest man in the United States. As the Apostle said, long ago, "We are members one of another." All of us are more or less dependent upon each of us.

The vital need of our Government is assured revenue. The Government is not a producer. It is a protector and cherisher of the interests of the people. The revenue must come from the earnings of the people. It is an excise—something cut off from the earnings of those who do produce wealth.

This taxation may be done in several ways. Great Britain, with less than half our number of people, collects as much revenue as we do.

Her method is to tax the people directly, reaching far down into every pocket and, meantime, letting in free, through her custom houses, the products of the industry of other nations.

Our method, which takes from the people fifty cents where England takes a dollar, is to make the levy largely by requiring the foreign producer to pay for a license to enter our market for the purpose of competing with the domestic producer.

The result is twofold. First, the tax is taken in part indirectly from the citizen and often without his consciousness; second, the foreigner is compelled to pay a part of the tax for the privilege of admission here.

It is a not uncommon delusion that the customs duty is always added to the American price. The truth is that in many cases the American price, with duty added, is no higher than the foreign price.

Here are a few proofs of this fact. Last spring Congress removed the duty from hides. At once the exporters in Argentina advanced the price of hides to the extent of the withdrawn duty. A few years ago, in response to a popular cry for "a free breakfast-table," the duty was taken off of coffee. The Government of Brazil instantly added it as an export duty. In both cases our Government surrendered revenue which was pocketed promptly by foreigners, and the American consumer had no benefit of any kind.

The McKinley tariff first imposed a duty of 2½ cents a pound on tinplate, which then was selling for $5.34 a box. The foreign price at once dropped to $3.30 a box. Who paid that duty?

In 1871 steel rails sold for $102 a ton, and a duty of $28 a ton was laid. In 1894 the price dropped to $29.92. Who paid that duty? In 1883 the duty was reduced to $17 a ton, and in 1898 the price fell to $17.62. Who, also, paid that duty?

An importer whom I know paid $1 for a German linen article when the duty under the Wilson tariff was 35 per cent. Dingley put up the duty to 50 per cent, and the German exporter, rather than lose his trade, lowered his price to 90 cents. Who, I ask, paid the increased duty?

I assert it to be the rule, with exceptions, of course, that the prices of European articles are lowered so that the American market may be reached. The result is that, in many cases, the American not only pays little or no more here than he would have to pay in Europe, but the European actually relieves him from a part of his taxation. The tariff, then, actually saves money to masses of the American people.

I may extend this matter a little further. The duties upon steel rails have indeed been high. But, under those duties, we have built one-half the railway mileage of the world; and whereas the average freight rate per ton in Great Britain is about 3 cents a mile, in the United States it is—conducted over those very rails—four-fifths of a cent a mile, or the lowest rate in existence.

In what manner, then, has a high duty upon rails hurt the American citizen?

How Tariff Figures Mislead

I DO not intend in this article to deal largely with percentages. I prefer exact final figures. Resort to what has been called "the percentage trick" is a favorite practice with those who would mislead plain people. Percentages do not always, by any means, indicate prices. You tell a man that some common article of necessity bears a duty of 129 per cent, and he is startled and angry.

He will not reflect that as percentages go up prices may be going down. When the price of tinplate was, say, $5 per 100 pounds, a 2½ cents duty was a 50 per cent duty. When the price of tinplate declined to $3.30 per 100 pounds the very same duty became a 76 per cent duty.

If stockings, valued at $1 a pair, had a specific duty of $1, the tax would be 100 per cent. When—the duty remaining fixed—the price of the stockings fell to 50 cents a pair, the duty would be 200 per cent. If the stockings should fall to 10 cents a pair, the fixed duty would be 1000 per cent.

The important question, of course, is not at all what is the percentage of duty upon stockings but what do you have to pay for a pair! You can buy, today, two pairs of good half-hose for 25 cents, and there is no peril in the assertion that never since the world was made could you get, tariff or no tariff, so good hosiery for so little money.

The reasons are, first, that the home supply is abundant and excellent, and second, that the Americans, solely because the industry—and therefore the incentive—was here, have invented the most wonderful and productive knitting machinery.

A part of the contention of the free trader just now is that prices have, of late, seriously advanced, and that the tariff is to blame for it. But how shall he prove his case? Rubber, within two years, has gone up from 69 cents a pound to $2.15, but rubber is, and always has been, on the free list. Cotton, within the same period, has risen from 8¼ cents a pound nearly to 16 cents; but obviously no tariff duty can affect the price of cotton. The price of hides advanced as soon as we took the duty off. Iron duties have been reduced 40 to 50 per cent, but iron prices have gone up. Sugar duties have been cut, but sugar prices are greater. If the prices of these things have gone up without influence from the tariff, why should we believe that the tariff has lately advanced the cost of woolens when there has been no change of any kind in the duties upon woolens, excepting to lower them?

Manifestly these increases, noted the world over, are not produced by our tariff legislation. We may seek, perhaps, for the impelling force in high prosperity, stimulating consumption, or, as some wise men do, in the extraordinary development of the world's supply of gold.

Our Old Friend, the Farmer

BUT why should the Government give aid and comfort, through the instrumentality of a tariff law, to a single class of citizens—the manufacturers?

The aid is to be given, of course, where it is needed. Builders, lawyers, retailers and so forth, are sufficiently protected by Nature. The manufacturer gets help where it is required. The farmer also, let us note, gets it far more abundantly when he requires it.

Do you ever reflect upon what our Government has done, and now does, for the American farmer?

Millions of farms were given, years ago, to the farmers, absolutely without charge. The Government never gave a mill to a manufacturer. Other millions of farms have been sold by the Government, and now are selling, at the lowest of low prices.

The nation maintains an Agricultural Department—the manufacturers have no department—which costs from ten millions to twelve millions a year. This department not only distributes vast quantities of seeds, but also it instructs the farmers, analyzes their soils, improves their animals, destroys at great cost the cotton boll-worm and injurious insects, and helps them to stamp out diseases in plants and animals.

Hundreds of millions are spent in constructing irrigation works so that poor land may be redeemed for the farmers; and in divers and sundry other ways the American farmer is assisted, encouraged, upheld and made the object of incessant large expenditure.

No man may complain of this. It is well done. That is what a Government is for—to do for the people the things they cannot do for themselves. We are the Government! The money is ours. All these toilers are our brethren. All are Americans. Their welfare is our welfare. The soil feeds every man of us. The huge expenditure for the splendid development of agriculture is an investment of a common fund for the benefit of all.

But, if this be true for the farmer, why is it not true for the manufacturer? The farmer, rightly, gets enormous sums of money as a gratuity from the Treasury, and he

is the constant object of solicitous, almost maternal, attention.

What does the manufacturer get? Absolutely nothing but shelter for his business from a powerful foreign rival, whose highest felicity would be the annihilation of his American competitor.

If it be worth while to spend hundreds of millions every year for battleships, in making ready for a gunpowder war that is likely never to come, why is it not well to employ for our protection our law machinery for service in a commercial war at this very moment raging the world over?

Commerce is indeed war, and merciless war. No tidings could bring to Europeans a thrill of joy equal to that which would come to the Old World if announcement should be made that one-half the manufacturing power of the American nation were wrecked and ruined, and finally and forever wiped out of existence.

Now let us consider a few specific cases of articles concerning which tariff protection has been complained of.

The Case of the Universal Sweetener

THE duty upon sugar has given much offense to the advocates of free trade or of severe tariff reduction. What justification is there for continued imposition of that duty?

It was laid not only for the sake of obtaining needed revenue but also for the purpose of promoting the production of beet-root sugar in this country. Many European countries now give bounties directly to the growers and manipulators of that sugar beet for which the world is indebted to the intelligence of the first Napoleon.

The question for us was: Should the farmers directly, and the people generally, have the benefit of the development of the industry in the United States? Clearly it could not live and grow in open competition with the bounty-fed sugar of Europe.

A duty was imposed in the seventies, with the result that now we produce at home, annually, beet sugar to the value of nearly fifty million dollars. Thus the farmers had a new and profitable crop, and the nation came nearer to independence in an important food article.

Before the Civil War—I disregard war prices as unnaturally inflated—ordinary household sugar cost, say, 8 cents at retail. Now a better sugar may be bought for 5½ cents a pound. Some day we shall grow all of our sugar supplies. Why not, if we would deal fairly with the subject, instead of scoffing at the small saving to each person made possible by the recent reduction of the sugar duty, look at the matter in this way:

The difference between 8 cents a pound and 5½ cents is 2½ cents. What is the worth to the nation of a saving of 2½ cents a pound on all the sugar consumed by 90,000,000 of the most prosperous people on earth? Beet sugar made that reduction in the price. Were there now as in the old time nothing but sugar from the cane, the price not unlikely would be 15 cents and, perhaps, 20 cents.

The duty on paper and the wood pulp from which paper is made has been made the subject of much acrimonious complaint. So far as the matter involves Canada, that country, by imposing an export duty upon paper-making wood, is simply striving to compel us to let her make all our paper. We are asked to permit her to force American paper manufacturers to go out of business, or to move their machinery across the border.

Who is willing to allow Canada to control in such a manner our business affairs or our fiscal policy?

An attempt is made to scare us by the declaration that Canadian discrimination against us in taxing wood and pulp for export will compel us under the new tariff law to impose the heavy maximum duties upon all Canadian products. This would ruin our import trade with the Dominion.

The truth is that, as Canada's export duty is levied upon exports to all lands, there is no literal discrimination against us; and I have the authority of a member of the Ways and Means Committee, which framed the tariff, for saying that imposition of the maximum—or retaliatory—duties upon Canadian products is an impossibility. But what interest has our dear old friend the consumer in the paper and wood-pulp controversy? We must consider him.

What happens to the consumer because of the wicked and semi-barbarous paper and pulp policy is that he actually gets his daily paper at a lower price than is paid by any other man in any land upon the rolling earth. Nowhere but here is the one-cent daily newspaper in successful, large existence.

Who, then, suffers? Not the consumer. Does the newspaper publisher suffer? If so, why does he not put up his price to two cents, or to five cents? Nobody can hinder him. His blank white paper costs him more, if you please, than he gets for it. How, then, does he come out with a profit? His advertisers save him and sometimes make him rich

But are the advertisers complaining? Not that anybody hears. They are satisfied, the buyers of the journals are satisfied, and the publishers have prosperity if they deserve it. Shall we, under such circumstances, kick a hole in the protective system, bankrupt papermakers, and force a great domestic industry to emigrate?

We may safely intrust that question to the sound common-sense and the solid equity of the American people.

I come now to the consideration of an article around which the fantastic imagination of the free trader has played tricks in which ingenuity expends itself in contriving surprising varieties of mendacity. Ananias, Baron Münchausen and Count Cagliostro are not in the game with the delirious free trader when he sets himself to consider the homely article of wool.

Recall the fact that the Government must have income. Then take the further fact that import duties upon wool and woolens have put two hundred and ninety-three million dollars in the United States Treasury within eleven years, and you have an apology for the wool duties that might be regarded as about covering the case.

Now take another fact of no contemptible significance: The presence in this country of millions of sheep means not only wool but mutton chops, and hind and fore legs, and all the other sheep-meat requirements. That the presence here of this great supply of flesh food tends to keep down the prices of other flesh food—beef, pork, poultry, and so forth—will not be questioned.

Dear Wool and Cheap Mutton

THERE are level-headed economists who steadfastly believe that this depression of prices produced by the domestic mutton supply has, throughout the long years, fully compensated for all the duties paid at the ports for wool and woolens. In fact, all of the wool tax has been offset completely by the decrease in the price of flesh food.

I am bold enough to assert that on my own account as a practically incontestable fact.

But, says the free trader, we should have had the sheep if wool had been upon the free list. It is always fairly safe to guess about might-have-beens. Let us grapple with some solid facts. Mark this one. The number of American sheep has always increased or decreased as the wool duties were sufficient or insufficient in size. I must inflict some figures on the patient reader. Let us take a period of forty-two years, from 1867 to 1909:

TARIFF OF	WOOL DUTY PER LB.	NUMBER OF SHEEP
1867, last 4 years	12¼ cents	25% increase
1883, 6 years	10 cents	16% decrease
1890, less than a year	11 cents	10% increase
1894, less than a year	Free wool	21% decrease
1897, 12 years	11 cents	46% increase

These figures show, beyond controversy, that whenever the duty on wool went below eleven cents a pound American sheep were killed off and the flocks—and the mutton supply—decreased. They prove that the flocks always enlarged when the duty went to or above eleven cents a pound. In other words, they supply what I may call final evidence that the American farmer will not herd sheep unless he has tariff protection enough to give him a decent price for his wool product.

This downward movement of the flock dimensions, under inadequate duty, seems to me to show that no duty at all, or free wool, will produce ultimate extermination of the American sheep. Does it not clearly indicate just that?

We grow here three hundred million pounds of wool, which is one-eighth of the world's clip. I ask reasonable men, not blinded by prejudice but fair and wise enough to regard a great matter in a large way, this question:

If you destroy one-eighth of the world's wool supply will not the remainder rise in price? And will not that rise take much more money out of the pockets of the consumer than all that has ever been taken by tariff duties?

It is indeed almost a question of simple mathematics. Scarcity means high prices. Moreover, what must be the condition of a mighty nation dependent for a vital necessity upon foreigners? I am convinced that the power to grow most, if not all, of the wool we need would be cheaply purchased if we could get it only by giving bounties directly to the wool growers, as France does to her sugar-beet raisers.

Furthermore: If it be wise to spend tens of millions to help the farmer to water his fields, to kill his bugs, to improve his stock, to learn the best methods of tillage, why—oh, why, indeed!—is it not worth while to levy a small duty at the ports, so that he may supply his fellow-citizens with material for clothing?

The Dimensions of the Wool Tax

WHAT does the duty on wool amount to when the clothing reaches the consumer? What is this dreadful burden that the tariff puts upon the suffering poor man?

An ordinary suit of $15 or $20, made wholly of wool, contains from seven to eight pounds of that material. The duty is 11 cents a pound and, therefore, the tax on such a garment is from 75 cents to 90 cents. The suffering poor man aforesaid, and the joyful poor or rich man, pays that much on, say, three suits a year, for the sake of his beloved country, of the horny-handed farmer, of the mutton butcher, the United States Treasury and the good old cause generally.

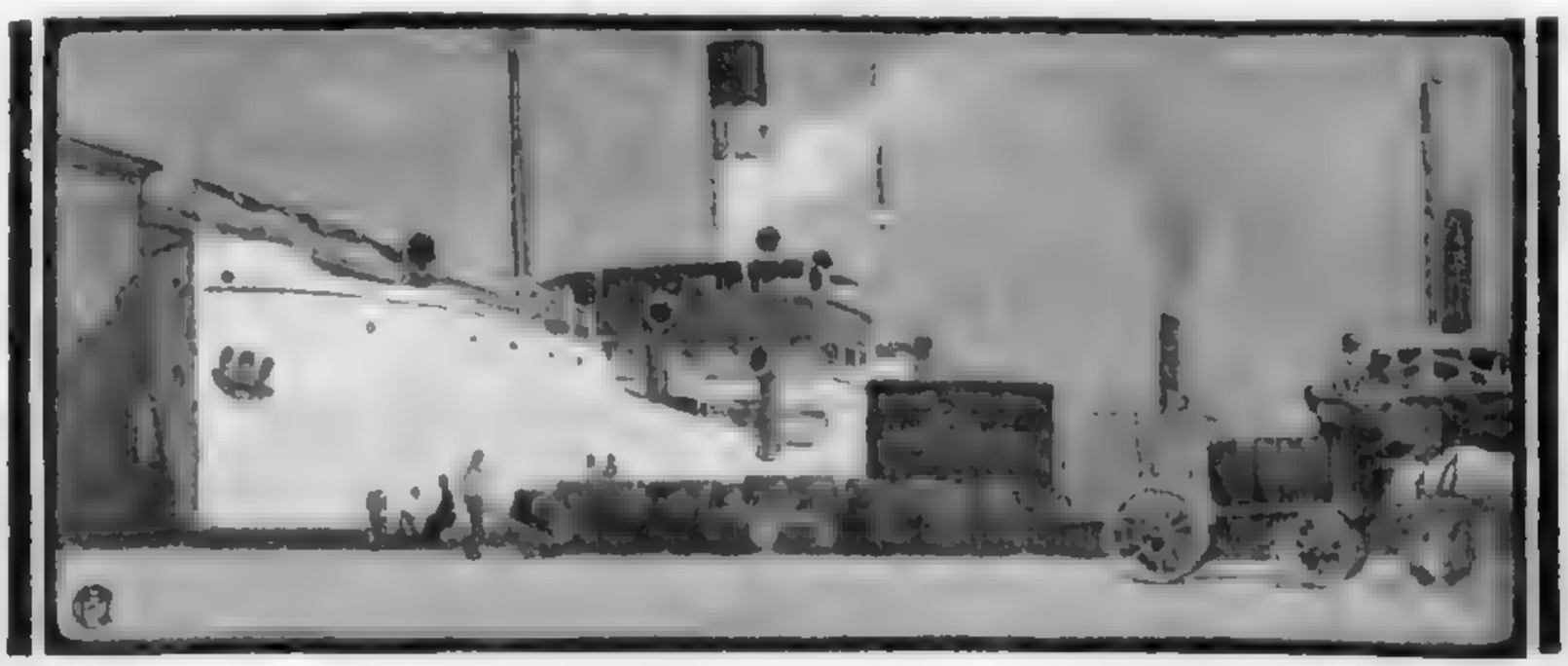
I put the tax at $2 or $2.75 per annum, and small indeed it seems when we consider the resounding, far-reaching, long-drawn-out and long-continued ululations which it has brought from the vocal organs of free-trade complainants. One might think, from the volume of the racket made, that the wool tax appropriated quite half of the afflicted poor man's income. It amounts, probably, in a year to what he pays for tobacco in a month.

This is the duty on raw wool; now, how about the cloth that consumes the wool? I will put the facts in this form: An all-wool cloth sold for $1 a yard gives a profit of 5 cents a yard to the manufacturer: not a robber portion, surely! When the cloth goes into a suit of clothing that profit will not equal 17 cents. Thus:

In a three-piece suit retailed for $12, the cloth—all wool—costs about $3. In a similar suit sold for $15 the cloth costs $3.75. In a $20 suit it costs $5, and in a $30 suit $7.50.

Surely here is not strong temptation to stuff the fabric with cotton and shoddy, of which we hear such wild free-trade lamentations. I do not say that cotton and shoddy never are used; but then, either the cloth is sold for cotton and shoddy, at cotton and shoddy prices, or the dealer is a knave; and even conditions of free trade would not avail to stop rascality. England, with free trade, produces more shoddy than any other country.

I will push the case a little closer. If these are the facts concerning the raw wool and the cloth, where lies



the cause for the difference in cost between the cloth and the completed $20 garment? It lies, in my judgment, with the retailer. This gentleman, with a perfect right to do his best for himself, and requiring margin for the familiar late-season "marking down" of suits anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent, appears to make a handsome thing of it.

I learn that he pays, say, $7 for a suit that he sells for $10, which means that his ordinary profit is somewhere about 43 per cent on that one transaction. Besides, if he is a prompt payer he probably gets a discount from the wholesale dealer. On suits retailing at $18 and $20 he probably makes a profit of 50 per cent, and the profit will go higher as the price rises.

I find no fault with this. The suits are in most cases worth to the wearer what he pays for them. But I do protest against the injustice of holding the wool-grower, the spinner, the cloth-maker and the tariff responsible for a matter that lies solely between the suit-seller and the suit-wearer.

In any case this fact may be noted: the American workingman wears better clothing than any other man in the world of his class, because, under the protective system so fiercely denounced, he earns more money with which to pay for his necessities. It would not be, indeed, hazardous to conjecture that American workingmen wear more unadulterated woolen stuffs than all the other workingmen of all other races put together.

Thus, when you look this wool and woolens monster in the face, he is not such a hideous creature after all!

The Cost of Living

A familiar complaint against the tariff is that it increases the cost of living, making that cost much greater than it is in Europe. But what kind of living? A European laborer, who lives in a mud cabin, wears wooden shoes and eats meat twice a year, does indeed live cheaper than an American workman who—as multitudes do—owns a brick house with a bathroom, a Brussels carpet, a piano and electric lights, and who wears fine clothes on all idle days. The American pays more, maybe, but he gets more; and that, dear brethren, is the only way in which any man can account for the stupendous fact that within eighty years 23,000,000 European laborers have come over here to live. They know what the difference is. They have learned where the poor man's good things are, tariff or no tariff.

But, indeed, is living here so very much dearer than it is in the best European countries? I doubt it, quality for quality.

Take a brief glance at the subject. More than 40 per cent of a workingman's expenditure is for food; and that food, by and large, is cheaper here than in Europe is finally proved by the fact that all Europe comes here to buy food.

House rent consumes about 15 per cent of such a man's income. But there is no tariff duty on houses, and the rent is higher because the house is better. Clothes take another 15 per cent, but the larger part of men's, women's and children's clothing is cotton, and we beat the world on the three-fourths of the world's supply of cotton that we grow in American fields.

Fuel calls for 9 per cent of the man's income, and we have coal in illimitable quantities, the laborer's supply being unaffected by the tariff. Light consumes 5 per cent and our oil is the cheapest of all lights. About 16 per cent is spent for sundries, car-fares, church and club dues, newspapers, magazines and personal enjoyment, with none of which has the tariff anything to do.

I take the liberty, therefore, of doubting whether living here really costs more, surely not much more, than it does in Europe, if you consider what a man gets out of it in this better country. If the world holds a poor man's Paradise, assuredly here it is in this tariff-afflicted, solidly protected but rich and glorious and surpassingly happy country of ours.

I say that the theorists who never come into contact with industry, who have never penetrated below the skin of the facts, who would rather find fault than be fair the academic people, the people who merely work it out in their minds with their eyes shut—these are the folks who scoff at and denounce tariff protection and make all the stir and fuss about the injustice of a splendid, century-old national policy.

Finally: The accusation is urged that the Republican party promised to revise the tariff downward and failed to make good.

No such promise was given. The plank in the platform is too long for insertion here, but I will let President Taft—in his speech at Winona—tell the truth about it.

"The promise of the Republican platform was not to revise everything downward. . . . I did not promise that everything should go downward. . . . The proposition of the Republican party was to reduce rates so as to maintain a difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here, insuring a reasonable profit to the manufacturer on all articles produced in this country. . . . I did not agree, nor did the Republican party agree, that we would reduce rates to such a point as to reduce prices by the introduction of foreign competition."

The Tariff an Artificial Device

The plank referred to promised to consider the "difference in the cost of production" between this country and other countries. But who shall with precision determine that difference? There is one difference as between us and England, another in the case of Germany, and quite another in the case of Japan. And all the time these differences are fluctuating with costs of material and other costs.

What we require are duties high enough to cover all cases and all upward and downward movements. We want the protective principle firmly established and in continuous operation, so that our own producers may conduct their business in peace and with decent profits.

Judging by the successive Congressional elections, that is what also the great majority of the American people require.

Often I have heard the objection made to the protective system that "it is artificial." It is indeed! Artificial! Why, civilization and law and government are artificial! The only unartificial and perfectly natural people are the naked Africans at this moment running about the torrid zone eating one another and having, one would think, a mere minimum of fun.

All the arts and sciences, all books and pictures and vehicles and machinery are artificial. Our railroad trains, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, our houses and clothes and churches and other comforts, are artificial. Fertilization of the earth, improving the quality of fruits, breeding fine animals by selection—in short, all the things that make life secure, pure, progressive, uplifting and happy, come to us not by nature but by artifice.

The tariff is indeed "made ground." It is not unlike the Holland dikes, which also are artificial. The dikes keep out the sea, and the law keeps out anarchy, and the tariff keeps out destructive foreign competition.

Were these defenses not in existence, the sea would flood the Dutchmen, anarchy would swamp our nation, and the foreigner would shut our mills and force our people into idleness, as millions are at this very moment idle in the free-trade Eden of England.

The American free trader, who abhors artifice and who wants to live the life of a simple child of Nature, will have to go off to the African cannibals, or hie him to a desert island where he can have his own sweet will all by himself.

Money in Milk

A GROCERY clerk, earning only ten dollars a week, but industrious and ambitious, began putting away six dollars a month with the help of his wife. Presently there was a chance to make a little extra money by acting as secretary for a secret fraternal order, and the money earned in this way he put away too. When he had one hundred and sixty dollars saved he saw an opening for a new milk route. There was a good barn back of the house he rented, so he drew his savings, bought three cows, paid a boy something to drive them to pasture every day, and sold his milk in the neighborhood, he and his wife milking and delivering while he still held his grocery job. In a couple of years, by saving their income from this business, they had enough capital to enable them to move farther out of town, taking a rented farm and increasing their livestock. When they became established here he threw up his place in the grocery shop and developed his milk route. In two years more the business grew so thriftily that he got help and built up a second route.

We Bring the Oyster Beds To You

From the famous oyster beds of the Atlantic Coast and Gulf of Mexico come Sealshipt Oysters—with the tang of the sea. These we ship straight from the sea-shore to a Sealshipt dealer near you. Every mile of the journey under refrigeration. Every mile under seal.

Wherever you live—in Maine or in California—you can now always have genuine Sealshipt Oysters—in your favorite variety.

But please bear this in mind: Sealshipt Oysters are sold *only* from our beautiful Blue and White Sealshipticase—in every genuine Sealshipt dealer's store.

Inferior oysters with names that sound like "Sealshipt" may be offered you. Guard against this fraud!

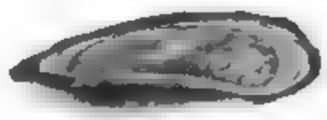
When you get genuine Sealshipt Oysters, you get oysters as fresh and pure as the moment they left the shell.

When you *don't* get Sealshipt Oysters, you get *deceived*.

So we urge you to be vigilant. Look for our trade mark in the center of the Sealshipticase. See the name and address of the Sealshipt Oyster System near the bottom.

When you have once used Sealshipt Oysters, you'll thank us for telling you how to get them.

Sealshipt Oysters



Removed from the shell and immediately packed in air-tight, sealed containers

Patent Shipping Refrigerator which keeps Sealshipt Oysters fresh in transit

The Blue and White Porcelain Store Fixture from which Sealshipt Oysters are sold

Wax-Lined Paper Pail in Which Sealshipt Oysters are handed you by dealer

From Sea-shore To You Under Perfect Refrigeration

Salt water is naturally pure. Impurities never originate in sea water.

So any oysters are purer than nine-tenths of the water and milk you get.

Besides the supervision of State and Federal Government, the waters where our beds are located are analyzed by the Lederle Laboratories—the famous food experts.

Why Oysters Have a Shell

To protect the oyster during its growing stages, Nature has provided a shell.

But the shell, mind you, has no more to do with the taste of an oyster than the shell has to do with the taste of a nut.

Sealshipt Oysters are removed from the shell at the oyster beds. They are packed in cleanly, air-tight containers.

These containers in turn are packed in our patented Sealshiptor—a perfect shipping refrigerator which conserves the delicious freshness and flavor of the oyster for your enjoyment.

The container is sealed directly at the oyster beds. So is the Sealshiptor.

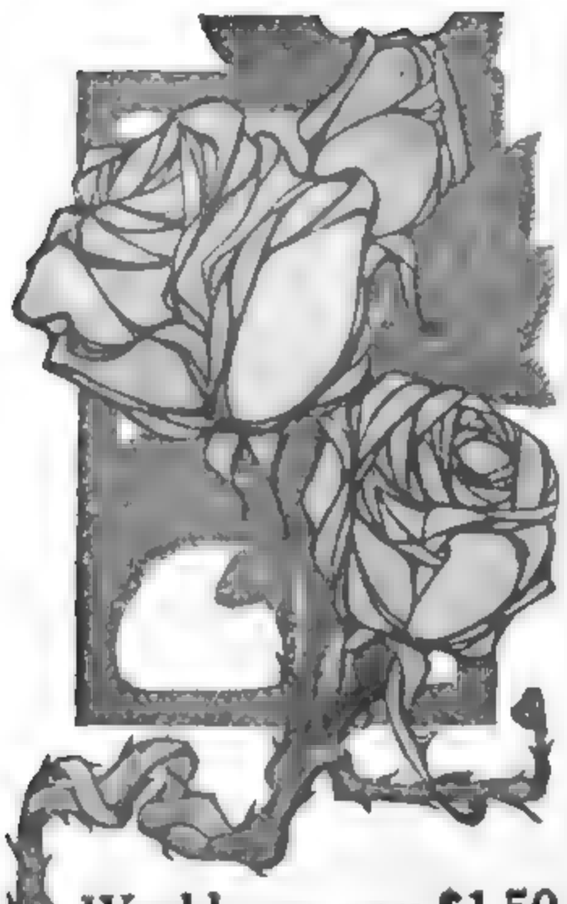
Your dealer is the first to break these seals. He places the oysters in our Sealshipticase—the Blue and White Porcelain store refrigerator which identifies every registered Sealshipt Dealer. He hands you the oysters in a Sealshipt wax-lined blue and white paper pail.

Mark Twain's Oyster Story Sent Free

Write us the name of your oyster dealer and we will mail you this delightful little story, together with a number of recipes for delicious oyster dishes unknown inland.

To Dealers Everywhere

We want registered agents for the Sealshipt Oyster System, in every city and town in the United States and Canada. Send for our book and full particulars regarding our co-operative plan of selling Sealshipt Oysters. Address Dept. F, Sealshipt Oyster System, South Norwalk, Conn.



Would you pay $1.50 for a Garden of California Flowers?

BY a new process the fragrance of thousands of blossoms is distilled into this little bottle no larger than your middle finger. This new essence is called

Rieger's Flower Drops

It is so concentrated that a single drop of it, from this long stoppered bottle, will permeate your wardrobe and leave a fragrance so subtle and so sweet that you might fancy your lingerie laid away in flowers themselves; so concentrated that the unstoppered bottle will perfume a room as delicately as the sweet scent from growing blossoms.

Made absolutely pure with no alcohol nor other adulterant, and sold all over the world. Price $1.50 a bottle—the most costly perfume made and yet, because of its wonderful concentration, the most inexpensive. A man's perfect gift to a woman.

Ask your dealer for it. If he hasn't it yet, send us $1.50 in stamps, currency or check, and we shall send you a bottle, all charges paid. Or if you do not wish to expend this much for your first trial,

Send us 20 Cents

in silver or stamps and the name of your nearest dealer and we shall send you a miniature bottle of flower drops, either Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet or Crab Apple. After the first trial, you will never be without it, that is sure.

Note—All Rieger perfumes are made from the pure essence of flowers. Prices from 50c an ounce up, depending upon the concentration, and not upon the quantity. The miniature bottle will give you a fragrant pleasure that you have never experienced before. Write for the Flower Drops today. Address

Paul Rieger & Company
195 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.
116 East Randolph St., Chicago
9 St. Nicholas St., Montreal

New Shopping Methods for Uncle Sam

By ROBERT A. SANBORN

THE new General Supply Committee is an adopted child of the Taft Administration. It was born in the days of Roosevelt, that period in which flourished large families of all descriptions, including that of executive policies. It was desired by Mr. Taft as a member of his administrative household because the main reason for its being was economy, and economy is one of the cardinal principles championed by the present occupant of the White House.

The committee not only aims for economy in the purchase of general supplies for all the executive departments but it also aims to attain that result by a harmonious action of the representatives of all these departments; and harmony, as the nation knows, is another of the Taft policies. So the General Supply Committee is very much in tune with the Administration, and it is also in tune with the best methods of modern business procedure.

By combining the schedules of supplies and contracting for larger lots the committee after one year of existence was able to point proudly to a saving of nearly a quarter of a million dollars, or twelve per cent of what supplies had cost for the preceding fiscal year, when each department was buying for itself. Stationery cost $134,283 less; fuel, $28,246 less; building materials, $4223 less, and so on through the list. The net saving on all the schedules was $188,015; but, if consideration had been given to savings made on items provided for under list and discount and allowance made for the increased amounts ordered over what had been estimated for, the total saving would have exceeded $250,000.

This was a very handsome showing for the first year, when the many factors militating against low prices are considered, such as the unsettled condition of the market during the tariff discussion; the unusual rise in the price of crude rubber of fifty-five per cent in the year (allowing for this latter fact, the item of rubber bands would have shown a saving of $21,081 instead of a loss of $10,289); the skepticism of the business world as to the intention of the Government actually to use bids, and the necessity the dealer is under of allowing for the costly method of fractional delivery.

Waste in Methods of Buying

Now a word about the family tree of this General Supply Committee. Its actual parent was, and is, the Board of Awards. This is a supervisory body consisting of one assistant Secretary of the Treasury, one assistant Secretary of the Interior and one assistant Postmaster-General. The duty of the board is, as stated, "to secure reasonable uniformity of price and practice" in the purchase of Government supplies. By recommending this board the Dockery Commission, appointed by President Cleveland in 1893 to investigate the business methods of the departments, became the grandfather of the General Supply Committee.

The confusing and costly variety of prices and qualities of materials found by the Dockery Commission has been witnessed every year since by the Board of Awards. "Witnessed" is used advisedly, for the board had only the privilege of comparing the awards made by the several departments. They could recommend that better prices be obtained, or sustain the award; they could not rescind. So, even as late as 1906, such conditions as these prevailed: one department bought ink at $1.70 a dozen quarts, another department bought the same ink at $3 a dozen; one department paid $3.36 a gross for pencils, another paid $2.27 a gross for the same quality. There were one hundred and thirty-three kinds of pencils in use, twenty-eight kinds of ink, two hundred and sixty-eight pen-points, eleven typewriter ribbons, and so on. It took three different sheets of paper to describe the specifications for leadpencils for one department alone. The schedules and figures that were annually submitted to this board formed a muddy mess that baffled the minds of the three members who earnestly endeavored to determine just how badly business was done.

Then, with the dash and enthusiasm of an assaulting column, the Keep Commission appointed by Roosevelt set forth to investigate departmental methods. They stirred up a lively row with Congress, but left behind them the valuable recommendation that a "permanent central board be formed, to be known as the 'General Supply Committee,' to be composed of experts in the use and purchase of supplies designated by the heads of the departments, one representative from each department or independent establishment." The duties of this committee should be "to prepare an annual schedule of supplies for the Government service, to prepare the necessary advertisements, to open all bids submitted pursuant to such advertisements, and to recommend awards to the head of the department authorized by law to make the contracts." Also, "in preparing the schedule the General Supply Committee shall standardize supplies, eliminating all unnecessary grades and kinds, and shall solicit bids according to formulas and specifications prepared by experts."

Enter Mr. Taft Upon the Scene

In June, 1908, the Board of Awards, at a meeting to examine the awards for the ensuing year, recommended the preparation of a general schedule of supplies. By September a committee of twenty-three members, representing the departments, assembled and proceeded to work up to the boiling point over this threatening change in the existing order. After boiling off and on for about four months the committee was reduced finally to the more convenient number of fourteen. This residual body exists today, with but a few individual changes, as the acting General Supply Committee.

On May 13, 1909, President Taft clinched a nail when he set the seal of his executive approval upon the Board of Awards and its child, the committee.

In the latter part of February of that same year copies of a general schedule had been sent out to over four thousand dealers. Bids were received to the number of five hundred and sixty-four, and awards were made to two hundred and seventy-seven of these.

The progress made by this committee toward standardizing all the supplies used by the Government is perhaps its most important result. For the first time complete tests of the samples submitted were made by the three testing bureaus of the Government. The general schedule was properly and justly apportioned among the three—the chemical analyses and tests were made by the Bureau of Chemistry, the mechanical tests by the Bureau of Standards, and the tests of fuel, metals, and the products of the earth by the Geological Survey. For example, in the stationery schedule, the Bureau of Chemistry tested the papers and inks; the Bureau of Standards, the twine and pens, and the Geological Survey, the pencil-leads.

This systematizing of the scientific examination of materials used by the Government could not have been accomplished under the antiquated system of each department acting in isolation from all other departments in the matter of purchasing supplies. Uniformity of specification was not desired then for the simple and sufficient reason that there was no union upon common interests to desire it. Tests were made, but only by request; and such tests as were asked for! They tell at the Bureau of Standards of once receiving from a certain department a sample of copper gaskets for test. Probably it is generally known that a gasket is a ring of metal used for making a joint watertight. Now the test specified by the department requesting it was for the purity of the copper, a determination that would prove nothing relative to the use of the metal as a gasket, but which did have

Just "Fills the Bill"

MOST youngsters eat in a hurry; particularly at noon when they want to squeeze in a little fun between school sessions.

Then is just the time they need something easy to prepare "in a hurry"; easy to eat quickly; easy to digest; and at the same time warm and nourishing.

Give them

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It just "fills the bill." It is positively pure. It is rich in food properties. And the children relish it more than cake or pie or any of the unwholesome things that merely tickle the palate.

All Campbell's Soups—specially our thick soups—are full of strengthening, body-building qualities. And their regular use on your table will do the children and the whole family a world of good.

Why not get the benefit of all this *right away?*

21 kinds 10c a can

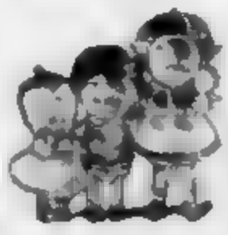
Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato Okra
	Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Don't try to do without Campbell's Menu Book.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



O see on the table
That red-and-white label!
As fine as a picture,
Right out of a fable.

a direct relation to the electrical conductivity of the metal. The man who had called for the test had opened his book at the wrong place. The majority of applications for tests under the old system were vague simply because they were perfunctory.

The importance of a material being true to specification was impressed upon one analyst who objected that his assistant was wasting time worth about ten dollars on linseed oil that cost only twenty dollars a barrel. He saw things in true proportions after it had been explained to him that the life of the paint depended upon the quality of the oil and that the total cost of the job for which the oil was required would be something over two hundred dollars.

The work of completing the list of specifications is a matter of years. If it ended in the case of each item with the determination of one quality perhaps a year might dispose of the task, but it is evident that a single specification for a pencil or blanket or an oil could not cover every use and application of the article. It is the multiplicity of uses based upon actual requirements that complicates the drawing up of specifications and lengthens the task

Occasionally the entrance of the personal factor upsets specifications though ever so carefully made. A complaint was made last year of a certain twine. The bundle-wrappers declared that its rough surface chafed their fingers painfully and they showed the marks on their hands where blood had been drawn. A sample of the twine was tested, compared with the original sample and found to be identical with it. The quality was first-class and only under microscopic examination was the trouble discovered. Slanting along the length of the fiber were sharp, rigid points like barbs. These were the instruments of torture.

The condition that must work a loss on either the Government or the contractor is the one of fractional delivery. The bidder should understand clearly the practical consequences of the clause in the contract reading: "Articles furnished under this proposal and contract must be delivered in such quantities as may be ordered from time to time by any of the executive departments or independent establishments mentioned above, to be delivered at and within the doors of the storeroom of the department," and so on. Otherwise he may come to regret the low bid that won him the contract. He will see his estimated profit shaved with every shipment he makes by express of a dozen brooms, half a dozen bottles of mucilage or cans of paint. If his headquarters are remote the shaving will be a close one. So the bidder inexperienced in selling to the Government must often secure the contract for the reason that in making his price he has not allowed for the loss this requirement will put upon him.

Gambling on the Weather

The ideal solution to this difficulty is a large central storehouse to which the dealer might make but one or two shipments. Until such a central point is established the Government and the dealer must agree to compromise on an allowance for this faulty system. The matter of a storage plant is remote in the minds of the committee for the reason that the sentiment of Congress is strongly against increasing the number of buildings and permanent offices. In reforming the methods of the Government it has to be considered that the Government is not in business for a profit, that its reason for being is paternal, and its policy in buying must be to spend the public money economically and to the best advantage. Therefore, in the nature of the circumstances, a contract with the Government must be more one-sided than one between two private individuals, each in business for himself and so spending his own money.

The item of forage is one that has always given trouble to both the Government and the dealer, and upon the latter has worked much injustice The proposal for bids calls for an opening in June, a time of year when the condition and size of the crops are yet uncertain. Consequently cases like the following happen A few years ago a certain dealer was the low bidder and was awarded the contract. The summer was a dry one, forage crops shrank and prices mounted. By fall the lucky contractor who faced a considerable deficit decided that he had been unlucky in getting the contract. The following year he was more cautious, and bidding a little higher he lost the award. His fortunate competitor was blessed with a bumper year, prices dropped to the bottom, and in the end the contractor cleared a handsome profit that would have more than balanced the other man's loss. The fair season for opening bids for forage is September. It is within the power of Congress easily to rectify this error that requires the bidders on forage to gamble on the weather.

A conflict with trust greed over the ice item last year led the Government into the business of ice-making. The departmental estimates called for about seven thousand tons. The annual ice bill of the Government has in recent years never been far from forty thousand dollars. A tidy sum, you might think, but the ice interests, reasoning differently, decided that this was too small a plum to be divided; so they consolidated. For the fiscal year 1908-1909 bids had been received to the grand total of seven. Last year the committee got three bids, which quoted prices so fancy that a readvertisement was called for. The second advertisement brought forth one lusty bid. The bidding party bore a name of national significance, which spelled monopoly in large letters.

Uncle Sam and His Ice Plants

The figures were only a shade less saucy—a cent a hundred pounds for less than a thousand pounds on plate ice, the kind of which the largest amount was called for. The sub-committee on fuel and ice did a little reckoning on its own account and found that the ice for the current fiscal year cost $35,874, "or less than the aggregate cost on the bid received for the ensuing fiscal year by the sum of $6,913.90, an increase, according to the bids just received, of nearly twenty per cent over the cost for the current fiscal year." Also that, though the average delivery would be nearly eight times as large as the average of the deliveries made to private houses, the price was the same; and that many stores in the city were being furnished with ice at twenty-five cents a hundred, or five dollars a ton, even in quantities of less than one thousand pounds.

What should be done? Why, there were ice-making machines in the market, and though the first cost of them was great they were money-savers. Also there were in the basements of the big department buildings engines, engineers, storerooms and, besides, delivery wagons to spare. To shorten the story, it may be stated that the Post-Office and Interior Departments installed ice-machines and have for a year manufactured their own ice. The Treasury Department is at present installing a machine, and the State, War and Navy Building will follow suit this year. The result in the case of those departments that have manufactured their own ice has been that, instead of costing the Government an average of six dollars a ton, ice has cost less than a dollar a ton, calculating labor, material and interest on the money invested in the machines.

The plan of the General Supply Committee is, in its effect, analogous to the jury system. Before its fourteen members some six hundred manufacturers and dealers voluntarily place their goods and themselves on trial. They submit their evidence in the form of bids and samples, the evidence is accurately judged and impartially compared, and the verdict in favor of one man means much more to him than half a dozen contracts with the departments meant under the previous individualistic system. The patronage of the General Supply Committee is advertising of the best sort. It signifies, first, that the sample was of good, serviceable quality; second, that the price was reasonable; third, that the shipments were prompt and in good condition and that the quality of the sample was maintained As compared with dealing with the General Supply Committee, doing business under the former system was similar to pleading before a judge of the lower court. A contract under the new conditions is a certificate of excellence that carries authority wherever it may be displayed. The temper of this committee is distinctly judicial and on a high plane Ultimately this committee will be placed under the Secretary of the Treasury, who will have the power to sign all contracts for general supplies.

Every "South Bend" Watch Gets 250 Inspections

Now—while you are reading this advertisement—there are 1,200 "South Bend" Watches in a single rack in our factory running together in a six-day test.

They must make a perfect score before they are sent to the jeweler for his customers.

This means that their balance wheels must vibrate 20,000 times without the loss or gain of a single one of these tiny pulsations.

This means that every one of these watches was put together so carefully and every part fitted so nicely that it ran without a hairspring before it was deemed good enough to send to this testing rack.

It means that every watch on this stand received *250 inspections to make sure* that it was eligible to this test.

There are fifteen thousand different operations in the making of a "South Bend" Watch.

It takes as long, usually, to build one "South Bend" Watch as it does to construct one of our largest sky-scrapers, for many a "South Bend" remains in our factory a full year before it has passed this final rack-test.

The making of the watch alone requires six months of intricate labor by the most expert mechanical artisans in the world.

These are the reasons why a "South Bend" Watch costs more than ordinary watches.

The lack of this care and exquisite workmanship is the reason why ordinary watches, like "mail order watches," never give the satisfactory service that is guaranteed in a "South Bend."

A common watch like a "mail order watch" isn't capable of the fine "personal adjustment" that a "South Bend" Watch gets from the expert jeweler who sells it and while the owner is wearing it.

Why "Personal Adjustment" Is Necessary

A watch has a tendency to run faster lying flat than when held upright. Jolting, quick movements, etc., affect it.

Some people move quickly, lean over a great deal or jolt about in motor cars much of the time, and their watches need adjustment to those peculiarities.

A "South Bend" Watch can be adjusted to meet the average of those conditions so it will keep perfect time all the time.

A cheap watch never can be so nicely regulated.

When a person gets a cheap watch that keeps good time it is pure luck.

It pays to get the best watch you know about. Send for highly interesting book, "How Good Watches Are Made," and learn all about "South Bend" Watches. Don't send any money—just say "Send me your book."

The South Bend Watch Co.
Dept. B
South Bend, Ind.

The Newest Railroad Watch

A "South Bend" Watch Called "The Studebaker"

"The Studebaker" is a "South Bend" Watch that has been passed upon favorably by the most critical inspectors in the country—the railroads' chief time inspectors.

Ask your dealer to show it to you.

Price of 17-jewel movement, $24 without case; of 21 jewels, $35 without case. If your jeweler hasn't it, send his name and we'll give you the name of one who has it.

Perfect Time *All* the Time

The "South Bend" Watch

Sold by 14,534 Expert Retail Jewelers

New Model 81 for 1911

Ride in the Waverley Brougham Luxurious Before You Buy an Electric

You who ride in carriages will find in this new Waverley Model each particular point of excellence demanded by the ripest judgment, largest experience and most critical taste.

The utmost refinement of elegance and ideal comfort for passengers combine with silent Waverley mechanical perfection to produce the supreme achievement in electrics for 1911.

Increased width of body is a feature of this 1911 Model which adds materially to its roominess, giving just the proportions approved by the masters of coach building. In doing this an additional curve has been introduced into the swell sides of the extension front, faultlessly completing the graceful lines of the body in ensemble.

Great luxury of upholstering is a pronounced factor in the supremacy of this Silent Waverley Model. The same latitude as before is allowed for individual taste; but the choicest broadcloth and goat morocco the markets of Europe afford and a broad lace of special design have been imported for this car. Additional pockets have been provided for small articles.

The furnishings include a handsome flower vase, two toilet cases with watch and salt bottles, a match safe and cigar holder, and a convenient umbrella holder. A shaft-driven odometer is supplied with each car.

The Waverley is the only Electric specially designed for either solid or pneumatic tires.

The Silent **Waverley**

High-Efficiency Shaft-Drive

In Third Year of Owners' Test

The luxury of motion—Though the Silent Waverley is one of the lightest electrics manufactured, 178 pounds of steel are used in its extra long full elliptic springs. The main leaves alone have a combined length of over 31½ feet. The specially selected material and the Waverley working out of the design and principles of spring construction make this the easiest riding vehicle ever produced.

Perfection of control. The Waverley side lever steering system and Waverley Controller (endorsed by Edison) are faultless in construction and perfect in their simplicity and ease of handling.

High-efficiency shaft-drive. The Silent Waverley is the only Electric carriage with shaft drive in its third year of actual service and with gears of a tested efficiency of 98.7%.

There is an agent for the Silent Waverley near you. Let him take you for a ride in the Silent Waverley, demonstrate its mechanical perfection and show you the beauty of its design and the luxury of its silent, easy riding.

Exide, Waverley, National or Edison Battery used.

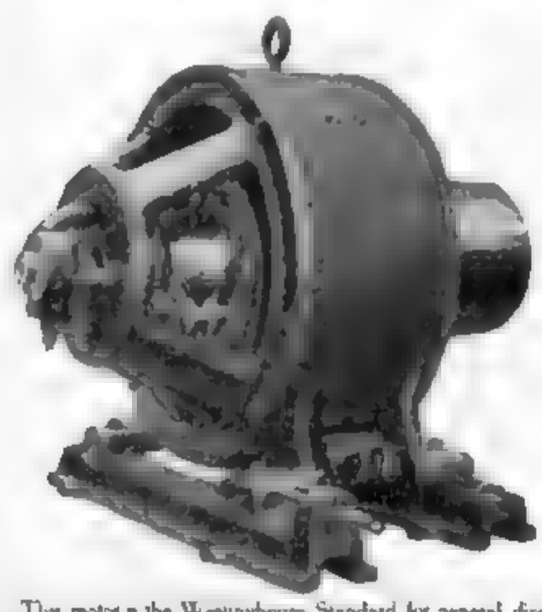
You have not seen the handsomest car—you have not ridden in the most luxurious car—you have not learned the meaning of Electric carriage satisfaction UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE WAVERLEY.

Beautiful Art Catalog fully illustrating and describing the Waverley Electrics sent free on request.

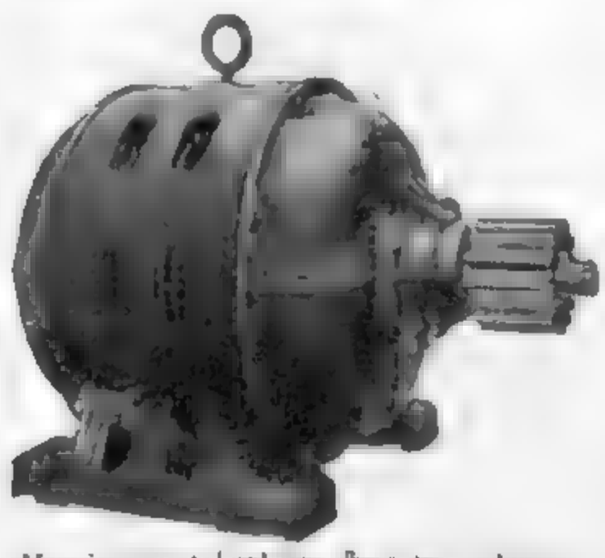
141 South East Street **THE WAVERLEY COMPANY** Indianapolis, Ind.

Builders of Electrics for 15 years.

"Pennsylvania Type Locomotive Motor"—the largest traction motor ever built. The locomotive—mounting two of these motors—develops four thousand horse-power and starts and accelerates a 550-ton train on a two per cent grade



This motor is the Westinghouse Standard for general direct current power purposes and for adjustable speed work, as in operating machine tools. Built in sizes ranging from 2 to 150 horse power for 110 to 600 volts. "Type SA Motor" with auxiliary poles. "Type S" without them.



Motor in use in steel and iron mills, on stone crushers, in brick making plants, cement mills and on other duty where the service is very severe. These motors have great strength and extreme simplicity. "Type MS Mill" for alternating current.

THE engineering supremacy of America is now firmly established. No one agency has accomplished more toward this end than the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Wherever civilization has penetrated and electricity is used the Westinghouse name and products are known.

Built up inside of twenty-five years to be the world leader in the electrical industry—*today the Westinghouse engineers' seal of approval on anything electrical makes that thing standard in electrical practice everywhere.*

The steady growth of the Westinghouse industries, through good times and bad, is one of the big things of American commercial history.

Today they employ nearly twenty thousand people. The

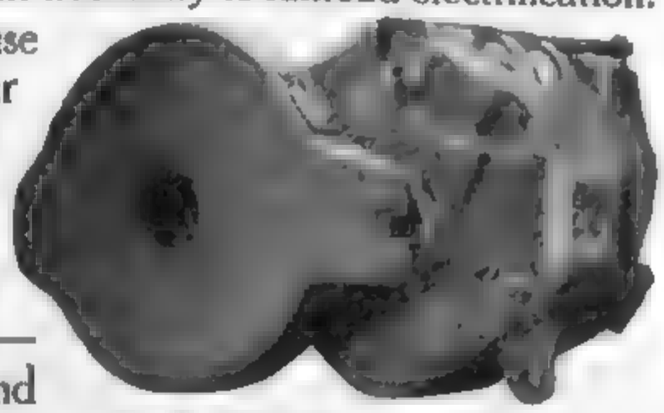
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

name is on everything electrical—from the largest generators and motors ever built down to all sorts of household cooking and heating devices, and the most accurate, jeweled measuring instruments.

An important section of the Pittsburg works is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electric locomotives and equipment necessary to railroad electrification.

Seven hundred fifty carloads of Westinghouse Electrical products are shipped every month. Four hundred engineers are on the Westinghouse staff and the men who direct them have achieved world-wide reputations in the electrical profession.

Whenever you buy a piece of Westinghouse electrical apparatus for any purpose whatever—remember it is backed by the best knowledge and experience in electrical practice and construction to be found. *Look for the Westinghouse name.*

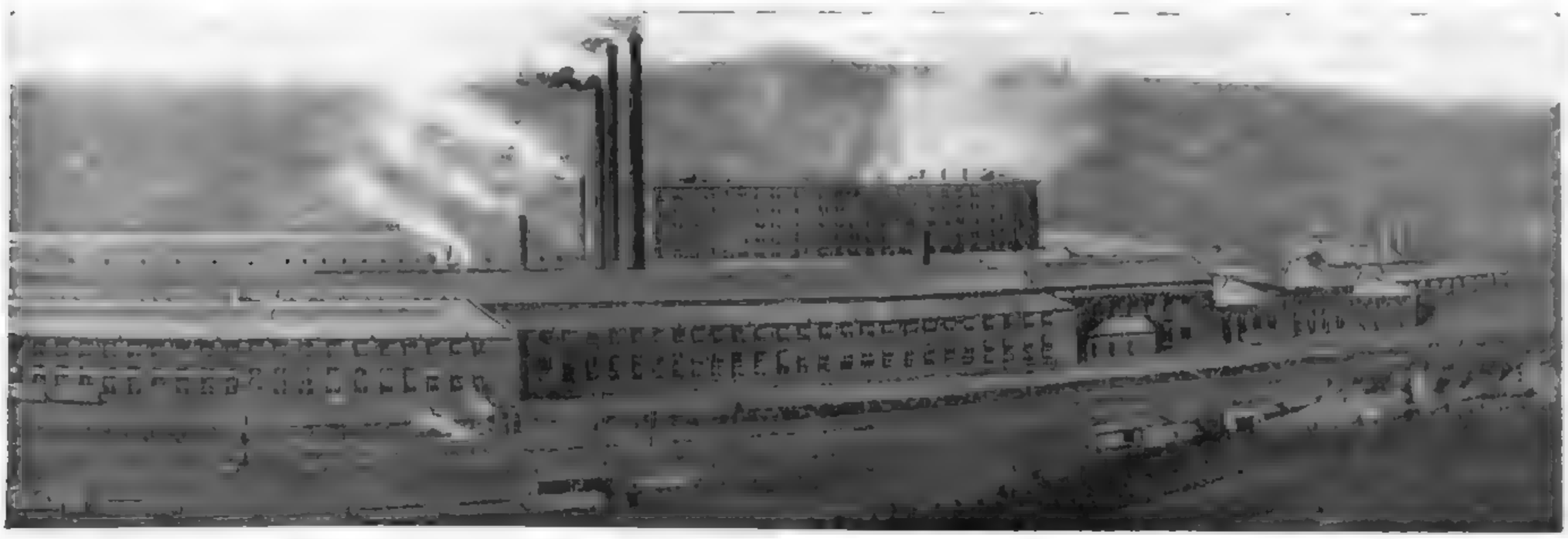


The Westinghouse mine and industrial locomotive motor. For single and double equipment. Easily installed and removed. Operates with high efficiency over wide ranges of speeds. Thoroughly trustworthy under most severe conditions of service. "Direct Current Mine Motors."

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company

Pittsburg

Offices in 40 American Cities — Representatives all Over the World



MANY a manufacturing plant in these days is paying dividends solely because waste and lost motion in production have been eliminated, and the efficiency of its machines has been increased by individual electric motors. The individual electric drive—the motor forming an integral part of the machine—is the ideal method of applying power. Thousands of users of Westinghouse installations *have proven this form of drive to be a paying investment. It gives full and positive power at the machine.* It does away with cumbersome shafting and belting and permits lighter construction of factory buildings. Its speed control is even and easily manipulated, increasing the capacity of the individually driven machine. On certain classes of tools and machines the output has been increased twenty-five to one hundred per cent. and quality of product has been improved by using Westinghouse electric motors in place of mechanical drive.

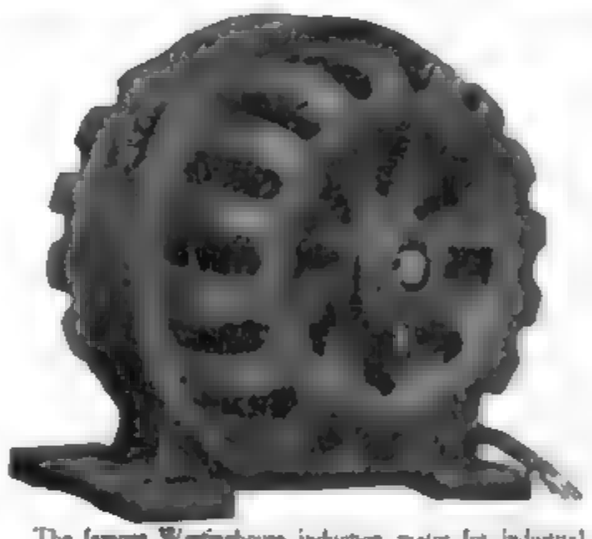
Westinghouse motors are automatic in their regulation, requiring and delivering power in direct proportion to the demand on them. In cases of emergency they will sustain large temporary overloads.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

motors and controllers are in use in every line of manufacture where the use of Electric Power is possible. They range in size from the one-fiftieth horse-power motor to the great special motors developing upward of ten thousand horse-power and are adapted to all classes of service. Nowhere in the universe can be found more special knowledge of electrical matters based on world-wide experience than is centered in the Westinghouse Electric organization.

The only way you can form an intelligent opinion as to the advisability of using electric drive in your own plant is to put it up to Westinghouse Electric to show you.

If there is anything electrical you want to know—from the best motor to run your ice cream freezer to the proper one to drive a steel mill; or what's what in heating devices—*put it up to Westinghouse Electric.* Write to "Westinghouse Motor Application Department, Pittsburg." Your letter will be answered directly by our experts. Are you interested in any of the motors pictured here? Tell us which one and we will mail a booklet, describing what it does and how. A postcard will do.



The famous Westinghouse induction motor for industrial purposes. "Squirrel Cage" rotors. No sliding contacts or wearing parts except the bearings. *No sparking.* This motor can be used in safety surrounded by any sort of inflammable materials. "Type CCL," for alternating current

This motor is the leader in direct current units for the development of large power. It develops from ninety horse-power up and operates on standard voltages from 110 to 650. The motor for all forms of heavy machinery

Another induction motor of "slip-ring" type. For use where such form of motor is desirable on account of operating conditions.

These are the successful small power motors for alternating current. They are used on thousands of devices, such as washing machines, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, coffee grinders, envelope sealers and stampers, and so on. One-twentieth to one-fourth horse-power. "Type DA Single Phase."

Sense and Nonsense

A Reverie of Autumn

THE parlor is strewn with burnt matches; there's dust ankle deep in the hall; the furniture's all over scratches; big cobwebs have frescoed the wall; there isn't a nook or a corner but something is carelessly thrown; for five or six weeks as chief mourner I've run this whole household alone. I think how I manfully told her she never need worry at all; she wasn't to fret or I'd scold her; and when she came back in the fall the house would be kept just as neatly, I'd air all the chambers each day, and have them all dusted completely each week that she might be away. And now that I've had a note, warning me she was about to return, I've aired it and aired it all morning; I've set sulphur candles to burn; the doors have stood open for hours; the windows I've had up all day; I've scattered the place with cut flowers and squirted cologne and sachet; but still it smells rusty and dusty and smoky and clammy and stale, and there is an odor that's musty which camps every hour on my trail. And I don't mind easing and baring my whole troubled conscience to you—I wholly forgot about airing the house as I promised to do.

AND that's not the only bad blunder. I've thought of a worse one than that while airing the house out: I wonder whatever became of the cat! She told me to be sure and feed him—and say, she just doted on Spot! But I didn't happen to need him and so I forgot—I forgot! I got him some milk I remember along in the last of July; let's see, it's the first of September; poor Spot—he must be really dry! I went to the back door this morning and called him with tender regard, but he must have heard me with scorning or else he was not in the yard. It's been some six weeks since I fed him; I guess he resolved not to wait, and maybe his hunger has sped him away to some horrible fate. I hope he comes back, but I doubt it; I'd feed him of milk to his fill; and what will I tell her about it? I'm blessed if I know what I will!

AND that reminds me the canary, who hasn't been singing of late, I found on the cage floor, and very deceased, I am sorry to state. I gave him his seed as I told her I would when she left him with me; I kept both those little glass holders as full every day as could be; and I shed a tear when I found him, his little toes sadly upturned, with all of that foodstuff around him, and it was just then that I learned that one of those things was for water, and for some few weeks he had none, and so when the weather grew hotter he turned his toes up to the sun. I noticed him drooping and pining and looking quite down in the mouth, but I only thought of his dining and never once noticed the drought. I'm sorry his music is ended; I wish that his song could be heard; but what has been done can't be mended and I'll have to buy a new bird.

IT LOOKS sort of lonesome and dreary and smells sort of musty and stale; for Dick's warbling used to be cheery and Spot's purr used never to fail; and things used to be fresh and airy and everything spick, span and clean; I tell you, I've missed you, Sweet Mary, as sure as my name's Henry Green. There's grease on the range in the kitchen; the clock stands unwound in the hall; but when you get home we will pitch in and both do some cleaning that's tall. I know that the whole house looks dizzy and smells from the lack of fresh air, but I'll tell her I was so busy I just couldn't find time to spare. I'm sorry that cat, Spot, is missing, and that poor Dick gave up the ghost, but I'll stop her questions with kissing, and Spot may come back to his post. It may look some mussed up and lonely about here, but after you roam—well say, after all, there is only one place for your wife and that's home!

—*J. W. Foley.*

I Wish I Were Home

I sit in the midst of the clatter
Of dishes, the tattoo of feet,
The shrilling of orders, the chatter
Of hundreds who talk as they eat.
The waitress says kindly, "More turkey?"
I choke as I answer her, "No'm."
And my eyes they are misty and murky—
I wish I were home.

I wish I were home, for I'm lonely;
A lump's in my throat and it chokes.
I want to go home, to be only
This day on the farm, with the folks.
With turkey that never knew storage
And vegetables fresh from the loam—
Real, glorious, countryside forage
I wish I were home.

I'm not going to quit, for the struggle
Is good for the heart and the head;
But I wish I had Her—just to snuggle
Up close, as she did when she said:
"I'll wait for you, Dave, till you win it;
I'll wait for you, boy, as you roam."
And it's just to see Her for a minute
I wish I were home. —*Berton Braley.*

Expert Testimony

THEY were discussing, in the club, at what uncertain stage a man may fairly be said to be intoxicated. One of the company, perchance to justify some reminiscent delinquency, began to quote the old lines:

"Not drunk is he who from the floor"—and so forth.

"I can beat that," said one who spoke with the voice of more recent authority. "A man may be said not to be intoxicated so long as he can lie on his back on the floor without holding on."

The Same Small Boy

THE rattle and creak of the same old tent; the trunk on the same old elephant; the same old tusks and wrinkled skin, and the same old trunk with the peanuts in; the same old cage where the lions roar and the same old mange that they had before; the same old barkers, the same old stunt, and the same gay streamers out in front. The same old swindles, the same old beats, and the same old freaks in the sideshow seats: the bearded lady, the rubber man, the Albino—why, their lives must span full fourscore years, or maybe more, for they're just as young as they were before when I was a boy with a guileless brow, and I'm coming close to forty now.

THE same old tunes that they used to play on the steam piano the same old way; the same old bands in the street parade and the same old airs that the old times played; the same old clowns and the same old smile, from right to left in the same old style; the same bandwagons, the same old blare of brazen horns on the summer air; the same old snake that used to curl in sluggish folds round the same old girl; the same old roar of the lion's rage and the same old chap in the lion's cage; "Please hold your horses"—the same old cry—"for the elephants are coming by!"

THE same free show near the same big tent; the same old cries that the barkers vent; the same old camels, gray with age; the same old stop at the monkey cage; the same old tigers, tired and thin, with the faded stripes and wrinkled skin; the same old brute friends here I see, all caged in the same menagerie; the same old words—"Is the lion cross?" "Does the elephant really know his boss?" "Will the monkeys bite?" "See the camels pout!" "Would the tigers fight if the bears got out?" "Is it just raw meat that the lion gets?" "Is it really blood that the hippo sweats?" And the same old march in the same parade to the big main tent where the rings are laid.

THE same hard seats and the same old cry of the lemon man as he passes by; the same old clown with the same old jokes, and the same old steeds and circus folks; the same old rubes from the same front row who dare to ride bareback—oh! oh! and the same old clothes that they cast off there to show the spangled tights they wear; the same old acts that we always see, and the same old jokes that will always be; the same old things that Barnum knew of the human kind that are always true. And I'm on the grounds when the music plays with the same heart-throb of the old, old days; I'm down in front with the same old thrill, and the same old joy delights me still; for it seems like the same old show, you see, that thrills the same small boy in me!

—*J. W. Foley.*

"Pipings of Peace"
—that's it! Bully old phrase that sure does hit off the joys of smoking Prince Albert tobacco in your old jimmy pipe.
Why, say! Long "before Hector was a pup" men yearned for tobacco without teeth—tobacco that wouldn't, and couldn't bite. Now, here's the answer—
PRINCE ALBERT
Cut out pipe fussing, pipe grouches! Don't take any slack talk on this pipe tobacco question! Don't back water!
Men, what we say is blasted out of solid-rock facts. Now, listen—
Prince Albert is the grandest smoke ever pushed into a bowl. It's got the Indian sign on 'em all—no matter price or reputation. Won't bite your tongue—nor anyone else's. Just can't! Holds its fire long and close; cool, fragrant—hooked up any old way you want to play it.
That's our say-so! What's yours? Game to uncork a dime and find out something that's "good for what ails you?"
These days, all live dealers sell Prince Albert. They're wise. If you can't focus on a "live" one, send us 5 cents for a liberal how-de-do tin. This offer good only in the United States.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT

MAGAZINE MEN AND WOMEN

John Drew and His Daughter

Edwin Balmer

Alice Barber Stephens

Frederic S. Isham

Will N. Harben

Before ordering your next suit insist on seeing the handsome new Shackamaxon styles.

Beautiful ... ear finished and undressed worsteds, plain and fancy serges, and fine soft botany ... in the latest colorings and exclusive designs.

... you cannot obtain the ... rich and ... fine ... elsewhere.

You are not only better dressed when you order your clothes made from Shackamaxon guaranteed fabrics, but you save money.

A suit from these handsome perfectly-finished fabrics, cut and made to your individual measure by a competent tailor, costs very little more than you would pay for an ordinary-looking ready-made suit that gives you nowhere near the satisfaction and service.

The small difference in price—if there is any—is more than made up by the exceptional wear that you get out of *Shackamaxons*.—To say nothing of style.

The quality of these beautiful fabrics shows at a glance. It shows when you *feel* of their soft pliable silky texture. It shows above all *when you put them on*.

They drape gracefully to your figure, as only such fabrics can. And they *retain* their shapeliness and color and fine finish *as long as you wear them*.

Every tailor who handles these fabrics guarantees them in every respect. And his guarantee is backed by ours.

If any suit made from a Shackamaxon fabric shrinks or fades, or if any other fault develops in the fabric—no matter how long you have worn it—we will pay for another suit.

Write us for the name of a tailor in your vicinity who handles *Shackamaxon* fabrics and who will give you *lasting* satisfaction with your clothes.

Ask at the same time for a copy of the new Shackamaxon booklet. Its handy chart of "Correct Dress for All Occasions" is sure to interest you

Please tell us your tailor's name when you write. If he doesn't handle the *Shackamaxon* fabrics he ought to. And we want to take the matter up with him.

J R KEIM & COMPANY Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

Look for the "Shackamaxon" trademark stamped on every suit pattern

"Shackamaxon"
Guaranteed Fabrics

THE MEN WHO GET ON IN THE WEST

By George Frederic Stratton

THE assistant superintendent of a great Connecticut manufacturing corporation recently said: "During the past two years over forty of our young employees got the Western fever and went out to get cured. Up to date eighteen of them have come back and applied for their old jobs. It's the same old story—plenty of ordinary men for ordinary jobs, and the newcomers have to take skimmed milk until they can show that they're worth cream."

A verbatim account of the experiences of one of the returned and disappointed new-world builders was obtained. He had been a timekeeper in the Connecticut factory for four years when, dissatisfied with the prospects and drawn by reading of the Golden West, he had gone to Denver. But timekeepers were not in demand and ordinary office clerks were as plentiful as in Hartford. When down to his last dollar he got a job at driving a team for a local truck gardener. A little later he changed to the job of checking weights in a coal yard. There was no improvement in his condition or, as he viewed it, in his prospects; therefore, as soon as he could scrape together the money, he bought a return ticket to the East. He had entirely failed to grasp the fact that the West or the East—Missouri or Massachusetts—Colorado or Connecticut—have to be shown; that a man's bald claim of ability is not instantly and unreservedly accepted.

The foregoing is a case typical of the experiences of thousands of others who, lured by Western prospects, follow the sun until they see the golden snows on Pike's Peak or the glaring plains of Idaho or Nevada, or, still farther out, the apple-and-orange-blossomed slopes from the foothills of the Sierras to the wash of the Pacific. And wherever he may stop to prospect the bookkeeper fails to find the position of business manager waiting for him; the retail drygoods clerk who has left the steadiness of fourteen dollars a week finds the twenty-five-dollar positions apparently full to the brim. The mechanic looks in vain for the immediate foremanship which his expertness and his estimate of the needs of the West have led him to expect. For, urgent as the need of the West is for capable, energetic executives, it insists upon first being shown the qualities before it hands out the salaries. However, the majority of such men, either determined to win out or forced to stay by lack of means to return, often awake with astounding suddenness to the fact that, though the West has to be shown, its response when it is shown character and ability is marvelously quick and gratifying.

An Engineer Who Made Good

A young electrical engineer, trained in one of the largest manufacturing plants of the country, went to Montana, thence to Nevada, trying in vain to get a "position." He struck Salt Lake City and took a "job" as lineman for the street-railway company. He was a good worker and stuck on manfully, watching keenly for an opportunity to make use of his knowledge and abilities. One day, after four months of the work, he was eating lunch with the gang foreman in a modest restaurant. At the next table sat a husky, prosperous-looking ranchman, talking with a friend.

"There's a hundred horse-power running to waste down the cañon," he said, "and if I knew enough about the job I could turn every gallon of it into dollars."

"There's your chance," whispered the foreman to the young engineer.

Acting on the impulse he leaned over toward the ranchman and said:

"It isn't my custom to listen to strangers' conversation, but what you said about that water reached me without listening. I'm an electrical engineer and looking for a job. If you'll give me a chance on that I'll make good."

The appeal was short, crisp and direct enough to reach the Western heart and head. There was a keen, comprehensive scrutiny of the young fellow, followed by a score of questions as to his knowledge, experience and present occupation, some of which the foreman answered with complimentary comment. Finally the ranchman said:

"If you want to go back with me tomorrow and show me that you know what you're talking about, with all the dips, spurs, variations and right angles, I'll let you tackle the job. I'll give you the same grubstake as you're getting now, and when the machine's running all right, if it comes inside your estimate of the cost, I'll throw in a bonus of a couple of hundred or so."

The engineer glanced at his foreman, who said: "Go to it!"

Four months later he had a hundred-kilowatt generator driving motors pumping water for irrigating a high level, and lighting the ranch buildings. The rancher handed him a check for three hundred dollars.

"That's your bonus," he said. "You've done a good job, and there's another like it waiting for you at the Red Warrior Mine, sixteen miles up the cañon. They want a thousand horse-power, and nachully they've been watching your work. I'm on the stock list for a couple of hundred shares and I've told 'em you assay all right."

From Groceries to Power Plants

A few years ago a young clerk left Boston to seek a Western fortune. After some weeks of drifting and failure he secured a job in a Denver general store. A month later he was wishing he was back East. The opening conditions were the same as those he had left, and he assumed that the succeeding conditions would be the same.

Denver was to him but a small edition of Boston: selling groceries at retail, handling the same goods in the same old way, with the same old amusements—vaudeville, picture-shows and ball games—for recreation. During that summer he saw neither cowboy nor pony—except a small bunch at a modest Wild West show on the fairgrounds. He did his work well, but after a few months concluded that, if he was to be a grocery clerk for life, he'd prefer to be back in good old Boston. So, one morning, after a specially blue Sunday, he went to the store determined to give notice of his intention to leave the job and go back East, but the employer got ahead of him. Calling him into the office he said:

"Billy, how would you like to go to Placer Flat? That's up in the Opex Cañon, sixty miles from here. It's a new town—mining—with a sure good sheep-country adjoining, and some farming. I put a few hundred into town lots when it started, two years ago, and I'm going to open a store up there. The prospect's all right—good pay streaks and sheep feed—and I want you to go up and run it."

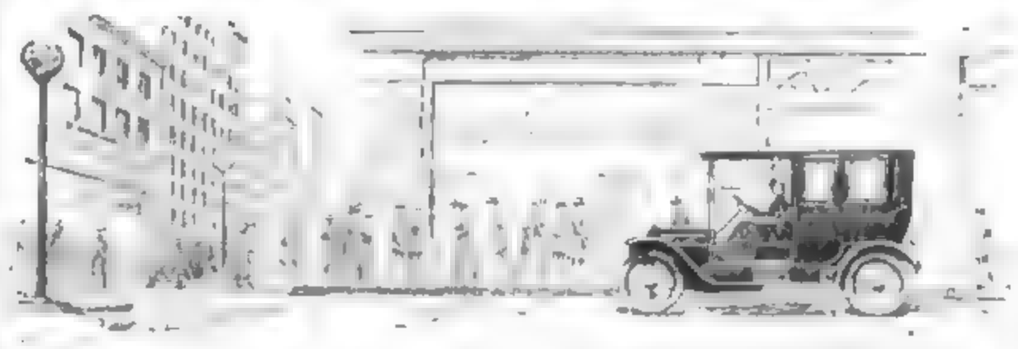
The young fellow was astounded. In three minutes his whole perspective of life was changed. Promotion!—before he was fairly settled in his job, and a transfer into the very scenes for which he had come West, but failed to find. He gasped his eager willingness to go.

"It's thirty miles off the railroad," continued the employer, "and as you'll have to have a team up there you'd better take those gray mares. You can drive from here in two days, as the trail's good now. Can you start tomorrow? There are two carloads of goods on the way and some one ought to be there to see to the hauling."

He would have started that minute, without a handbag, if necessary. The spirit of the West was in him, bubbling over.

Six months later the ex-clerk, manager of the Empire General Store, sauntered one evening from the dining-room of the only hotel in town on to the broad, rough veranda, which was occupied by the usual evening gathering of townsmen and miners and near-by ranchers. Cigar in mouth he strode into their midst and shouted:

"Boys! How long is this going to be a coal-oil town—a little old one-horse, one-shift coal-oil town—when there's water enough running down that cañon to make electric lights and power for every house,



The White Gasoline Limousine for 1911

is the culmination of ten years' experience in building stylish and efficient motor cars.

The product of the White factories is of the character of workmanship, finish and efficiency that leads persons of refinement and excellent judgment to choose the White for personal use.

Presidents and other public officials own White Cars.

The White Limousine is the very utmost in stylish simplicity.

No expense was spared where the body and interior furnishings could be better handled, yet there is not a button too much—not even a shade of color too bright—not a single detail overdone.

Any tasteful woman will endorse the White Limousine's interior finish and upholstering the moment she sees them.

Imported broadcloths in almost any color may be obtained, with tapes, whipcords, etc., to match.

The size of the White is another advantage.

The car is light enough to be easy on tires, compact enough to thread in and out of the traffic of the crowded downtown thoroughfares, yet amply spacious to comfortably accommodate five passengers inside.

It is neither a small car nor a cumbersome car. Rather a moderation of both.

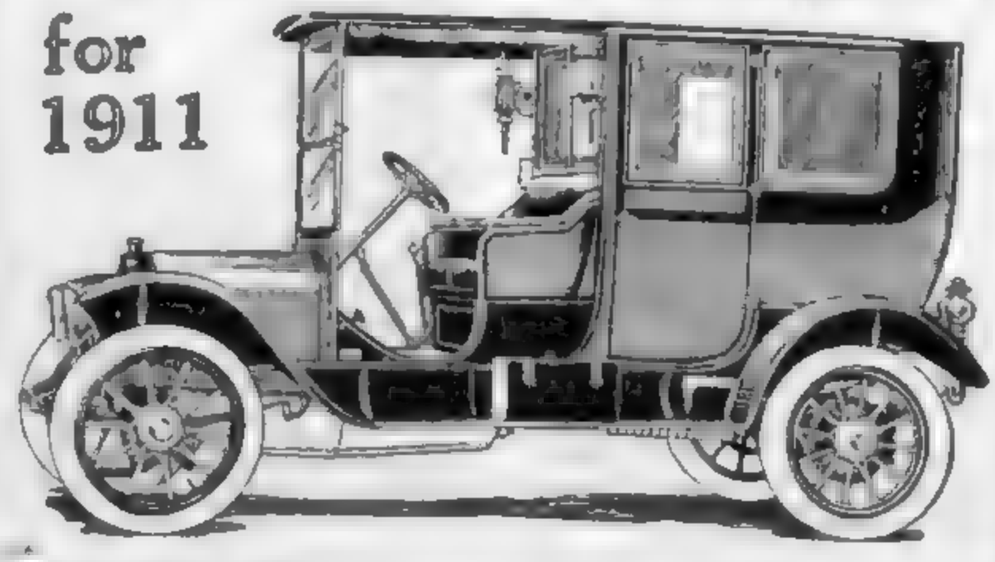
The seats are wide and deep, the doors are low and of good width. It's a very easy car to enter and leave.

The appearance of a White Limousine as it stands before the owner's home reflects culture and refinement of the very highest type.

The catalog, which goes more into detail, will be gladly sent on request.

The White Company, 916 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

The White Limousine for 1911



store, mine and ranch within wiring distance? A year ago we had six hundred inhabitants; now we have sixteen hundred. Next year we'll reach four or five thousand; and you can bet your final dollar that some of the newcomers'll stake out that water-claim if we don't. What are we doing, anyway?"

There was a howl of appreciation, and as it subsided a burly sheepman, who had that season cashed in a big clipping of wool, growled:

"That's a pious idee! I've got five thousand to chip in on that! Any one talkin'?"

Inside of an hour twenty-six thousand dollars was pledged for stock in an electric light company. The discussion and decision were absolutely informal, but were held with the fine orderliness of a Western meeting—the outgrowth of the days when gun-to-heart talk was considered as effective in maintaining order and fairness as a Cannon incantation of rules.

The next day the ranchman was on the train for Chicago, to interview agents of the several manufacturing electrical companies. In thirty days the company was organized. Forty thousand dollars was subscribed and the promoted grocery clerk appointed secretary and treasurer, with the understanding that his office would be in the Empire General Store, of which he would remain manager. His employer went on his bond.

Men Like Horses

"Sure! When we've been shown character, ability and enterprise we take it right up and use it," was the emphasized comment of an employer of several hundred men, when told of the foregoing incident. "We calculate to hire a young fellow on a moderate salary until he shows the right color; but we see that color the moment it shows, and go deeper for more without losing any time—and pay for it. We don't talk about a dollar a week raise at the end of the year if the work is satisfactory, and another dollar raise at the end of another year if it continues satisfactory; with various and sundry hints at prospects of promotion during the succeeding ten or fifteen years if the work continues satisfactory. We wouldn't hire a man who'd listen to such terms. If he doesn't know enough to take care of his own interests he doesn't know enough to take care of ours. We look upon a good man as we do a good horse—to be used now, while he is good, upon the right shift. If he shows the least sign of snap, style and pull we take him off the freight work at once and put him on the fast express and develop him."

This vigorous asserter is a contractor, and one instance of his methods will show that he backs up his statements. A workman of twelve years' experience in one of the large Indiana wagon-building shops went into the intermountain region to seek promotion. As usual, his first experiences were disappointing. At Cheyenne, Helena, Ogden and Salt Lake City he found openings only in repair shops, at wages no higher than he had previously received. And, from his point of view, the prospects were not so good, as there was not a wagon factory in the entire section. After six months he wrote to inquire if he could go back on his old job.

One day, before an answer had arrived, the contractor came into the shop where the young mechanic was working and gave instructions about some repairs. He growled because he had to send back East for new outfits, and mentioned the heavy freight charge he had just paid on a shipment of ten wagons. The wagon-maker grinned and said:

"That check you gave for freight would buy enough lumber in Oregon and pay the freight on it here to build forty wagons."

"What's that?" demanded the contractor.

The young man took out his pocketbook and showed some notes on lumber quotations and freight rates. There were a dozen questions asked and answered, when the contractor finally said:

"Let me copy those figures. I want to look into this."

Three weeks afterward the young man was on the way East to purchase an outfit of machinery for a new wagon-building firm, of which he was the junior, but active, partner. A year afterward the contractor said: "I'd seen, by his repair work, that he understood wagons, and I learned that he had saved a hundred dollars out of five months' wages, so I had a line on both his ability and his character. He's got both in paying streaks. We'll have to double our outfit at once or lose orders."

The humdrum whistle-to-whistle man who goes West looking for bigger wages or salary than he received East will look in vain, for the supply is fully equal to the demand. But the man with ambition—and its running-mates, vigor and push—is looked for as keenly as are pay-streaks or water-powers. Every business man in the Far West is a prospector for brains and skill; but, though he is willing to risk something on exploration, he has got to see some success before he'll go in very deep.

An official of a large Western mercantile corporation, which is engaged in six or seven different lines of manufacturing and distributing and has branches in ten different cities, says:

"We're always willing to try out young men from the East—to see if they can help us—for we are widening out as fast as we can get men whom we can depend upon; but we must see the man's ability ourselves. Written recommendations or references, no matter from what big men, are no admission tickets to responsible positions, because we have found that men who have been steady and reliable among their old-time friends and associates may cut loose when clear away from those influences."

A man who had worked for a number of years as agent at a lonely way station on the Maine Central Railroad went West to seek a bigger job. He got one on the Rio Grande Railroad, as unimportant and unremunerative as the one he had left. It was forty miles west of the Rockies, in a sagebrush desert upon which some little dry farming had been developed.

Thirty miles to the north was a mining camp with a broad footing of unsurpassed farming and irrigation possibilities. Every ton of ore and produce had to be freighted over those thirty miles of desert, and appeals were made in vain to the railroad officials for a branch.

"Build a branch yourselves!" exclaimed the agent one day to a group of miners and ranchmen. There was a moment of dead silence, then a bowl which almost reached the distant camp:

"Come over and tell us how to do it!"

What Mr. Harriman Said

Three days later the agent got a chance to go over. The various small mines were shut down and the owners, with the sheepmen and farmers, were rounded up in the little village, loaded with enthusiasm. In two hours the railroad company was organized—some men pledging labor in exchange for stock, others putting in cash. In an exceedingly short time the road was built and the station agent was elected general manager. It started with an equipment of one engine, one passenger and half a dozen flat cars, on a one-trip-a-day schedule—up the track one day and down the next; but it developed the country, largely through the business efforts of the old-time station agent; and in three years the Rio Grande company bought it up, at a good price, and made its manager a division superintendent.

Such occurrences may appear, in print, to be rare, strange and abnormal, whereas they are truly commonplace. The relation of them is heard daily in conversation with active business men. The editor of one of the Sacramento dailies, born in the West and of large personal acquaintance with its towns and its men, says that it is almost impossible to find an Eastern man who, having had a successful business career, had not in his early days met with such quick and often sudden recognition of his capacities as to surprise himself; and the recognition usually came at the moment when some measure of discouragement, and perhaps a little homesickness, had clouded the outlook.

The late E. H. Harriman, who was as close a student of Western men and matters as any man of his period, once said:

"Missouri is not peculiar, nor ever has been, in wanting to be shown. The East demands it as well as the West. But there's a big difference in their demands. The East requires to be shown profits, strong probabilities, character and capability before it gives confidence. The West requires to be shown disaster, incompetence or disreputable habits before it withholds its confidence and its substantial encouragement."

The Marion Harland Crusade

For Sweeter, Cleaner and Healthier Homes

WILL you help me to accomplish a mission that is very near and dear to my heart?

A nation-wide movement that I am planning for you. A great crusade for every one of you dear women who has a home. I want you to work with me, both for your own sake and for the great good of the loved ones in your home. I must have you with me to succeed.

When I first heard of the Vacuum Cleaner, that marvelous invention appealed to me instantly as the most wonderful benefit to women that had been produced in centuries. I have watched its development with unceasing interest as it grew from a crude idea into a perfect machine. But it was not until I saw and used the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner that I felt an irresistible impulse to do something to let you know what it would do for you.

Acting on that impulse I wrote Mr. Duntley last May, telling him of my belief in his Vacuum Cleaner—telling him also that I wanted him to make it possible for every woman to have one of his cleaners in her home.

I asked him if he could not make a Duntley Vacuum Cleaner which would do perfect work and still be light enough in weight for any woman to handle comfortably—if he could not sell that Vacuum Cleaner at a price within reach of the little woman who does her own housework and has to count her pennies, for she is the one who needs it most. I told him I believed she ought to have it on easy monthly payments so small that she could meet them out of her pin money.

To my delight, Mr. Duntley replied with enthusiasm. He said that my plan was not only possible but practical—that he would at once get out a Vacuum Cleaner such as I suggested.

Mr. Duntley said that they would need my help and asked me if I would accept the office of Domestic Director of their Company. This I was glad to do because of the opportunity it afforded me of helping you.

True to his word, Mr. Duntley has perfected a new cleaner of just the size and kind I hoped he would. It is only a trifle smaller than the famous No. 3 Duntley Cleaner, but weighs much less. It is the Duntley No. 6 and is exactly right for a snug, cozy home or apartment.

Mr. Duntley has done just what I asked. He has made it possible for you to pay for a Vacuum Cleaner out of your pin money, and never feel it a burden.

Best of all—he has set aside one hundred thousand dollars for me to spend in my own way to tell you about his generous offer of a free trial, a special price and special terms on this new Vacuum Cleaner.

I want to use this vast sum of money to tell you how you can make use of the Vacuum Cleaner to escape the hopeless drudgery of house cleaning—how you can, to a great extent, actually insure the lives of your loved ones.

I can tell you, here, only a little of how the germ-poisoned dust in even the most carefully-kept homes lies ever in wait for its victims—of how the terrible White Plague has its beginnings in the time when the children are allowed to creep and crawl on dusty floors—of how it attacks the rich as well as the poor and works such havoc in happy homes all over our land.

But there is escape for us safe and certain. This marvelous thing we call the Vacuum System of cleaning works sure destruction to this deadly foe.

So I want to write you a personal letter, telling you more of the things I have learned about it—of the ways I personally have found for using this wonderful machine in my own home, ways which I believe are not usually known. Write to me and give me this opportunity.

I want you to read on this page what Mr Duntley so kindly calls the "Marion Harland Special Offer." He tells you that you can have his Vacuum Cleaner on trial in your own home for twenty-four hours without one cent of expense. If you don't want to keep it you need not, and you will be under no obligation whatever.

I give you my personal word that you can depend upon what Mr. Duntley says. Accept his offer with perfect confidence.

I ask you, for your own sake, to help me in my crusade by mailing the coupon to me in care of Mr. Duntley. I will see that your Cleaner is sent at once to your home.

Won't you fill in the coupon and mail it now?

Sincerely your friend,

Marion Harland

Domestic Director.

Use the DUNTLEY VACUUM CLEANER 24 Hours Free

$3.00 Keeps it in Your Home

You are indebted to Miss Harland for this offer which puts the Duntley No. 6 Vacuum Cleaner within reach of every woman who needs it—to be paid for in monthly payments so small that they may easily be met from her pin money.

Let Marion Harland Tell You How

the No. 6 will not only save you money, but how it may be made to pay for itself and produce a steady income without labor on your part. This new Duntley No. 6, which should really be known as the "Marion Harland," operates noiselessly, is light and easy to carry from room to room and costs but a couple of cents an hour to operate. **It is fully equipped with all the necessary cleaning tools, including a carpet nozzle, drapery nozzle, suction hose, straight handle, bent handle, floor nozzle and carpet brush.**

Ask Marion Harland Today About the Pin Money Payments.

These too were suggested by Miss Harland, and as Domestic Director of our company she is in a position to explain personally to you its uses and economy, and the details of the Pin-Money Payment Plan.

Send this Coupon to Marion Harland.

Use the address on the coupon and you will hear personally from Miss Harland without delay.

J. W. DUNTLEY, President

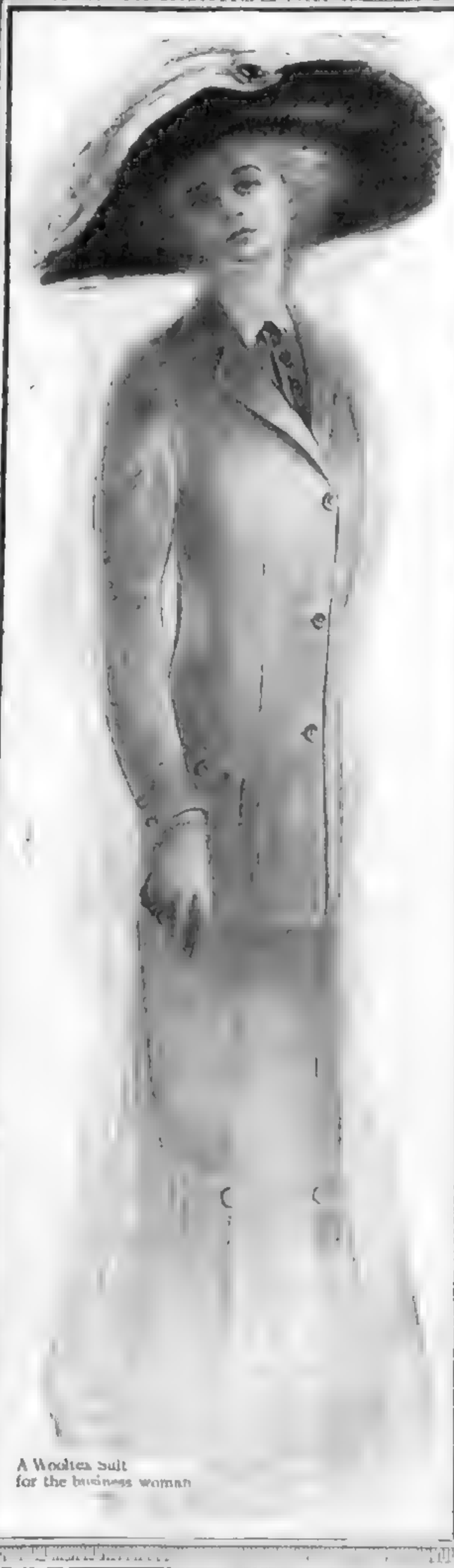
For MARION HARLAND, Domestic Director
Duntley Manufacturing Co. of Hercules Building, Chicago

Dear Miss Harland: Please tell me how to get the Duntley Cleaner on Pin Money Payments and how it can be made to pay for itself and produce an income.

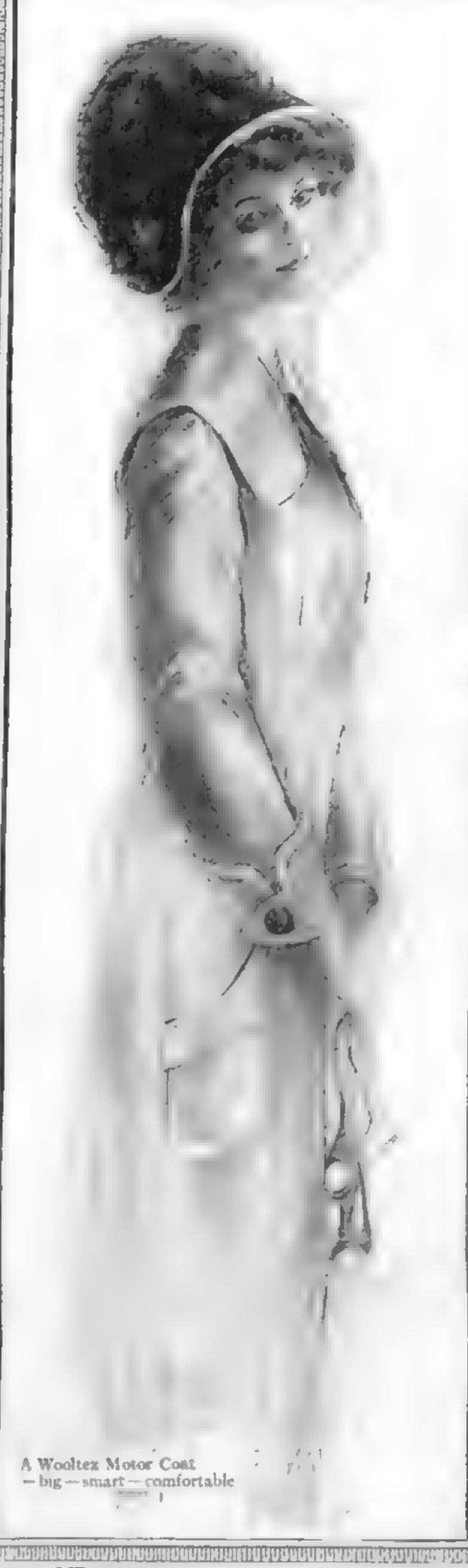
Name _____

Address _____

I have electric current in my home



A Wooltex Suit
for the business woman



A Wooltex Motor Coat
—big—smart—comfortable

This label is your protection for style and qu

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best looking, most becoming
Wooltex prices (suits, $25 to $5
sufficient to secure the best of
least at which really high grade
pure silk fabrics can be produce

You will appreciate the splen

The Wooltex Style Book, beautifully illustrated in [illegible] by two famous artists, Alonzo Kimball and Jean Parke, [illegible] Exclusive
If there is no Store That Sells Wooltex in your city write for book No. 152

Ask for the Wooltex fall book—see the

THE STORE THAT

ality. Look for it in your fall clothes.

IVE clothes for women and
men. Clothes that have the
f elegance—refinement—
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all wool or pure silk fabrics—so
d and so carefully finished that we
antee two full seasons' satisfactory
very Wooltex coat, suit or skirt fits
well—adds to the attractiveness of
who wears it.

models designed by the Wooltex
ganization, with the help of Madame
e bureau in Paris, are quite the
garments you will find this season.
coats, $15 to $45; skirts, $6 to $20),
workmanship and materials, are the
well made garments of all wool or
d.

did values when you see the clothes.

The H. Black Company

Paris *Designers and Makers* Cleveland

A Wooltex Steamer Coat
—that is just as attractive ashore.

A Wooltex Suit
for the college girl.

Wooltex fall models in your own city at

SELLS WOOLTEX

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Real country sausages, with the true farm flavor, are no more than a fond, childhood memory to most folks.

A helping of Jones Dairy Farm Sausages for breakfast or luncheon will bring again to you a pleasure of past years.

These sausages are really made on our farm, in the good, old farm fashion, especially for folks who yearn for country sausages.

We use the loins and shoulders of little, milk-fed pigs, mixed with pure home-ground spices and salt, from a recipe written in an old-fashioned hand with a quill pen. No adulterants or preservatives — we wouldn't know how to use them if we had them. The result is a delicious sausage meat that makes everybody who tries it want it again. Even our neighbors sell us their pigs and buy our sausages.

If your grocer sells Jones Dairy Farm Sausages, we will be glad to express his orders so that you can have perfectly fresh sausages on whatever day of the week you want them delivered. We make only enough each day to fill that day's orders. If he does not sell them, write us. We'll take care of you.

Write anyway for our free Farm Cook Book. It contains recipes the French never heard of.

MILO C. JONES

Jones Dairy Farm

Box 605 Fort Atkinson, Wis.

YOUR SAVINGS

How Postal Savings Banks Will Work

BY THE first of the year, and possibly before that time, one of the most intimate and effective agencies for saving will be brought to the very front doors of the people of the United States. This will be accomplished through the long-awaited introduction of postal savings banks. The act authorizing them was passed by the last Congress and, at the time this article is written, practically all the details for the operation of the system have been arranged. Here is a work that not only touches all citizens but provides a constructive and economic opportunity of which everybody may take advantage. The big question everywhere is, How will the banks work and what must the depositors do?

There is a worldwide significance in our postal savings system. Although we are the last great nation to take it up, our plan differs in many respects from that in vogue in any other country. Under the terms of the Postal Savings Bank Bill, the control, supervision and administration of the postal banks is in the hands of a board of trustees consisting of the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General, acting *ex officio*. The first board, which comprises Mr. Frank Hitchcock, Mr. Franklin MacVeagh and Mr. George Wickersham, with Mr. Theodore Weed as secretary, named a subcommittee, of which Mr. H. H. Thompson is chairman. This committee has worked out most of the details of the plan that will now be set forth.

There was very little in the act itself to aid the Post-Office Department in establishing the system. It was a general measure directing the postmasters to accept savings up to five hundred dollars, to record the deposits in passbooks and pay two per cent interest. The problem, therefore, was to devise a system that would be simple, efficient and economical. The first task was to find a suitable record of deposit. When the committee turned to the systems in operation in foreign countries they found that the passbook was in universal use; but the passbook requires an elaborate chain of accounting. In England, for example, where one out of every six persons is a postal savings depositor, more than two thousand bookkeepers are required to keep track of the passbook accounts. The introduction of passbooks in the United States would have required, so it was estimated, four thousand bookkeepers. It was decided to cut out the passbook and issue certificates of deposit.

The Certificate System

The certificate will be about the size of a dollar bill and will be issued in the form of an original and a duplicate. The original will be kept by the depositor as his receipt and the duplicate by the postmaster as his record of the transaction. Each certificate will be numbered and will be in a series, so that if a depositor loses one the payment on it can be stopped. On the certificate will be engraved, in addition to the statement of the Government's indebtedness to the holder, an interest table for five years. Thus no bookkeeping will be required. The postmaster or his assistant can figure up the interest at any time, because the interest will not be compounded and the calculation will be a very simple matter. The depositor will be required to sign both the original and the duplicate certificate. When he comes to withdraw his money he will be required to duplicate this signature. Likewise, as in a bank, he will have to be identified. With the issuance of the first certificate, which corresponds to the opening of an account, he will be asked to fill out a card similar to that required by New York savings banks. Any person over ten years of age may become a depositor. An account may be started with one dollar or multiples of one dollar; not more than one hundred dollars can be deposited in a calendar month and all accounts are limited to five hundred dollars. Each depositor is limited to one account.

According to the original plan, the amount of the deposit was to be punched in the certificate of deposit. This method, however, offered the danger that a dishonest postmaster or his assistant might punch the original certificate for one amount, and the duplicate—which is the office record—for a smaller amount, and keep the difference. A plan has therefore been devised to get around this danger. Two kinds of certificate will be issued: one is to be punched and the other is not to be punched. The punched certificate will be for deposits ranging from one to nine dollars. It will be issued when the first deposit is made. It is contended that, since the amount that would be stolen on this certificate is so small, no official would jeopardize his position or liberty for it. When the tenth dollar is deposited by the holder of one of these certificates his old certificate is destroyed and he is given a new one with the denomination of ten dollars. The depositor can then start his dollar-saving with a punched certificate again, and when he has saved ten dollars more he can get a twenty-dollar certificate, and so on. For those who want to start with a flat deposit of ten dollars or twenty dollars or forty dollars, certificates of the denomination of their deposit will be issued. These certificates will be in multiples of ten dollars up to one hundred dollars.

The duplicate certificates will be kept at the post-office in heavy manila envelopes, which have been especially made for this purpose. On the outside are spaces in which to write the depositor's name and the amount of his interest as it comes due.

Interest Not Compounded

The certificates of deposit will be non-transferable, non-negotiable, and will not be available for collateral security. Likewise they will not be regarded as legal tender in any sense. This will prevent a laboring man, for instance, from passing his certificate of hard-earned savings, or that of his wife or child, over the counter of a saloon.

The Government will pay two per cent interest annually. It will be credited once a year. There will be no compounding. This means that if you deposit one hundred dollars January 1, 1911, and keep the money in the post-office until January 1, 1912, you will have one hundred and two dollars to your credit. But if you do not make any more deposits during the year 1912 your interest for that year will not be on one hundred and two dollars, as it would be in a savings bank, but on one hundred dollars, the amount of your original deposit. If you want to draw out your two dollars' interest at the end of a year you will have to cash in the old certificate and have a new one for one hundred dollars issued. Interest will not be allowed on fractions of a dollar.

The interest periods have not been worked out, but will probably be January 1 and July 1.

Having disposed of the passbook problem, the committee faced another big question, which was: Shall a postal savings deposit be payable at any post-office in the United States on presentation of a certificate or only at the office where the deposit was made? In England a depositor can withdraw his money anywhere on the presentation of his passbook. Thus a man away from home on a holiday who finds himself short of cash can simply go to the post-office at the resort or town where he is staying and get financial relief. It was decided that though this could work successfully in England it would be impractical in the United States, where there are sixty thousand post-offices, or three times more than in the United Kingdom. Hence, money can only be withdrawn at the office where it has been deposited.

Now for the disposition of the deposits. The Post-Office Department is authorized to deposit the postal savings bank funds in state, national or savings banks and trust companies that do a general banking business. These deposits shall bear interest at the rate of not less than 2¼ per cent a year. Most of the deposits will earn more, as there will be competition for these deposits. Five per cent of the deposits will be withdrawn by the Treasurer of the United States and held in cash as

You Do Not Need A Financial Education

to invest your savings safely. Whether you have $10 a month to save or a cash surplus of $100,000 to invest, you will make no mistake if you buy the guaranteed first mortgages that we furnish you on New York City real estate.

Back of these mortgages is

(1) The most valuable and productive real estate in the world—New York City.

(2) Our 26 years' experience lending money on mortgage on New York City real estate.

(3) The absolute guarantee of payment of principal and interest by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its capital and surplus of $7,500,000.

(4) Our guarantee of title with our capital and surplus of $14,000,000.

They Bear Interest at 4½%

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in guaranteed mortgages in New York City and not one dollar has ever been lost to an investor.

These mortgages are in amounts from $1,000 up, and the guaranteed mortgage certificates based upon them are $200, $500, $1,000 and $5,000.

The $200 certificate can be paid for in amounts of $10 per month.

Write us about how much you might be willing to invest, and we will send you our booklet "The Safe Way to Save," or suitable information.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST Co

176 Broadway NEW YORK | 175 Remsen Street BROOKLYN, N.Y. | 350 Fulton Street JAMAICA, N.Y.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25½ to $1.00

Dealers or direct upon receipt of price

A. Stein & Co., Makers

MUNICIPAL BONDS

4% to 6%

ULEN, SUTHERLIN & CO.

BANKERS CHICAGO

6% NET

PERKINS & CO Lawrence, Kans.

Are You a Mason?

6 INCHES of ASPHALT CEMENT-WELDED JOINT

THE patented wide-weld means a continuous, one-piece roof without a nail-hole.

The smooth, under surface of each sheet is lapped over the six-inch, ungraveled margin of the next sheet below, and welded inseparably to it, covering every nail-head.

SECURITY WIDE-WELD ASPHALT ROOFING

PATENTED

IT pays to buy good roofing. Security Wide-Weld Roofing not only has the six-inch joint that makes it strong where roofs are generally weakest, but it is made wholly of the best weather-proofing materials known.

It is built up of five layers:—two of special high-grade, long-fibered wool-felt, saturated with natural mineral-asphalt; two alternating layers of hard natural mineral-asphalt cement; and a heavy surfacing of natural mineral-asphalt cement into which is permanently imbedded a final layer of white sea-gravel or crushed feldspar rock. No coal-tar products or volatile oils are used

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made in three styles:—Graveled Surface; Coarse Feldspar; and Fine Feldspar. It can also be furnished with burlap insertion for siding or roofs over one-half pitch

Anyone can easily apply Security Roofing and it is perfectly adapted for use on any type of building

There is a Security Agent in almost every town. Write us and we'll send name and address of the one nearest you

Write for free book, "The Requirements of a GOOD Roof." It tells in detail why Security Roofing meets these requirements; and how easy it is to apply patented, six-inch joint

The National Roofing Co.

Manufacturers of Asphalt Roofing and Paint

202 Filmore Ave., Tonawanda, N.Y.

a reserve fund. No bank can act as depository without first giving security in the shape of Government, state, municipal or other high-class bonds. These have not yet been specified.

Various restrictions are placed on the deposits. The amount deposited in any one bank shall not exceed the amount of the capital or half of the surplus of the institution. The banks designated as depositories shall be located in the town where the post-office is. If there is no bank in the town or village a bank in the nearest place may be named. If no bank in the community is willing to take the postal deposits they may be deposited with the board of trustees in charge of the savings system and counted as part of the legal reserve of five per cent.

The trustees may withdraw thirty per cent of the deposits at any time and invest it in bonds or other securities of the United States. Sixty-five per cent—which with the legal reserve of five per cent completes the total deposits—must be kept on deposit. This balance may be withdrawn by the President of the United States, and only, to quote the words of the act, "when, in his judgment, the general welfare and the interests of the United States so require." This means that they will only be used in some great emergency to maintain our national credit or to buy Government bonds, which cannot be sold otherwise.

All interest or profit accruing from the deposit or investment of postal savings funds will be applied to the payment of interest due to savings bank depositors. The excess will be put into the Treasury of the United States as part of the postal revenue. The Government can dispose of any of the bonds that it holds as postal savings investments at any time, and use the proceeds to pay withdrawals of deposits.

Government Bonds for Savers

A plan is being considered by which the postal savings depositor may exchange his certificate of deposit for United States bonds bearing two and a half per cent interest, and of the same denomination as his certificate. This is like the English system, which enables the depositor to buy consols with his deposits when they exceed the legal limit of deposit, which is two hundred pounds or one thousand dollars. The British Government buys the consols for the depositor. The proposed bonds in exchange for our certificates are only to be issued when outstanding bonds of the United States are to be called or when the Government desires to replenish the Treasury. If carried out this plan will mean a ready market for the various new issues of Panama Canal bonds which will be required, and would likewise provide for the retirement of the six hundred and eighty-five million dollars of bonds now owned by national banks as a basis for their circulation in case we ever decide to start a central bank of issue.

Any post-office may become a postal savings bank. Although no formal application is necessary, the department at Washington has already received more than six hundred requests from postmasters who want to act as bankers. They have come from every state and from Alaska and Porto Rico. Many of the postmasters write that people have already bought money orders with their savings, awaiting the establishment of the banks. In one Western city these money orders aggregate one hundred thousand dollars.

One more question remains to be answered: Will the postal savings banks be rivals and competitors of the regular savings banks? In those states that have no rigid safeguards about the operation of savings banks they will be welcome substitutes: in states like New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut, they will be feeders to the savings banks. Where absolute safety is to be obtained in each case there is no competition between a return of two per cent, such as the Government will pay, and three and a half and four per cent, such as the highest-class savings banks pay. But the postal banks will serve the big and beneficent end of starting the depositor in the right way, and when he gets a few hundred dollars he can put it in a regular bank, where it will earn more money, until he buys his first bond or mortgage. The lesson of safety that he will get from his first postal savings deposit will be of benefit to him in all his subsequent depositing and investing.

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE

RALSTON

FEET are tender. Nearly all their ills come from shoes that don't fit. Look at the *soles* of your feet, then at the instep, front and sides, and you will see why shoes made on the *common* wooden lasts always require "breaking in."

Look at the Ralston last, pictured here, and you'll see why Ralston Shoes give perfect fit and perfect comfort from the moment you put them on. Ralston lasts duplicate each mound and depression, each line, curve of the foot bottom as well as the top.

Therefore Ralston shoes fit each *part* of the foot—"no breaking in" becomes a fact, not a fancy.

Wear Ralston and you get as much style as comfort, that's saying a great deal

$4.

$4.50 $5.

Style No. 190

Sterling Brown Calf Uppers
Chrome Calf Top
Absorbent Leather Sole
High Cuban Heel

Sold by Ralston Dealers

"Authority Styles" Patented Welt Edge Shoes proper footwear for all occasions

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS

985 Main Street. Campello (Brockton), Mass.

ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

Let Our Power Experts Advise You Free

In practically every manufacturing establishment or business house in the country having power connections there is a place where the right motor, with its economy of operation, will reduce the cost of production and save many dollars a year.

For with a direct connected motor there is none of the waste of power sure to follow the use of shafting and belting. And a motor, unlike practically every other means of developing power, consumes energy only when *actually at work*

A few of the general lines in which Robbins & Myers Standard Motors are used:

Addressing Machines
Blacksmiths
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Book Binders
Bottlers
Carpenters
Clothiers
Cigar Manufacturers
Coffee Mills
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Cutlers
Dentists
Drugs
Dry Goods Stores
Electrotypers
Engravers
Gas and Steam Fitting
Gas Fixtures
Grocers
Harness Shops or Saddlers
Hotels
Jewelers
Knit Goods
Newspapers
Opticians
Paper Boxes
Paper Dealers
Printers
Repair Shops
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Silversmiths
Soap Makers
Stationers
Tailors
Tin and Brassware
Tobacconists
Umbrellas and Canes

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

represent years of specialization in the small-motor field, and in operative economy and all-'round satisfaction they stand unrivalled

We manufacture exclusively *direct current* motors rating from ⅛ to 15 horse-power in a wide variety of types

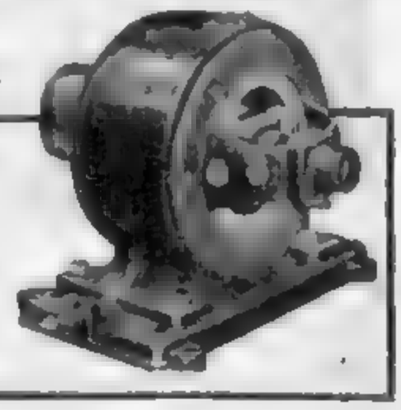
We either have in stock, or can turn out at moderate cost, just the motor you need in your business. If you will write and tell us what work you have to do, our consulting engineers will advise you, without charge or obligation on your part what type and power you need to solve your problem most economically

We also issue a number of booklets and bulletins covering every phase of motor application. These are at your service, in addition to any special information desired. Write today

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1308 Lagonda Ave. Springfield, Ohio

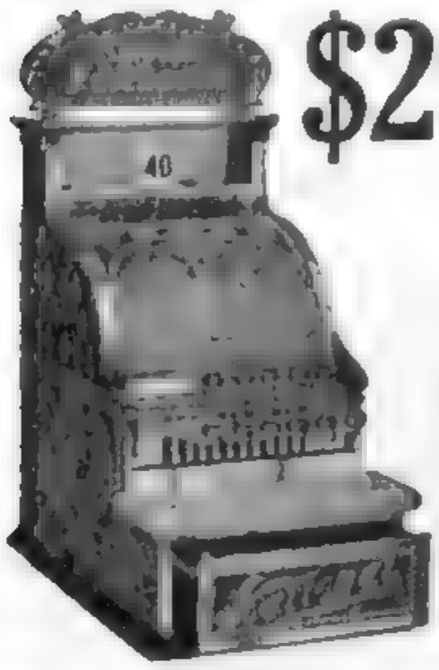
BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and Rochester, N.Y.
Agencies in all large cities

We also manufacture a complete line of direct and alternating current Fans—Ceiling, Desk, Ventilating, Exhaust—for Home, Office or Factory



STOREKEEPERS CAN NOW BUY Cheaper Than Ever Before

So well have National Cash Registers proven their value to storekeepers that we are now selling over 10,000 a month, whereas two years ago we sold only 4,000 a month. We are able to make this larger number without a corresponding increase in expense and therefore think it fair to reduce our prices to the public.

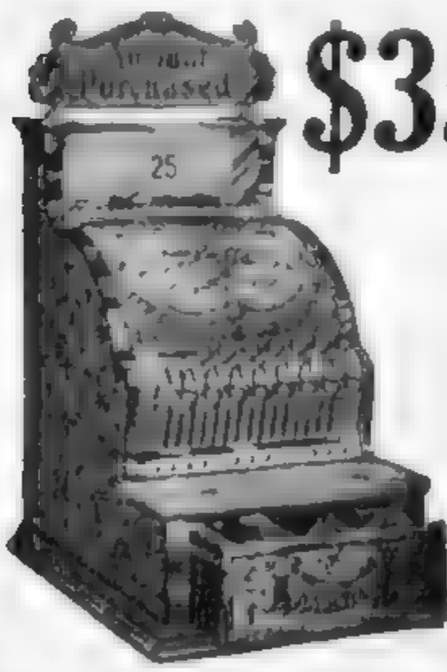


9½ inches wide, 15¼ inches deep, 20½ inches high

$20

OUR detail-adding Registers are $20, $30 and $40, according to the size of sales to be registered. These Registers indicate the amount of the sale to everyone in the store, ring a bell and record the sale on adding wheels under lock and key. They have an adding wheel attached to each key, and the total of all keys is obtained by taking off the amounts on a piece of paper. Tells you also how many customers were waited on during the day.

This Register is so simple to understand and use that a child can operate it. Comes in a pleasing oxidized copper finish and looks handsome on your counter. Although this Register is very low in price, it is made by the same skilful men who make our highest priced Registers. Our Registers are guaranteed for two years and should last a lifetime. Some have been in use for twenty years. Haven't you noticed that most of the successful storekeepers near you have long been using National Cash Registers?



10½ inches wide 16¼ inches deep, 21¼ inches high

$35

OUR total-adding Registers are $35, $50, $75 and $125. Do the same things that the detail-adder does, with this addition—instead of having to add up the totals of each key, so as to see how much the day's business has amounted to, you find this already done for you on the adding wheels, which are under lock and key. There it is at a glance. Helps you to balance your cash very quickly at night.

Like all National Cash Registers, this Register is very simple to understand and use. Finished in three attractive ways—bronze oxidized, nickel plated and natural bronze. Handsome enough to attract your customers' attention, durable enough to last a lifetime. Every National Cash Register is trustworthy and the best value in the world at the price. Our workmen, from necessity, are of the highest type. This is necessary because we insist that our Registers must be accurate and durable.

17¾ inches wide, 16½ inches deep, 22½ inches high

$75

OUR total-adding Registers, like the picture at left, do the same things as the cheaper Registers, and do this very important thing besides—they print the amount of each sale on a strip of paper inside the machine for the storekeeper's information and protection. This helps you to find a mistake quickly. Also, since everyone who uses the Register in your store knows that you will expect to see the amount of each sale appear on the strip, they feel bound to use the Register every time a sale is made. The prices are $60, $75, $100, $125, $150.

This Register has a very rich appearance and is finished in the three styles before mentioned. We own our own big factory in which our machines are made, and make nothing else but National Cash Registers. We sell at low prices because we are content with a very small profit on each Register, and also because the demand for them is so great that a complete Register is finished every minute and a half in the day. In fixing their prices we do not take into consideration the fact that they are a patented article.

THE NATIONAL CASH
DAYTON

We have offices in all the principal cities. All prices are quoted free on board the cars at Dayton.

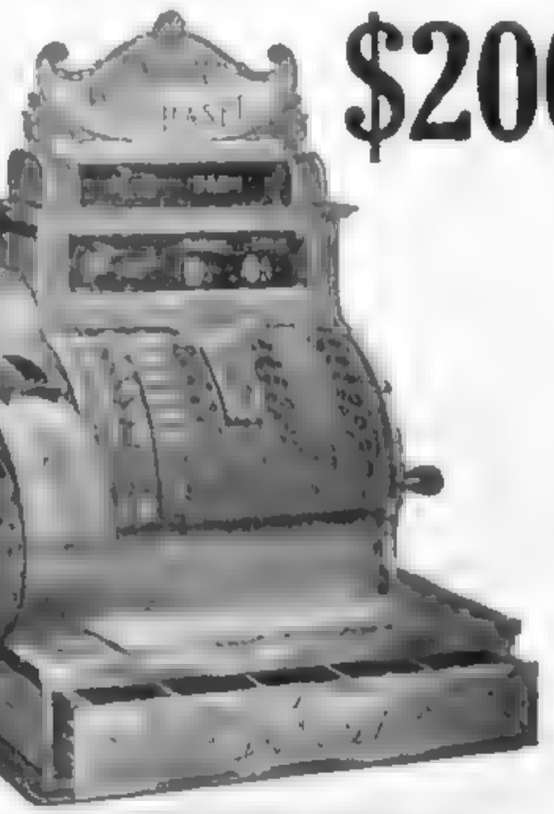
NATIONAL CASH REGISTERS

Big Value at Small Cost

Every storekeeper knows that the National Cash Register is a good thing and wants one. Now, when he examines them and sees what he is buying, he is amazed at our low prices—less than the price of any machinery sold in the world, considering the material, labor and what they do.

OUR Check-Printing Registers, like this one, do the things the cheaper Registers do, and also print and cut off from a continuous roll of paper a RECEIPT showing the amount paid by the customer. This guarantees to the proprietor that the proper amount of money is put into the Register. You can also print your advertisement on the back of this receipt (or check). Each clerk may have his own "Initial Key" on this Register, the effect being that you can tell how much each clerk has sold in the day.

When you get a National Cash Register you will find it an endless source of profit and delight. Simple to work, elegant in appearance, very durable, it makes a strong personal appeal to you and each one of your clerks to be systematic, careful and enterprising, since the work of each of you can be separately noted on such a machine as this. Give your clerks the benefit of it. Give your profits the benefit of its protection. You will gain a freedom from care that will surprise you, with a National Cash Register looking after your interests.



$200

18¾ inches wide, 15¾ inches deep, 20¾ inches high
Can be operated by electricity

OUR latest model Cash Registers do all that any other Register does, and in addition—have a separate set of adding wheels to show the sales of each clerk or each department. They also show how much money has been paid out, and how much money has been paid "on account" by your customers. These Registers may be equipped with a separate drawer for each clerk, then they show what each clerk does as faithfully as if he had a separate Register of his own. In fact, this style really gives you two, four, six or up to nine Cash Registers in one at a very low cost for each. These Registers can be built to print on a clerk's sales slip instead of issuing a check. Prices are $290 up to $715, according to size.

We make styles and sizes of Cash Registers that all other manufacturers make. We make many that no one else can duplicate. We make them for all places where money is handled and records kept between proprietor and customer, and take care of all transactions between clerks and customers. Our Guarantee to furnish a better Cash Register for less money than any other concern in the world means just what it says. Visit us at Dayton and see how we do our work. You will be cordially welcomed. In the meanwhile, if you would like to know more about our Registers, fill out and send us the coupon. This commits you to nothing but to be informed.

$575

30½ inches wide, 20¾ inches deep, 22 inches high
Can be operated by electricity

COUPON

Send me a Booklet about National Cash Registers without obligating me to anything.

Name_____

Address_____

Kind of business_____

Number of Clerks_____

REGISTER COMPANY

OHIO

More than 883,000 National Cash Registers have been sold to date. Can you afford to ignore that fact? Investigation costs nothing.

PLAYING POLITICS

THERE is just as much prospecting done in politics as there is in mining, and one of our most eminent prospectors, at the present time, is Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt, who, having struck a rich lode some years back, is out again to see if there is any more ore where that came from, and hoping there is.

It must be reasonably clear to everybody by this time that the Colonel has aspirations leading up to, touching on and appertaining to the Republican nomination for President in 1912.

Being a wise politician—as wise as we have, by the way, and as politic, in all that that implies—he will not become a candidate openly. But his friends will stir up the demand, and then, when the time comes, he will be on hand with the goods and supply all comers with the justly celebrated brand of T. R. policies, to say nothing of the justly celebrated T. R. himself.

It is an established fact in natural history that you cannot keep a squirrel on the ground. Presently it will be acknowledged as a fact in political history that there is no way to keep Roosevelt from trying to get back where he once was—to wit, the White House. He had seven years of bossing, and the lust for it is in his blood. To be sure, he is about as much of a power as an ex-President as he was as President, so far as popular acclaim goes, but he has not the seal. What he needs is the sure-enough authority.

It is not important what happens in the state of New York. If he wins he will triumph over the men he has been assailing—recently. If he loses it will merely be the incentive for further fighting and will be construed in the West as a plutocratic victory, and will make him stronger. This is written some weeks before the New York state convention, where Roosevelt is expected to be somewhat of a figure and to make somewhat of a fight. Whatever happens you will find that the Colonel will garner some glory in those parts of the country where he is strongest. Suppose, for example, the old guard in the Republican party in New York nominate Roosevelt for governor or turn over the campaign to him, the plan being in either event to knife the ticket and bring him in a loser. That will not hurt Roosevelt any in the country, for all he has to do is to point out that the corporation influences, the old bosses and all the rest conspired to defeat him, either as candidate or manager, or as the man responsible for what may happen at Saratoga, although he may not take an active part in the campaign. They will yell for him all the louder out West.

The Line-Up Against the Colonel

It is likely there will be a good hard fight against him in the East, but if the West is solid that will amount to nothing. Also, there may be opposition from La Follette and his men and Cummins and his men, because he is stealing their thunder. And it is a long, long time until June, 1912, and politics is moving faster in these early days of the new century than for fifty years. All the former enemies of the Colonel will concentrate for Mr. Taft, who will bring to bear, also, his tremendous power as a dispenser of patronage as well as the influence of his office in other ways. Then, too, there will be some Democratic opposition that will be noteworthy.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, has Presidential aspirations. He wants to be the candidate in 1912. He may be named for governor of New York by the Democrats, or he may not. This was in the future when this was written; but, whether he is or is not, he will take a few hard wallops at T. R. William R. Hearst will oppose Roosevelt, and he may produce something. Joseph Pulitzer, with his New York World, is preparing the heaviest ammunition he can collect. Also many other powerful newspapers, that formerly were perhaps deterred because of the office Mr. Roosevelt held, will now get into the fight. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt must realize by this time that an ex-President is easier game than a President, and that criticism is much more general, although not relished any more than in former years, as witness the Colonel's heated denunciation of a New York newspaper that printed an editorial article about him that he did not like.

Holding back in Ohio, also, is Judson Harmon. Mr. Harmon has some ammunition in his magazine, consisting of a certain correspondence that passed between himself and Roosevelt, at that time President, concerning the rebating cases. Harmon and his associate, Judson, wanted to proceed against Paul Morton and others, and were restrained by Colonel Roosevelt, Morton then being in the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. Harmon retired from the case, but he hung on to the letters; and those close to him say that the real reason Harmon put that "personal guilt" plank in the Ohio Democratic platform is because he wants to use these letters whenever there may be a suitable opportunity. It will not be all beer and skittles for the Colonel, and he knows it.

Moreover, the Crane politics that caused President Taft to cancel his many speaking engagements is plainer as the days go by. They didn't want President Taft skyhooting about the country, playing opposition to the Colonel, and they induced the President to remain quiet and do what he could to conciliate and conserve. That document of President Taft's, discussing the tariff and other issues, clearly showed how the Taft managers are working. They have suppressed the Wickershams and others who were reading folks out of the party, and are trying to keep as good a front as they can. Of course they slipped a cog when the President put out his denunciation of Vice-President Sherman and the methods that were used to defeat Colonel Roosevelt for temporary chairman of the Republican state convention at the meeting of the state committee. The President will not stand without hitching. He is not looking for an open break with Colonel Roosevelt, and when the open rupture comes it will be found that the Colonel and not the President is responsible.

The Strong Hand of the Insurgents

Any way you look at it, any angle you view it from, it is perfectly apparent that the present skirmishing will wind up in a pitched battle between such people as are now in support of President Taft and such people as can be rallied to his banner by Colonel Roosevelt. The battle may not come for months, and probably will not.

The Colonel is too good a party man to wish or desire any such aid, but a sweeping series of Democratic victories this fall will help him amazingly. For example, if Harmon is elected in Ohio, and a Democrat chosen as governor of New York, and a Democratic House of Representatives returned, together with such incidental senatorships and other offices as such an overturn would mean throughout the country, it will be patent—at least to the friends of Mr. Roosevelt—that he is the appointed Moses to lead his broken party out of the wilderness in 1912. All that will be required will be to point out the tremendous Republican successes while Mr. Roosevelt was President, who left the White House with his party entrenched everywhere, and the demoralization that two years under Mr. Taft has brought, and it will be all over but the shouting—they think. Now, there will be some merit in this contention, and at this writing the prospects for wide Republican success this fall are not excellent.

There is a great deal more to this Insurgent movement than the Old Guard will admit, even after the drubbings the regulars have had in various parts of the country. This has been shown in the Democratic party, notably in Georgia, where Lon Livingston and others were defeated for renomination on the issue of Cannonism. Although the attitude of President Taft, who was once fast for reading all Insurgents out of the party, has changed and he is now for conciliation, the man who will get the most benefit from the spirit of unrest is Colonel Roosevelt. President Taft can never get anywhere with the men who are protesting against the tariff, notwithstanding his concession on the subject in his letter written for publication in the Republican Congressional Campaign Book, where he went so far as to say that it might be a good plan to change schedules one at a time when the occasion demanded it; thus, in a way, indorsing the

America's Greatest Violinist heard the Apollo and *thought it was some great artist*

In Syracuse, N. Y., Francis Macmillen, the world-renowned violinist, visited a large musical establishment. As he entered the "Apollo Room" a gentleman seated at one of the instruments was interpreting the Schumann Nocturne. Turning to his companion, Mr Macmillen said: "What a wonderful touch that man has!" He thought the performer was some great artist. Coming closer he discovered the instrument was the Apollo. He was still more surprised to learn that the performer was not a musician, having become discouraged in his youth, after taking a few piano lessons. The great violinist added that it was *the only player he had ever heard with a true human-like touch.*

MELVILLE CLARK'S
APOLLO
Player Piano
We Own The Exclusive Right To Play Directly On The Keys

"I am astonished at the improvements that the APOLLO player reveals. The device permitting the transposition of a composition into any key, the automatic rewinding and also the easy action of the pedals positively challenge admiration and are a certain guarantee of a great future for this ingenious invention."

Josef Hofmann

Why should you, knowingly, do a thing backwards, or the wrong way?

Did you ever see anyone play a piano by any other method than *touching down on the piano keys?*

Do you know that we *own* the patents on the *natural* way of playing the piano with an interior player—with the *human touch on the keys?* You could not expect our competitors to make this point clear.

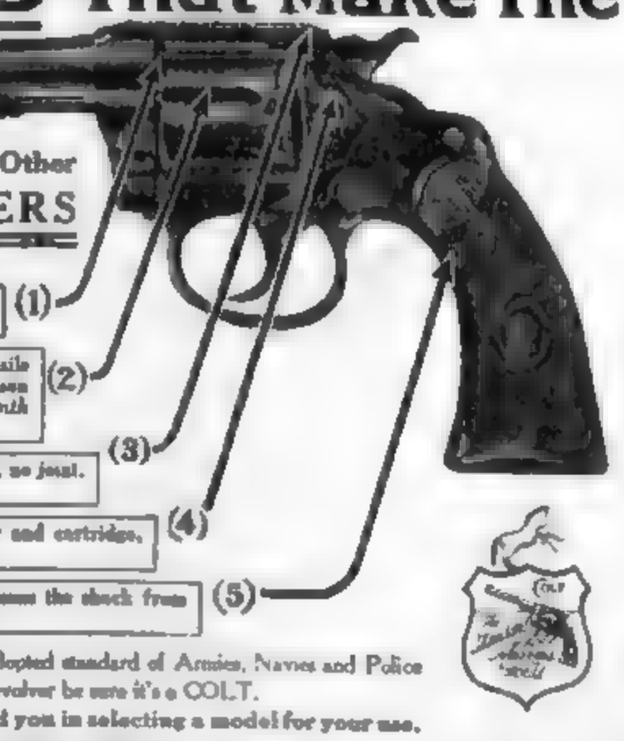
Would you like to read the patents that give us this right? The patents that cover the reasons why *most fans* remark that the Apollo *does not sound "mechanical."*

If you have the slightest idea that you will ever be in the market for a player piano it will pay you in *dollars* and *satisfaction* to investigate the Apollo. Your name and address will bring a catalog and absolute proof that the Apollo is the one instrument of its kind that can play in the natural way. The real facts and information about player pianos that we will trade for a penny postal are well worth having. Write now.

Showing How the Mechanical Fingers of the Apollo press DOWN on the Keys

Melville Clark Piano Company
403 Steinway Building, Chicago, Ill.

FIVE POINTS That Make The COLT Superior to All Other REVOLVERS



(1) Perfect Alignment of cylinder and barrel without complicated additions to the mechanism.

(2) Cylinder of special steel with high elastic limit and tensile strength, made for COLT Revolvers—the reason *COLT Revolvers are guaranteed for use with smokeless powder*

(3) Solid Frame, forged in one piece from barrel to butt, no joint, no weakness at an important part.

(4) Positive Lock—a bar of solid steel between hammer and cartridge, absolutely preventing accidental discharge.

(5) COLT Grip—the Grip that Fits the Hand, which lessens the shock from recoil, prevents flinching and wild shooting.

These are some of the points that make the COLT the adopted standard of Armies, Navies and Police Departments throughout the World—when YOU buy a revolver be sure it's a COLT.

Catalog No. 85 mailed free on request. It will aid you in selecting a model for your use.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

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Write nearest office

Protect Your Buildings at the Top

See to it that the roof is as permanent as the foundation, because the roof is just as important.

Put on a roof that cannot leak, no matter what the climatic conditions.

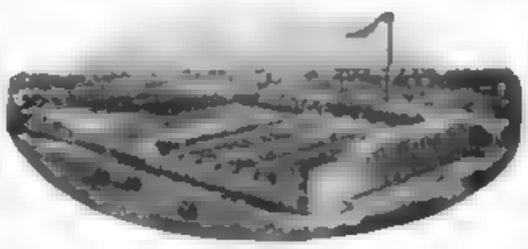
Put on a roof that cannot burn under any kind of a fire test.

Put on a roof that will be just as good at the end of twenty years as it was when it was laid.

Put on a roof that will keep your buildings cool in summer and warm in winter.

The one roofing that fulfills these requirements is

J-M Asbestos Roofing



American Ball Bearing Co.
Cleveland, O.
Covered with 160,000 square feet of J-M Asbestos Roofing

Made of Asbestos (stone) fibre and Genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt, it is practically indestructible. It is as permanent as the rock foundation you build on, and defies weather, time, fire, gases, chemical fumes, etc.

No skin coat of paint or gravel surface to wear away. No painting bill or repair bill.

Its first cost is the only cost.

See the blow-torch test illustrated below Some ready roofings would burn like tinder in a few minutes if subjected to such a test.

Fifty years' experience and unsurpassed natural resources are in J-M Asbestos Roofing.

It has demonstrated all over the country, in actual service, that it is in a class by itself.

If not at your dealer's, send us his name and we'll tell you where it can be obtained and send you a sample of Asbestos as it comes from the mines.

Write our nearest branch for Sample and Booklet D 49.

H. W. Johns-Manville Co.

ASBESTOS

Manufacturers of Asbestos and Magnesia Products, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Fire Proofings, Electrical Supplies, etc.

Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Louisville, Seattle, St. Louis

For Canada

The Canadian H. W. Johns-Manville Company, Limited
Toronto, Ont.
Montreal, Que.
Winnipeg, Man.
Vancouver, B. C.

In this test the flame of a powerful blow torch was placed within two inches of J-M Asbestos Roofing. At the end of fifty minutes the roofing was not burned or charred, being only slightly blackened with smoke

Tariff Commission demand of the Insurgents, notably of Senator Beveridge.

There will be a vast amount of politics between now and the elections, and more to follow after the elections have been decided. It is improbable that there will be anything more formal about Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy for 1912 than there is at present, but he will be no less the candidate. What happens in the State of New York will be interesting but incidental. What will happen next spring, when the Colonel gets to swinging round the circle again, will be more to the point. They are skirmishing now. The heavy firing will begin in about six months.

When Competitors Pull Together

COÖPERATIVE associations of competing retailers are, in many big cities, accomplishing wonders in the way of furthering common interests. Formerly it was thought that the ideal retail location was one at as great a distance as possible from competitors. But today it is recognized that people prefer to shop where stores cluster together. Taking a leaf out of the experience of the department stores, small merchants in many communities are creating secondary shopping centers by working in harmony.

The main shopping avenue in a certain Western city is so restricted in area, and the rents so high, that a few years ago some of the lesser merchants moved over to another thoroughfare, two blocks away. This was a run-down section of the town, and to get to it shoppers had to walk through a slum. When about a dozen merchants had settled down there, however, they formed a local association, gave the new shopping center a name, raised a fund to pay for lighting it with arches of electric lamps, brought pressure to bear upon the aldermen to have their two blocks paved and the connecting street cleaned up, and accomplished other improvements. The difference in rents more than met all these changes, and today good store property in that new center is becoming scarce.

In another case the retailers in a factory and farming center were keeping open unreasonable hours. The factory people insisted upon doing their shopping in the evening, while farmers who drove in from the country would sit around the stoves gossiping until after the factory employees had finished purchasing, when they bought their odds and ends of supplies and drove home. A local early-closing association was organized in this town by a new hardware clerk from the city. He simply went around and got the merchants to agree to a month's trial of a new schedule. Stores were to be shut up promptly at six o'clock with the exception of two nights each month when the factory people were paid, so that they could have no excuse for not settling bills promptly. The experiment worked so well that this new schedule was made permanent.

Every August it is customary in the retail haberdashery trade in most cities to conduct a charitable institution. At that season business is naturally dull, and summer goods are being closed out at low prices to make room for fall stock. When the soft shirt came into use for summer haberdashers set up the practice of selling off their remainders in August. After a time the demand for these remainders became so large that they went further, and bought new soft-shirt stock to make August sales attractive. Then the stiff shirts worn in winter began to go out of fashion, and with soft shirts suitable for all-year wear customers made a practice of waiting for these August sales, and haberdashers, fearing that competitors would outdo them, bought great quantities of stock to sell at net cost, throwing in rent, light, clerk hire and other fixed charges for nothing. In one city this charity trade has been abolished by the formation of an informal lunch club among haberdashers. As long as each merchant was dominated by fear of what the fellow down in the next block might do to steal his trade he went all lengths in conducting his business at a loss. When, however, he got into the habit of sitting opposite the fellow down street two or three times a week, passing him the pickles and sometimes paying his lunch-check, his fears evaporated. And that principle is working reforms in every line of business today.

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

10c and 15c Sizes

(Except in the Extreme West)

Is Really Fresh Codfish caught, cooked, slightly-salted and packed the same day. It is entirely different from the dried, over-salted, "soak-over-night" fish sold in unsanitary packages. The perfect sanitary package, parchment lined, hermetically sealed without solder or acid, retains all the rich, delicate flavor of the fresh caught fish.

Codfish Balls—Creamed Fish—Fish Hash—Fish Chowder and many other dainty fish dishes

to be really delicious must be made from **fresh Codfish**. Wherever you may live and whatever the climate, you can have in Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes the most delicious **fresh Codfish** all the year round.

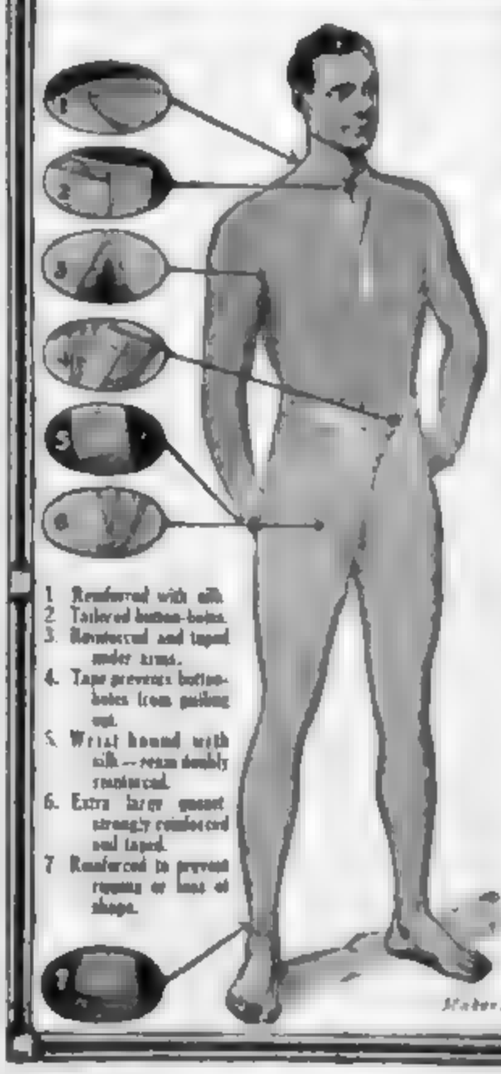
How To Get Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

Nearly every Grocer is now selling Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes—there is a possibility that yours has not yet stocked up, but will be glad to get them for you. Or, if you may prefer, you may order direct from us. Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes will be sent gladly on receipt of your regular 10c or 15c size can, together with 2c in stamps to cover postage alone. A certain evidence of superior quality in our product.

GOOD EATING is a little book containing many new and original recipes and table hints, and is mailed FREE upon request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL COMPANY, Portland, Maine, U. S. A.
Packers of the Justly Celebrated Paris Sugar Corn

Velvetrib Oneita Knit UNDERWEAR


1. Reinforced with silk.
2. Tailored button-holes.
3. Reinforced and taped under arms.
4. Tape prevents button-holes from pulling out.
5. Wrist bound with silk—seam doubly reinforced.
6. Extra large gusset strongly reinforced and taped.
7. Reinforced to prevent ripping or loss of shape.

HERE are Seven *Velvetrib* improvements that mean a whole lot to you. You will not find them in ordinary underwear.

They are not really needed. For the ordinary knit fabric will wear out before the stitching gives out. But *Velvetrib* fabric possesses 80 to 100% more tensile strength than any other knit fabric of equal weight. That means double durability.

A *Velvetrib* garment is reinforced wherever strain comes. It is double lock stitched throughout. It has no weak spots. The making is as strong as the fabric.

Velvetrib is grateful to the skin—soft, warm and luxurious. It has the softness of fleece-lined underwear without its fuzziness or rigidity. It fits glove-like and allows perfect freedom of movement.

Velvetrib IS GUARANTEED

against irritation to the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging or money back.

Velvetrib is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn in medium and heavy weights for men and boys.

MEN'S Separate Garments $1
Union Suits $2

BOYS' Separate Garments 50c
Union Suits $1

Velvetrib Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort.

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib* underwear send us his name. We'll mail you booklet, sample of fabric and see that you are supplied.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS, Mill 9, Utica, N. Y.

Makers of famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita-Knit Underwear

Never Before Such A Car; At Such A Price; With Such A Guarantee

We want you to accept every word of this announcement in its most exact and literal sense. Therefore, we repeat—never before, such a car, at such a price, with such a guarantee. And we take the liberty of reminding you that it is the Hupp Motor Car Company which is speaking; through its General Manager, R. C. Hupp. We want you to recall that the Hupp Motor Car Company has kept faith with the American people in every promise it ever made; and every car it ever built.

The Car

A 110 inch wheelbase, four-cylinder, four-passenger Touring Car, with 30x3 inch front tires and 30x3½ inch rear tires and a speed capacity of 40 to 45 miles an hour. 20 h. p. Sliding gear transmission; multiple disc clutch; Bosch magneto; offset crank shaft. Upholstering in No. 1 machine buffed leather, tufted.

The Price

$900

F. O. B Detroit, with three oil lamps, two gas lamps, piping and gas generator, shock absorbers, horn and tools.

Based on the Three Years' Experience of 7500 Hupmobiles This New $900 Touring Car Will Cost the Owner Who Keeps It at Home 20 to 25 Cents a Day

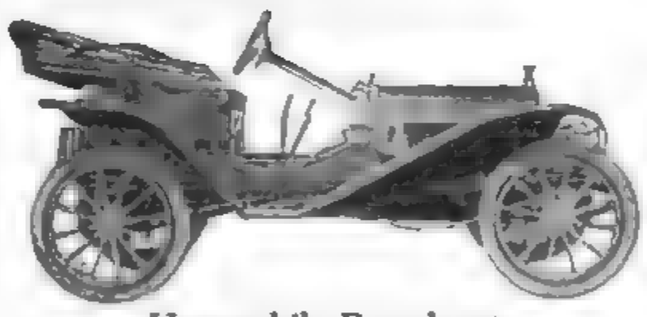
We could cut short the statement in the headline and say "never before such a car at such a price"; and it would be literally true. Never before, for instance, has so large a touring car (its 110 inch wheelbase has no parallel under $1200) been sold for $900.

Never before has a touring car with sliding gear transmission and Bosch magneto been sold for less than $1000.

But it is only when we add "with such a guarantee" that the full force and importance of this offering is made clear. No such guarantee has *ever been placed on any car at any price.* It covers the life of the car. It emphasizes the extraordinary value of such a car at such a price. It introduces into the manufacture of motor cars a new element of responsibility and reliability. Two years, three years, six years from now, you can look to the maker to make good any defect. Not to the dealer, mind you, but the maker—the Hupp Motor Car Company.

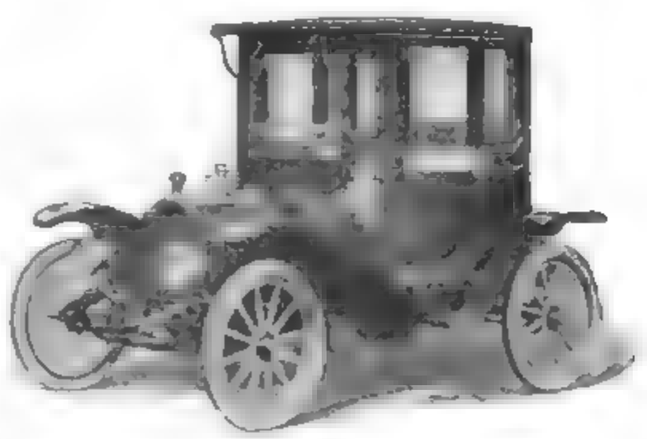
This new Hupmobile, therefore, first raises the value and lowers the price in the touring car class. It gives you the kind of a touring car you couldn't afford before, at a price you can afford. Then it assures you that this great stride forward has not been made at the sacrifice of quality, by guaranteeing the goodness and the soundness of the car *during its entire lifetime.*

The plant of the Hupp Motor Car Company at Detroit has been working toward this great economic achievement for three years. The materials have all been in hand for months. The motors for several months' supply are made. The forging plant, the machine shops, and all the other manufacturing departments are working double shift. The cars are being assembled as we write.



Hupmobile Runabout

$750 F. O. B Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn. Top, gas lamps, tank or generator trunk rack and speedometer extra.



Hupmobile Coupé

$1100 F. O. B Detroit Equipment includes magneto electric headlights and interior overhead light combination oil and electric dash and tail lamps batteries and wiring shock absorbers, single drop seat from dash, 3 x3 inch rear tires

Delivery to 58 Cities November 1st=Go to Your Hupmobile Dealer and Place a Reservation Order at Once

We are serious in urging you to see your Hupmobile dealer at once. We believe that 150 cities should absorb, within 30 days, all the new cars we can build in three months' time.

Hupmobile production, large as it is, has never kept pace with Hupmobile demand. Your dealer will buy a large quantity; but you should help him to insure you against disappointment by an early order. He will number your reservation in the order in which it is received; and if you choose to cancel later on, your "place in line" will be allotted to some one else.

The Guarantee

This guarantee is explicit, unqualified and binding. It *covers* the entire life of the car, no matter how many different people may own the car. It means that during the life of the car, the Hupp Motor Car Company guarantees the car, in all its parts, and the accessories and equipment against defect of material or workmanship.

The guarantee reads: The Hupp Motor Car Company guarantees the Hupmobile free from defects in material or workmanship, *during the life of the car*, and will replace free of charge any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

R. D. Hupp

General Manager

The average cost of upkeep to the Hupmobile owner who keeps his car at home is 20 to 25 cents a day.

A battery of three Hupmobiles—the two-passenger Hupmobile Runabout at $750; the four-passenger Touring Car at $900; and the three-passenger Coupé at $1100—represents a total investment of only $2750.

These three cars, with carrying capacity for nine passengers, each or all available at any time you want them; or for any purpose for which you want them, in any kind of weather; *can be maintained more economically than one big car.*

Hundreds of Hupmobile owners have found, in the past three years, that they could use their Hupmobiles quickly, conveniently and with dispatch, five times, where they could use their large car once. Many are substituting the three Hupmobile types for their large car.

If you want any further assurance of the value of this wonderful new Hupmobile than is given by the sweeping guarantee, which covers its entire lifetime—a word or two about the Hupmobile Runabout will not be out of place.

The other day a Hupmobile in California fell over a cliff 500 feet high. It cost the owner just $45 to put it back in perfect condition.

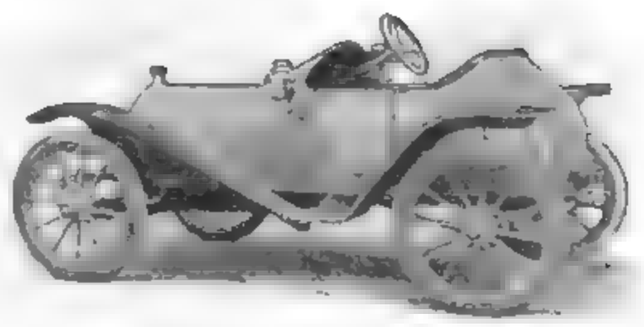
There is not a crippled Hupmobile in America, unless it has been crushed in some accident.

There is not even a second-hand Hupmobile.

Year-old Hupmobiles command pretty near full list price.

Every "Hup" that started going three years ago is still going.

Hupmobiles, because of their readiness, are probably kept more continuously in commission than any other make of car—yet their repair expense is ridiculously low; and a discontented Hupmobile owner is as rare as a white blackbird.



Hupmobile Torpedo

$850 F. O. B. Detroit, with same equipment as runabout.

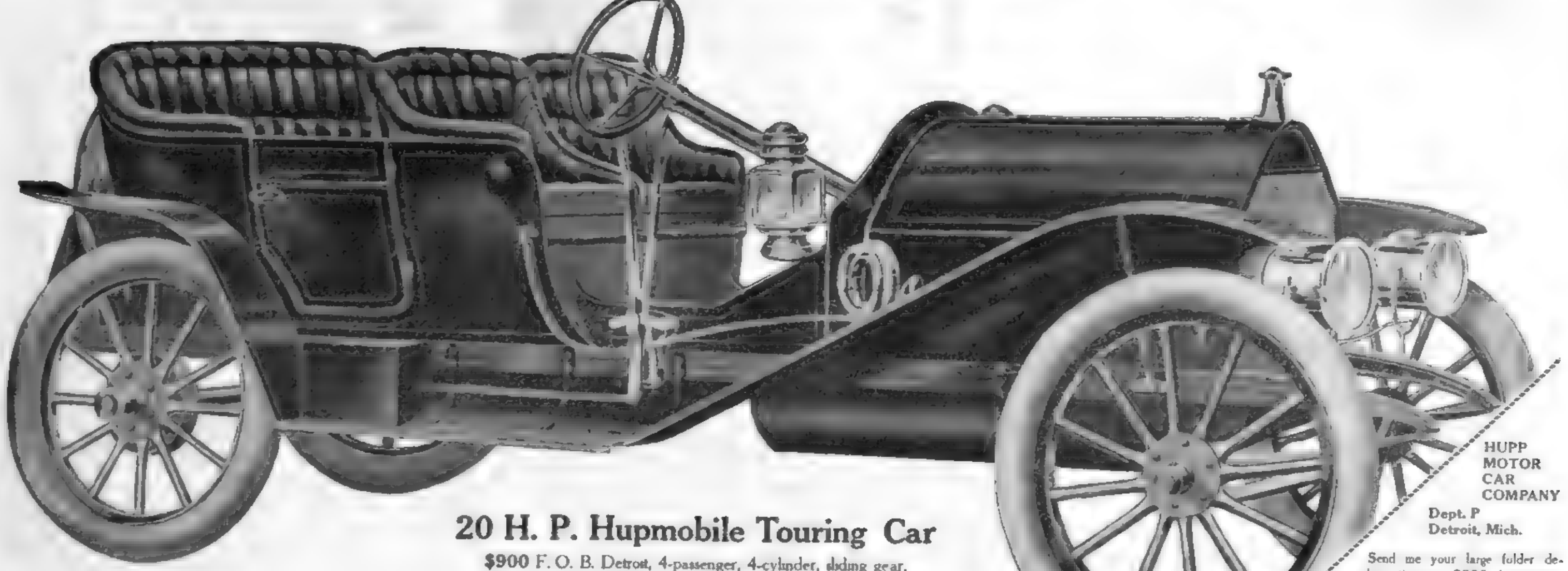
HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

These cities will receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st.

Atlanta, Ga.
Andalusia, Ala.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Bozeman, Mont.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Lethbridge, Alb., Can.
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Charlotte, N. C.
Davenport, Iowa
Dallas, Texas
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Erie, Pa.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Hickman, Ky.
Kansas City, Mo.
Little Rock, Ark.
Louisville, Ky.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Memphis, Tenn.
Mexico City, Mex.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mobile, Ala.
Macon, Ga.

Hupmobile



20 H. P. Hupmobile Touring Car

$900 F. O. B. Detroit, 4-passenger, 4-cylinder, sliding gear.

These cities will receive Hupmobile Touring Cars Nov. 1st.

Montreal, Quebec
New York, N. Y.
Nashville, Tenn.
Natchez, Miss.
New Orleans, La.
Omaha, Neb.
Oskaloosa, Iowa
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Plainfield, N. J.
Robinson, Ill.
San Francisco, Cal.
Savannah, Ga.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Salem, Va.
Salt Lake City, Utah
St. Louis, Mo.
Toledo, Ohio
Vicksburg, Miss.
Vancouver, B. C.
Weston, W. Va.
Washington, D. C.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Toronto, Ont.
Windsor, Ont.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Dept. P
Detroit, Mich.

Send me your large folder describing the new **$900** 4-passenger 4-cylinder, sliding gear, 20 H. P. Hupmobile Touring Car, and give name of nearest Hupmobile dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

Home Life of Garfield and Arthur

(Concluded from Page 23)

came to the Executive Mansion every evening after dinner, and made a thorough inspection of the offices and state apartments, and the living-rooms above them. Night after night he would go from room to room and corridor to corridor giving orders for changing this and that according to his own taste, and in the daytime upholsterers and others were busily engaged in carrying out his wishes. However, President Arthur's repairs were not very extensive. If Garfield had lived he also would have made certain repairs, for, owing to the semi-public character of the White House, the wear and tear of furniture and hangings is considerable.

When President Arthur finally came to the White House to live his family consisted, besides himself, of his sister, Mrs. McElroy; a son, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., who was always called Allan; and his daughter Nelly, a pretty girl of the brunette type, who was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. Mrs. McElroy was a widow, of medium size, sweet-faced and pleasant, but of decisive manner when giving orders. Like her brother, she knew exactly what she wanted, and how she wanted it done; and she never hesitated to express her wishes clearly. During Arthur's term she was, of course, known as the Mistress of the White House.

Allan Arthur was a student at Princeton—a tall, handsome young fellow with piercing black eyes and white skin. He was very slender indeed, and bright and clever. Like his father, he was extremely fond of horses, but unlike the President he enjoyed driving by himself as well as riding in the saddle. I have always understood that he did well at college, but every once in a while he had an irresistible desire to escape from the classic shades and academic groves of the quiet college town, and on these occasions he would suddenly appear in Washington without notice. President Arthur used to be surprised every once in a while by unexpectedly seeing Allan at the breakfast table when he supposed the young man to be delving away at his studies at Princeton. But that never bothered Allan to any extent. When the spirit moved him he would simply hop on a train at Princeton and bolt through to Washington as soon as he could get there. He had many friends in the city with whom he was a great favorite; and it did not make any difference to him whether he arrived there at four o'clock in the afternoon or at ten o'clock at night. The first thing Allan would do would be to order his horses from the White House stables. Then off he would whirl to call upon some young lady if it were not too late, or to ring up some of his young men friends. He was of a happy disposition in those student days, and when he was home on vacation did much to add to the gayety at the White House.

The White House in Mourning

The usual period of mourning after Garfield's death was strictly observed in and around the Mansion, and there was no formal entertaining until New Year's Day, 1882, when Mr. Arthur gave his first public reception. Then, as now, this New Year's Day affair was attended by several thousand persons, all of whom met and were greeted by the President. The reception commenced at about one o'clock, and lasted during pretty much of the whole afternoon. Notwithstanding Garfield's assassination, Mr. Arthur had no bodyguard while he was President, and, so far as I am aware, no attempt was ever made to do him harm. After the beginning of the new year the usual state dinners were held, and also a larger number of private entertainments of various kinds than I had ever known before in the White House. Mr. Arthur was a different type of man from any who had preceded him during my experience there, and he was accustomed to that lightheartedness and effervescence that have long distinguished social life in New York.

The new President was a large, heavy, tall man, strikingly handsome and possessing the Chesterfieldian manner. He delighted to entertain his friends, he wanted the best of everything, and wanted it served in the best manner. He was the first President, so far as I know, to have a valet, and one was needed, for Mr. Arthur dressed fashionably, and his clothes were generally made in New York. He was always well groomed; almost faultless in his dress.

In the afternoon he was fond of driving around the city or through the country near by, and always had a gentleman with him, for he positively disliked to be alone. Sometimes he used his victoria and occasionally rode in the saddle; but most of all he enjoyed his four-in-hand. These horses were bays, almost perfectly matched, and when they started off through the White House grounds, driven by William Williss, a colored man and a very fine horseman, and seated back of him the President of the United States and several ladies and gentlemen, the equipage made a brave showing indeed. Mr. Arthur never drove himself, and he did not walk a great deal or take much other exercise. What he loved to do was to drive out as I have just related, and then bring home a merry company of ladies and gentlemen to dinner, which would be presided over by Mrs. McElroy. Afterward the party would spend an evening of lightheartedness, chatting, telling stories, smoking excellent cigars, and winding up with an elaborate supper at midnight or later.

Mrs. McElroy had her afternoons at home, following the usual custom of the ladies of the White House, when she would receive intimate friends as well as those in official life who were entitled to be present. On such occasions the Marine Band rendered fine music, and the same atmosphere of gayety was present that always distinguished social life during the Arthur Administration.

Miss Nelly Arthur was too young to appear at formal affairs, but she had a number of congenial young friends who were welcomed by Mrs. McElroy, and who thoroughly enjoyed their visits at the White House.

At the Soldiers' Home

A considerable part of each summer President Arthur and his household spent at the Soldiers' Home, and there he maintained his usual mode of life, that of a man who possessed an intensely social nature. "Aleck" Powell, his colored valet, always went with him when he was called out of town, and, of course, attended him during the summer sojourns at the Soldiers' Home. Arthur, by the way, was the last President to use the beautiful house built out there especially for the summer residence of the Presidents. This house, in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, is built of brick, covered with a form of stucco that Washingtonians call "pebble-dash." It is large enough for the use for which it was intended, and completely furnished. Owing perhaps to the increased ease of communication between Washington and summer resorts far distant it has not been considered necessary or even advisable of late years for the President to spend the hottest months of the year in the official summer residence at the Soldiers' Home.

Mr. Arthur spent his summers there, however, and there Mrs. McElroy also was in charge. She had no housekeeper and no social secretary, and was a very busy woman. As a rule, the Lady of the White House is not supposed to go out into society as freely as if she were not a member of the President's family; so Mrs. McElroy used to go only to the homes of her few intimate friends. She had excellent judgment in matters concerning White House affairs, and some of the china of the Arthur Administration is an evidence of it. It was not necessary for a full set of china to be purchased for the use of President Arthur, but a great many individual pieces were ordered to replace those which had been broken.

When March 4, 1885, arrived, the incoming President, Mr. Cleveland, drove to the Capitol accompanied by Mr. Arthur; then they returned to the White House. The outgoing President did not remain for the elaborate luncheon he had ordered prepared for Mr. Cleveland, but bade him goodby and went from the Executive Mansion to the Frelinghuysen mansion, on Eighth Street.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The sixth will be published in an early number.

MOST men who read this want more style, and wear, and value than are found in most clothing. So, we are using this space to invite you to examine *our* clothes, and compare them with *yours*. You can see them at your dealers'. Or, write for Style Book—"The Measure of a Man."

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

When You Go to Buy a Bed Be Sure to Find This Seal

What is the sense in buying a breakable brass or iron bed when the *unbreakable* kind will suit your taste in style?

Costs no more.

You will find this "Corner Seal" only on the genuine

BARCALO GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK MALLEABLE CORNERS

Barcalo Beds

for these are the beds which are so well constructed that they can safely be guaranteed by the manufacturers against breakage for 35 years.

The Barcalo Line of Brass and Iron Beds is so extensive—so comprehensive that you are certain to be suited in style, size and price.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish on our brass styles insures a permanently handsome bed.

Write for Barcalo Style Book and name of your dealer who sells the genuine Barcalo Beds.

BARCALO MFG. COMPANY
Dept. J-4, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTE—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are new. Your dealer may have Barcalos without these. Look for the trade mark—Barcalo-Buffalo—at foot. This and 35-year guarantee protects you sufficiently.

Barcalo Buffalo

THAT MAN RISER

By JOHN H. WALSH

A Day's Work Aboard the Salurian

I DON'T know," said the fat surgeon thoughtfully, after dinner one night—"I don't know about this matter of having people so strong and so husky. I don't know whether it's necessary or not"—and he gulped off a cup of hot coffee at a mouthful, while we waited and while the old Yellowstone took an unusual number of the sea's thumps on her bows. The old Yellowstone shivered and squeaked a little and pitched rather much, and once her screws raced for two seconds; then she settled into easier motion again and the fat doctor proceeded.

"I don't know," he repeated doubtfully, as he lighted a fresh cigarette; "you fellows have been talking with a lot of the exuberance of youth about being nine feet tall and about having a stomach that could handle pigiron and the like, but a fellow can do a day's work once in a while without such equipment. Darwin used to get seasick on the Beagle and Huxley never was well anywhere. Did any of you fellows ever know little Naval Constructor Riser? No? Well, when I knew him he was a small, weazened, thin-chested shadow of a man with a chronic cough and with the cigarette habit worse than any one that lives—worse than I, even, which is bad. He used to drink too, and keep irregular hours, and altogether treat himself as inconsiderately as he could.

"Riser was queer and he looked queer. His features were pinched out and sharp, his hair stood erect on his head and his voice squeaked as though it were broken somewhere—yet it was not unmusical either. The man only had two treasures, his eyes and his mind. You couldn't forget the flash of Riser's eyes if you wished to. They were blue-green and phosphorescent, and they could flash like chain lightning, or they could shine softly and with a diffused sort of gentleness. He was remarkable enough every way, I suppose, but you noticed his eyes more because they were set into such a pale, wan, bearded, pinched and deathlike-looking face. His mind was the other thing. I used to fancy that he knew everything and understood everything—certainly you've all heard of his stream-line equations? I thought so—they're classic, of course. You should ask the men in Riser's own corps about him. You'd hear all sorts of opinions, deification to damnation, but they all know he had a day's work in him. That's why I say a man doesn't need to be strong, but he needs sand, grit—courage, that's the thing. Don't you think so?

"Riser never had the appearance of working much either. He used to sit around and smoke and listen to people talk mostly. Occasionally he'd come into the conversation himself, land a good conversational blow and slide out. He used to play poker a good deal and he was a master hand at it too, as I know pretty well. I suppose he did his work while the rest of us slept.

"I started out to the East once with Riser in the old grubship Fearless, lot of Navy people as passengers. We had a good deal of fun on the way out; poker game going pretty steadily, also bridge whist, loafing and so on. Riser was going to the East to inspect a shipload of teak, and he had three or four mechanics with him who were slated for jobs at 'Cavit.' There was a big shipfitter's foreman among them, a red-headed, thick-necked chunk of a man. You see the like of him only in iron-working jobs—had been all over the world in one kind of construction work and another—bridges, ships, anything iron.

"When we were about a day's steaming beyond Honolulu we picked up the old Salurian—you remember her, Wild Bill Chambers in command. She'd been on the China run out of Frisco for twenty years, I fancy—anyway I had come home on her fifteen years before.

"The Salurian was in trouble—always had been in trouble. She'd smashed into a derelict, Chambers said, and she had a big hole in her forward compartments, which were bilged so that she was 'way down by the head. She not only was far down but she still was making a good deal of water. The bulkhead between the fireroom and a bunker adjoining was busted enough to leak water faster than pumps could drag it out again, so of course the fireroom was filling. I suppose the people aboard believed the ship to be sinking for good—and indeed she did have a start. It wouldn't have been such a loss—she was pretty old and about worn out—but she had a few passengers and she had a crew, Chinese, to be true, but a crew. And she had some cargo, rice perhaps—I don't know, except that if it was forward it was ruined.

"We hove to on the Fearless at Chambers' request and waited to see what luck the Salurian would have in stopping her leaks. Riser asked permission to take his mechanics and go help with the repairs. And as they'd just signaled for a doctor—some Chink had broken his leg on the Salurian—they sent us all over together, Riser, Blerot and me. I remember it all quite plainly yet: little Riser coughing paroxysms in the stern sheets of the boat; big Blerot, the shipfitter, heavy and, in repose, apparently cowlike; the rhythmic thwack of the oars in their locks; the Salurian amazingly much down by the head, her crew with rather scared faces strung out along on the rail; the Fearless effulgently white, immaculate; a long, powerful sea going, trade winds ablowing pretty strong, rising, falling.

"I set the Chink's leg pretty quickly, a simple enough fracture, and than I went to see Riser, who was down with the leaks.

"As I hove in sight he puffed his cigarette with enthusiasm, his eyes blazed, he rubbed his thin, scrawny hands and he said to me: 'Doc, this is a very interesting accident. I want to rig sort of a diving-bell effect and go down to the hole in the floors in the forward end of the fireroom and plug 'em up some way. We'll need that little electric air compressor the Fearless is taking out to Cavite. We can get the juice right from the dynamo here and we have a big oil drum we can rig so that it will do for the bell proper. Of course we'll have to cut out a plate from a bulkhead to get the drum into the fireroom, but that won't be any trouble to us. We'll get all the ironworkers on the ship together and we'll fix it up quick. I'm going back to the Fearless now to get the gear we need—come on.' And he was gone like that, quickly, silently.

"Well, we went back to the Fearless and Riser got what he wanted together, and just before he went into the cabin to make his report he says to me, 'Doc, how'd you like to go back to Honolulu on the Salurian?' I think he'd just decided to go to Honolulu—that was the way his mind was always afire anyway. I said, 'Fine; I'll go anywhere with you.'

"Riser came out of the cabin a few minutes later, coughing and smoking a cigarette as usual, and he was keen for the trip. 'It's all right, Doc, it's all right,' he said; 'we'll go on her—the captain says it's all right. We'll go right back—you're to go, too, to take care of the broken leg; also Blerot stays with us. It's to be bully.'

"I was delighted. In seven minutes we were all on the Salurian again and in fifteen minutes the Fearless had departed with 'Good luck' in the International Code flying from one of her yards. I don't think now that the Fearless ought to have left just then. It was, however, Riser's fault that she had gone so soon. He was sanguine when he talked to the skipper of the Fearless. No reason to wait, of course not; just a matter of time to make the repairs. Why delay a big ship like the Fearless? Certainly there was no danger of foundering. We on the Salurian could go back to Honolulu and take the next steamer out—we ought to go, in case anything happened later. That was the way he talked to the captain.

"When I had my bearings aboard the Salurian I decided that this was about the condition—the forehold was bilged beyond the hope of repair. While Chambers and I had two drinks and a smoke Riser got started. In a couple of hours he had the drum into the stokehold and a little while

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later he was smoking a cigarette in his improvised diving bell, while he applied a jury leak-stopper to the seat of the Salurian's troubles. Our troubles then temporarily ceased, for the pumps commenced to gain on the water.

"In three or four hours we had the fireroom dry. We immediately made a better job on the patch in the floors and then we got steam up and started for port, Bill Chambers first dancing a hornpipe on his stiff old legs—he'd been crazy at the thought of losing the ship.

"Riser and I promptly started playing pinocle in the cabin, for we know what to do with leisure as well as any one, and pinocle is a good game. Along after we'd been playing two or three hours and were just getting warmed to the work the chief engineer heaves in sight.

"'Captain,' says he, 'there's something busted loose in the bottom of the starboard bunker which is about empty of coal; we're making a heap of water and the pumps can't clear it away. Water's rising; got a foot now in the bunker and ship's listed two degrees more already—d'you notice it? After a while it'll get to that hole through which Mr. Riser got his diving bell into the fireroom and then the firerooms'll fill—and with firerooms plus bunkers filled I guess the Salurian won't float—hey, Mr. Constructor?'

"But Mr. Constructor Riser was gone. By the time I could get my frame, which never was small, into the fireroom, Riser had the ship's mechanics there, Chinks for the most part, and had started to work. But the bunker was pretty far flooded already and the pumps were certainly losing continually. We counted it up and decided that in half an hour longer water'd come into the fireroom unless we got the plate up and finished it first, which we couldn't reasonably expect ourselves to do. 'But we'll try,' said Riser.

"There was some fast moving around that fireroom. A rivet forge was got started to have rivets ready and we at once hoisted the plate part way into place on the bulkhead. Riser and Blerot, before the plate was hoisted, got inside the bunker and stood on a rough wooden staging we'd put up for that purpose. They were to stand on this stage and drive up their rivets—the rivets had to be driven from the far side, you see.

"I took a look into the bunker myself before they got the plate up. I judge that the water was about eight inches below the edge of the hole and it was rising constantly about an inch in three minutes. Riser watched it rise for a second, lighted another cigarette from the fire of the last one he'd smoked, and then he called Blerot and me to one side and talked to us for a few moments.

"'We've got,' said he, talking rapidly and puffing his cigarette vigorously and then he coughed—'we've got to rivet this up right away and two fellows have to be inside the bunker to do it—you can see why—holder-on stays in the fireroom, riveters in the bunker. Now look at this bunker—nice thing, ain't it? Regular pocket at this end, can't escape through the scuttle when the water's as high as it is now—do you see that? Do you see what I mean? The only way to get out of this end of the bunker, now that the water's high, is through the hole by which we came in—but we're going to rivet that hole up to keep the ship from sinking. What we'll have to do is to wait inside till they can cut out a plate from the deck over our heads, and we're going to do that, Blerot and I, see?'

"I looked at the bunker and I could see that it was a trap just as he said. I felt sickish and white—then I turned away.

"Blerot never winced, though I looked to see if he would, and of course Riser didn't. His eyes were unusually bright, that's all. It seemed wrong to put men into that hole and I asked Riser to stay out, but he only smiled and emitted some beautiful smoke rings.

"He soon went on talking: 'I've been counting it up and it's this way. You see the water'll rise slower as time goes on, for the head will be smaller as the water rises inside. Long before the compartment is full I think the pumps should be able to prevent further rising. I'm having two three-quarter holes drilled near the top of the bunker. You can blow air into one hole from the air hose of the diving bell and we'll use the other for the exhaust. The ventilation is good, we'll be all right. Run along, Blerot, let's go; there ain't any time to lose. Doc, you sort of watch out for Chambers. Don't let him do anything foolish.'

"That parting injunction appalled me. I wasn't sure that I'd know a foolish thing if I saw one. I felt pretty responsible, or too much responsible.

"Riser and Blerot went into the bunker, and the plate with infinite delay, as it seemed to me, was hauled into place and after a time bolted there. I know now that the men outside were working like—well, like men—and that they were making good time; but it looked to me that day that they moved more slowly than snails. I looked downward into the bunker through rivet holes and I could see the twinkling of water. It was pretty nearly up to the edge of the hole; we had no time to lose.

"The rivets were ready when the plates were, and the chief engineer himself was running the rivet forge. Everybody worked lively. They slammed the incandescent iron into the holes and then the roar and clatter of Riser's and Blerot's hammering began. They didn't make too good a job; speed was the thing. One rivet was hammered before the last one was black—go, go, go! I could see them inside a little at first through the holes in the plates, both stripped to the waist, dripping with sweat. Blerot was working tremendously—that was what you'd expect of Blerot—but so was little Riser too. How he learned to drive rivets I'll never guess now, nor can I guess where in that crabbed, moribund body he found the strength for the work, but he did find it. Oh, man, but he flung his hammer till you'd think he would die, but die—not he!

"I think we were almost done with the plate; anyway the remaining holes were so high up above the floor of the fireroom that I couldn't see through them, when they suddenly stopped riveting inside. They lighted a candle and I could see the light of it through the still vacant holes. We wanted to see what had stopped them and—oh, it was sickening again! Riser soon spoke out clearly and coolly: 'The water is rising faster inside here now, a good deal faster; looks like it would fill up pretty quickly. Doc!' he called me, and the aroma of the cigarette he was smoking inside drifted out through the remaining rivet holes.

"'What is it?' I answered quickly.

"'Go tell Chambers that I think he had better head for the shore. He ought to be so close now to the beach that he could get his vessel ashore before she can sink.'

"I started to go on his errand but I saw something that stopped me short in my tracks. It was as though I'd met death on the street. I was looking at the bottom of the bunker bulkhead, as it happened, and as I looked an appalling thing happened. The steel bulkhead seemed to soften and disintegrate there before my eyes. A flake of rust like the leaf of a book rolled off and dropped on to the deck—the iron seemed to melt over a space as wide as my hand and a stream flowed gurgling and purling into the fireroom.

"Strangely enough Riser on the other side of the bulkhead really understood what had happened before we did. 'Chief, keep her going as long as you can. Doc, get her headed for the beach!' he bawled, and the odor of cigarette smoke drifted pleasantly out through the rivet holes again. I never forget the pungency of that odor. I can smell it yet; I can see the blue rings coming out.

"I went to the bridge quicker than could any other fat man that lives.

"'Chambers,' said I, 'us to the beach; head her ashore.'

"Chambers thought at first I was insane, afterward he thought I was a fool. But I didn't have time to explain. I reached into his desk drawer, picked out his own gun, shoved it in his face and said: 'Captain Chambers, head for land right away—give her four bells—we'll talk later.'

"He did what I said and we talked pretty violently, and then he went below to see for himself. He came up looking as white as death.

"'Rats in a trap! Rats in a trap! Rats in a trap!' he whispered nervously to himself, and I could see his hand shake. Then he went on: 'Water five feet from the top of the bunker, and the fires are about gone and we're a mile from shore yet.'

"'What's he doing?' asked I.

"'Lying on his back on a raft he's made from his staging—and he's smoking and reading poetry by the light of his candle,

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and Blerot is crying. I could see them through the top rivet holes. Man, man!'

"The vessel was steadily sinking and she now was taking a heavy list. The list had already looked frightful enough and the Chinks were growing uneasy, jabbering and moving around in the weather gangway a good deal and looking frightened. The appearance of their eyes interested me—something kind of wild looking about the way they rolled their eyeballs around. I suppose they were commencing to feel the insanity of fright—it really is an insanity, you know, and good roast beef resists that insanity stronger than anything. Rice is poor food.

"Chambers got number one Chink up on the bridge and told him to kill the first Chink that put his hand on a boat fall. Number one Chink smiles blandly and says: 'O! light, I khill 'em quick!' I guess he'd have done it, too; those Chinese are earnest sometimes.

"I got together all the jack-leg mechanics in the ship and started 'em to cutting out a plate in the deck just over Riser and Blerot. It would take two hours at least to get off that plate and we must be busy. Then I went below to the fireroom again. The Chief was there, waist deep in the water. He and two Chinks were nursing the fires and the water was rising, rising, rising. They had a little steam left and the engines were still turning, but they couldn't turn much longer at this rate. It was a desolate sight, that boiler-room; the water swashing listlessly about, the fires fainting, two panting Chinese stripped to the waist, the Chief swearing and crying and sweating.

"I climbed to the upper grating and looked through the rivet holes in upon Riser and Blerot. Riser was humming a snatch of a music-hall song and of course he was smoking. He was reading as he lay on his back, but Blerot lay on his back with his hands over his eyes and sometimes his shoulders would heave and then he'd lie still again. There was about three feet of space now between them and the plates of the top of the bunker, and the water was rising faster than ever. Overhead soon commenced the infernal rattle and clatter of the rivets which were being chipped away by the Chinese mechanics so that a plate might be taken out. I managed to make Riser hear that we were headed for shore, then I left again. Chambers was standing outside of the cabin on the bridge when I came up. I was carrying I think by this time the elephant gun that I'd picked up, without permission, I fear, from a passenger's room.

"'She's sinking fast,' says Chambers. 'I don't know whether we can make the beach soon enough. What d'you think? I suppose we ought to let folks stand by the boats so's they can get away if she fills fast toward the last and we can't make the beach.'

"Just then I did and said things that I didn't expect of myself. I don't understand yet.

"'Captain,' said I pretty earnestly—I guess I was white but I tried to smile and be pleasant—'Captain, it ain't any use to talk like that. The only thing that'll help Mr. Riser is to jam the ship's nose on to the beach, and that will keep her from sinking till we can cut out a plate from the deck. Now there ain't any one going to leave this ship till after Mr. Riser gets out of the bunker, leastwise if any one does I shoot the captain simultaneously.'

"I was really earnest but I don't see why I did it. Drowning three hundred passengers and Chinks wouldn't help Riser, but I could see as I talked the figure of Riser lying on his back on the wee raft. I could see his thin, pinched features and smell the smell of his smoking, and I had to say what I said.

"I thought we wouldn't make the beach ever, fires were pretty faint once, engines barely were turning, everything gasping and wheezing, when some one opened a manhole and temporarily lowered the water in the fireroom three inches. That gave us a new lease. Riser laughed through the rivet holes at the Chief Engineer who was crying again and driving his Chinks till I thought they would drop, and then Riser blew smoke through his rivet holes. For all the world he was like a boy on a lark.

"We got to the beach on the dying gasp of the steam. We thought we were safe there and we thought that Riser was safe, but the wind came. Its rising was heartbreaking, so fast it came. And the plate in the deck wasn't out yet and Riser had only six inches of air in the bunker. He lay half in the water toward the last, and his body bore hard on the plates above him—it was pushed up by the floating power of the raft from below. The seas were breaking over us heavily all the time and I thought the ship must capsize soon indeed she might do so at any time. But the plate soon would be out now. There was smoke curling up through the rivet holes—cigarette smoke, and I shall smell it forever. We were all forward watching that work on the plate—passengers, Chinks, Chambers, Chief Engineer, every one. I was standing just ahead of the plate, elephant gun in the crook of my elbow—guess I looked earnest, for the people gave me plenty of room, and I kept room for the men with the tools. Clank, clank, that was the chisels, and then the hammers would roar hollowly when we backed out a rivet. A big Chinese smashed out the last rivet and we pulled on the plate and got it aside. The crowd gave a wild cheer and surged back and forth. Riser stepped forth nimbly, cigarette ready lighted, thanked us in his smart, alert way—we were all crying now except him, and he seemed not to notice.

"'Blerot has fainted, Doctor,' said he gently, in his high-pitched yet sonorous voice. And it was true—it had been too much for Blerot; he had strength only in his stomach."

. . . . . .

"How did you get into port, Doctor?" asked one of the mess.

"Oh, easy enough. Riser patched us up. Went down in his diving bell again five minutes later and stopped up the leaks. We pumped out the firerooms and the Salurian came afloat and steamed into Honolulu in style. He was a man, that old boy, Riser! Haven't seen him in ten years now—saw him last in Singapore, I remember. The last look I had at him he stood at the end of the pier smoking and coughing and beating his chest, which hurt him a lot all the time. Yes, he suffered a great deal always. But you see he could do a day's work."

Talked Too Much

IT HAS been said that some men talk themselves to death, but in the following anecdote, told by a fire insurance adjuster, the garrulous one talked himself into prison.

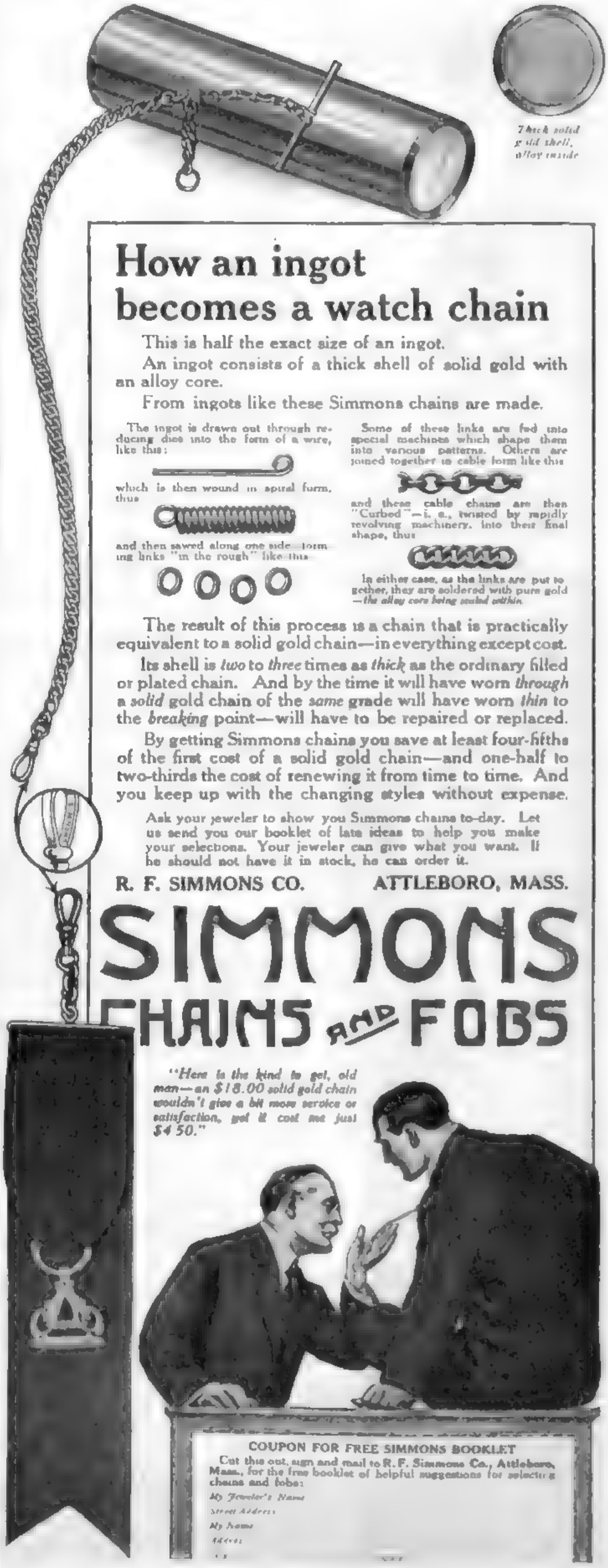
"I had gone to a small interior town to look after some land investments. I arrived there about six A. M. and found a barber shop open, and knowing such a place generally furnished a fund of information I dropped into the solitary chair and feigned sleep. Besides the barber there was only one other man in the shop. The stranger soon broke the silence and I was startled by hearing him say: 'These insurance fellows are easy; the agent has allowed my claim in full, and the adjuster will be here soon to give me a check.'

"Then he proceeded to tell how he had arranged a candle in a box surrounded by excelsior, in an upstairs room on a Sunday morning, applied a match to the candle, and then bidding his neighbor goodby had driven off with his family to a country church, returning in the afternoon to find that his house had burned during his absence.

"The barber having completed his job aroused me with the remark: 'You must have been up all night'—to which I replied: 'Yes, and I enjoyed this nap. But what town is this?'

"When he told me I expressed surprise and abused the train crew for not taking me to the next town. I then inquired if there was a livery-stable handy, and he directed me to one across the street. My purpose was to get to the next town quickly and wire an agency to hold back the check. This I did, and the company was soon advised of the fraud. Later I was instructed to go back to the town and investigate the fire.

"There I met the man and he proved to be one who was easily scared. He said that his restaurant had proved unprofitable and he decided to get out of the place, after burning his house and securing the insurance. He even told me how he had experimented with candles and knew to the minute when the flame would reach the danger point, and hence he knew the very hour that his house had burned. He is now serving a term in penitentiary."



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Stocking the Farm

By David Buffum

THE man who is purchasing livestock for his farm, if he be new to the business, is rather apt to believe that the chief likelihood of his being deceived is confined to the horses, and that buying cows is a comparatively easy and simple matter. But human nature does not vary much with different occupations, and the farmer or dealer who has cows to sell is—to put it as mildly and charitably as possible—very often disposed to give his customer a chance to learn a little something by experience if he shows some signs of not being very well up on cow-trades.

Years ago, when I was a young man and had not yet gone through with that doleful experience known as cutting one's eyeteeth, which is said to be and actually is indispensable to the proper finishing up of a New England farmer, I bought a cow of a man who was active in the affairs of his church and said to be very honest and fair in his dealings. It was said that, though he was "good on a trade," he was never known to lie about a cow—surely a recommendation as alluring as it was unusual.

In view of this conspicuous honesty and a doubt of my own ability to judge cows as well as he, I let him select the animal for me. She was chosen from a lot that he had just brought from the Brighton cattle market, and she was very handsome. Cows fresh from market cannot be judged very much from the appearance of their udders, and their long journey by rail, with its heat, discomfort and irregularity of food and water, entirely checks, for the time being, the flow of milk. I asked the seller if the cow was all right and sound in every respect.

"Well, she appears to be," he replied cheerfully as he bit off a fresh chew. "Looks to me like a real nice cow. O' course," he added, with great candor, "I've only owned her three days, but I've ben observin' of her, and if she'd had any defect or shortcomin' 'twould ha' showed up by this time, wouldn't it?" This seemed so very probable that I was at once convinced and the purchase was made.

A day or two later, when she began again to yield milk, my man informed me that she was a "three-teater"—that is, she gave milk from only three teats. The fourth was useless and gave evidence of having been long out of commission.

From Bad to Worse

I repaired to the honest vender, whom I found sitting in his barn doorway apparently at peace with all the world and contemplating the feeble remnant of the herd that he had brought from Brighton a few days before. "All sold but these few critters," he observed blithely as I approached. "An' how's the one I sold you? Givin' plenty o' milk?"

I stated my grievance.

"A three-teater, hey? Well, well, who'd ha' thought it! It's astonishin' how them defects develop when a cow begins to pick up. But come, pick out another cow from the herd and we'll shift. I want you to be satisfied."

I looked over the half-dozen melancholy quadrupeds that stood in his barn. They were certainly a sorry-looking bunch, but I wanted a sound one and finally selected a red three-year-old—gaunt, wild-eyed, and looking more like a racehorse than a cow; but I reasoned that she at least had the advantage of youth on her side and might possibly improve. It was certain she could not deteriorate.

This animal proved worse than the first, as she gave milk—and very little at that—from only two teats. She likewise had a way of kicking over the milk-pail, usually waiting till the milking was nearly done. Moreover, I was mortally ashamed to have such a looking animal on the farm. So I traded once more, but with no better luck, and then gave it up, convinced there were no cows to be had from that source that had not something the matter with them. And, looking back now, I am certain I was right.

It was, perhaps, a couple of years afterward when I again saw my honest friend. He drew rein abreast of my pasture, got out of his wagon and, leaning upon the wall, critically looked over the cows. I had long since parted with the treasure that I bought of him—selling her to a man who laid, as I did, undue prominence on the fact that she was young—and she was replaced by animals of which I was not ashamed.

"Quite a likely-looking bunch," he observed. I merely nodded by way of reply, for I wanted him to do the talking. I felt sure that something well worth hearing would come out of so honest and pious a man, and I was not disappointed.

"The trouble with you, when you bought them cows o' me," he said reflectively as he fed himself from a piece of tobacco the size of an egg, "was that you didn't examine 'em close enough. A man buyin' cows must not only look 'em over but feel 'em over—for 'seein' is believin',' as the Scripter says; but feelin' is the naked truth, accordin' to my experience. A young man ought to know the p'ints of a cow too." Then, as he glanced at an adjoining field where some of my colts were feeding, he continued: "Ef you'd studied cows the way you've studied hosses you wouldn't ha' got stung—that is, you'd ha' ben better qualified for tradin'. Hosses is all right, I s'pose, though I never liked 'em much. But cows is pretty important critters on a farm, and as you grow older you'll realize that they're well wuth studyin', as well as hosses."

How to Judge a Cow

A little thought on the function of milk-giving and what it implies physiologically will give the key to what is needed in a good milch cow. As it is strictly and essentially a feminine function, the cow that is most feminine in appearance—the furthest removed in her conformation from that of a bull—is the best. This general rule covers all the ground and is so all-comprehensive that it holds good in every particular, even to the expression of the countenance.

For its details and application a cow should be, roughly speaking, shaped something like a wedge—large and well-developed behind and small and fine in front. She should be wide between the hips and low in the flank, with hind quarters set a little apart, so as to allow sufficient room for her udder. Her belly should be large and well rounded, but rounding outward rather than downward. Her rump should be straight, not drooping; in other words, the point where her tail is set should be on a line with her spine. Her chest should be reasonably deep but not very broad, and her shoulders thin and narrow at the top. Her neck should be small and thin; her head small, narrow rather than wide, and fine in the muzzle. Her eyes should be rather large, not showing much white around them, and mild and gentle in expression. Her horns should be small. Her skin should be soft and rather loose; her coat fine and silky.

The udder should be well developed and large; but an overlarge udder, sagging down halfway to the ground and swinging unpleasantly as the cow walks, is not desirable. It should stay up properly in its place. If unduly large its walls are often too thick, thus leaving no more room for milk than a smaller one of finer make. The four teats should stand in such position as to form what is called a "square" udder; they should be soft and smooth to the touch, and long enough to be grasped by the whole hand in milking; for if too short the milking has to be done with the thumb and two fingers, which is tiresome work.

Fleshiness in the udder is to be avoided; when emptied of milk it should be soft, shrunken and pliable. Even the best of judges cannot detect fleshiness when the udder is full; so the only safe way, in examining a cow, is to have her milked. This will also show whether she is gentle, whether there is anything wrong with any of her teats and how much milk she gives.

Now it will be seen that these rules are simple enough if only carefully studied, although, like all other rules concerning livestock, they need to be studied in connection with living subjects in order to fully grasp their meaning. They deal with

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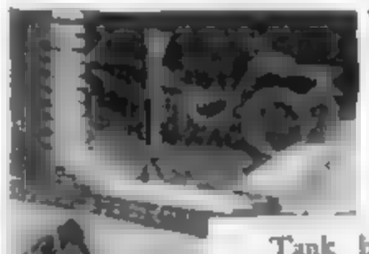

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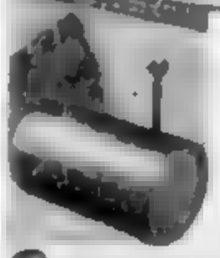

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the essential points of a good cow, and so are applicable to cows of all breeds. They do not, it is true, enable the buyer to judge of the quality of the milk, but this is mainly a matter of breed. If, for instance, the buyer selects a Jersey or Guernsey he may be absolutely sure that the milk will be rich enough; if he buys a Holstein he may be equally sure that it will be poor enough—quantity, not quality, being the specialty of these phenomenally large milkers. He will, of course, have his own special end in view—whether milk or butter, and choose accordingly.

I think it is right for me to add that neither the strictly butter nor milk breeds furnish a milk that is the best for feeding to infants; the former contains too large a percentage of the butter-fats in proportion to its other elements, and the latter hardly enough. The best cow for this purpose is a cross between the Jersey or Guernsey and some one of the milk breeds; indeed, this is generally more satisfactory in all cases where both cream and milk are wanted.

When the cows are once purchased it should be remembered that "a good thing is worth keeping good." In one way or another a cow will surely deteriorate if not properly cared for. Apart from her proper feeding and stabling, one of the most important things is the milking. If she is not milked thoroughly, and no milk allowed to remain in her udder, she will soon dry up; this once done, the habit is very likely to be formed in her system, so that thereafter she will always dry up in a comparatively short time after calving. I have seen new milch cows that yielded twenty quarts a day giving less than half that amount three months later, the chief reason for it being the one I have mentioned. Close attention is also needed at calving. The cow is always more or less feverish at such times, and her udder is hard and inflamed, requiring bathing in hot water and gentle rubbing with the hand. This is the time when, if neglected, cows may lose the use of one or more teats. It is always the good cow, too, that goes wrong; poor ones, in which the milk-giving function is less perfectly developed, rarely have any trouble.

The Care of Milk

For the care of the milk itself, the first and greatest requisite is absolute cleanliness. Simple as this is, it is the hardest of all things to enforce, even in a good dairy. But it must be enforced if any good and paying business is to be done. To learn the other rules there is but one practical way for a beginner, which is to visit some first-class dairy and note carefully how everything is done. Whoever does this for the first time will undoubtedly be greatly surprised to find how very simple all the processes are, and how few in number the rules that must be followed. There is, in fact, no magic or knack whatever in the making of fine butter. Any one who will attend closely to the requirements can do it. The only difficulty—and this difficulty is a veritable boon to the makers of top-quality butter, as it keeps their output always scarce in the market—is that the requirements are inexorable; and such is human nature that in nineteen dairies out of twenty some requirement or other is not observed as implicitly as it should be. The result is a butter, good, maybe, but lacking that exquisite flavor—that scent, as it were, of the fields, the clover and the honey-bees—that distinguishes the very best.

On the majority of moderate-sized farms where cows are kept there are not many sheep; choice is usually made between the two. Of course a herd of cows will bring in a great deal more money, in the gross, than the sheep that could be kept on the same area, but they also necessitate a great deal more labor, and there is no question that, according to the labor bestowed upon them, sheep pay better than any other stock. Personally I have always been a great believer in sheep and have usually kept large numbers; but the farmer should always take his situation into consideration before deciding to keep them. In many localities, especially in the near neighborhood of towns and villages, the danger from dogs is a constant and serious menace.

On farms fenced by stone walls there is never any assurance that sheep will keep within bounds.

On all farms where mixed farming is carried on, lambs for the butcher constitute the chief profit in sheep husbandry. The wool, though an important adjunct, would never pay in itself. This fact settles, within certain limits, the question of breed, as the several Down breeds—Southdown, Hampshire Down, Oxfordshire Down and Shropshire Down—are, beyond all question, the best for mutton. In fleece they are classed as "middle-wools"—that is, they stand midway between the fine-wooled Merinos and the several long-wooled breeds.

Of all the Down breeds the Southdowns are the most ancient type, the other Downs having been evolved from them. They are also, though smaller, the smoothest and finest in contour and, in my opinion, the best for all ordinary soils. On rich pasturage all the breeds do well and the choice becomes purely one of individual preference; but the Southdowns will thrive and keep fat on rocky hillside pastures where the larger breeds would find it hard to make a living.

The Points of Southdowns

As to the points of the Southdowns, they should be very compact and round-bodied, and their backs should form a straight line from top of shoulder to root of tail. Their legs should be short and placed rather wide apart, giving to their hind quarters that conformation known as "wide in the twist." The wool should cover their bodies, sides of head and forehead, and should grow on their hind legs as far down as the gambrel-joint, but not below. Their faces should be either light brown or a sort of silver-gray—I find it a little difficult to describe the best shade, but perhaps "grayish-brown" is as descriptive as any word I could use. Their ears should be short, small and very fine. A well-bred Southdown is a handsome and aristocratic-looking animal, and I know of nothing that better illustrates the vast difference between blooded and common stock, as the common sheep, of no particular breeding, is about as homely and plebeian-looking a creature as can be found.

The cost of pure-bred Southdowns is so great, however, that a great many beginners in farming will find it expedient to buy common ewes, unsightly as they are, and breed them to a pure-bred Southdown ram. In the half-bloods resulting from this cross the Southdown will predominate and, to one who has not before tried the experiment, it is really astonishing how superior they are to their dams. If the half-blood ewes are again bred to a Southdown the next generation—three-quarter-bloods—will be very handsome sheep, as good in every way for practical purposes as the pure-bloods, and resembling them so closely as to be taken for them by the majority of observers—though, of course, a breeder of Southdowns would know the difference. I have raised hundreds of sheep in this way, breeding them up until, in the fifth and sixth cross, it was impossible to distinguish them from my pure-bred stock and only the marks in their ear-tags told the story. And when it is considered that in the fifth cross there is only one part of common blood to thirty-one parts of Southdown—in the sixth cross one part of common to sixty-three parts of Southdown—it will be readily seen that so small a plebeian mixture cannot have much effect either in outward appearance or hereditary tendencies. The rams used in this breeding-up process should always be strictly pure-bred.

Concerning the care of sheep, if they run in a pasture that they cannot jump out of there is no stock that gives its owner so little trouble; if they can jump out there is none that can give him so much. Still, they require care even under the best of conditions, and at certain periods—as, for instance, at lambing time—considerable of it. Indeed, there is no farm stock that can be made to thrive and yield a profit without both care and attention, and whoever thinks sheep an exception to this rule will find flock-keeping a losing game.

In referring to the unwisdom of trying to keep sheep in stone-wall inclosures, I speak from experience, having given it a thorough trial and finally abandoned it—although it is true that if lambs are very carefully raised and always kept in flush feed—no gaps or low places ever being allowed in the walls—they may be a long time in finding out that they can jump. I have even known of an occasional flock that never learned at all, but this is so rare that statements to this effect—especially from a farmer who has sheep to sell—are best received with doubt.

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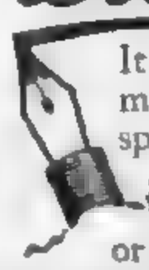

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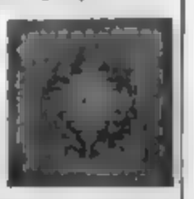

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The Innocence of Father Brown

(Continued from Page 7)

both hands full of shining silver, which he laid out on the counter as calmly as a salesman. It took the form of a dozen quaintly-shaped forks and knives.

"You—you——" began the Colonel, quite thrown off his balance at last. Then he peered into the dim little room and saw two things: first, that the short, black-clad man was dressed like a clergyman; and, second, that the window of the room behind him was burst, as if some one had passed violently through.

"Valuable things to deposit in a cloak-room, aren't they?" remarked the clergyman with cheerful composure.

"Did—did you steal those things?" stammered Mr. Audley, with starting eyes.

"If I did," said the cleric pleasantly, "at least I am bringing them back again."

"But you didn't," said Colonel Pound, still staring at the broken window.

"To make a clean breast of it, I didn't," said the other with some humor. And he seated himself quite gravely on a stool.

"But you know who did?" said the Colonel.

"I don't know his real name," said the priest placidly, "but I know something of his fighting weight and a great deal about his spiritual difficulties. I formed the physical estimate when he was trying to throttle me, and the moral estimate when he repented."

"Oh, I say—repented!" cried young Chester with a sort of crow of laughter.

Father Brown got to his feet, putting his hands behind him. "Odd, isn't it," he said, "that a thief and a vagabond should repent when so many who are rich and secure remain hard and frivolous and without fruit for God or man? But there, if you will excuse me, you trespass a little upon my province. If you doubt the penitence as a practical fact, there are your knives and forks. You are The Twelve True Fishers, and there are all your silver fish. But He has made me a fisher of men."

"Did you catch this man?" asked the Colonel, frowning slightly.

Father Brown looked him full in his frowning face. "Yes," he said, "I caught him; with an unseen hook and an invisible line which is long enough to let him wander to the ends of the world and still to bring him back with a twitch upon the thread."

There was a long silence. All the other men present broke away to carry the recovered silver to their comrades, or to consult the proprietor about the queer condition of affairs. But the grim-faced Colonel still sat sideways on the counter, swinging his long lank legs and biting his dark mustache.

At last he said quietly to the priest: "He must have been a clever fellow; but I think I know a cleverer."

"He was a clever fellow," answered the other; "but I am not quite sure of what other you mean."

"I mean you," said the Colonel with a short laugh. "I don't want to get the fellow jailed; make yourself easy about that. But I'd give a good many silver forks to know exactly how you fell into this affair and how you got the stuff out of him. I reckon you're the most up-to-date devil of the present company."

Father Brown seemed rather to like the saturnine candor of the soldier. "Well," he said, smiling, "I mustn't tell you anything of the man's identity, or his own story, of course; but there's no particular reason why I shouldn't tell you of the mere outside facts which I found out for myself."

He hopped over the barrier with unexpected activity, and sat beside Colonel Pound, kicking his short legs like a little boy on a gate. He began to tell the story as easily as if he were telling it to an old friend by a Christmas fire.

"You see, Colonel," he said, "I was shut up in that small room there, doing some writing, when I heard a pair of feet in this passage doing a dance that was as queer as the dance of death. First came quick, funny little steps, like a man walking on tiptoe for a wager; then came slow, careless creaking steps as of a big man walking about with a cigar. But they were both made by the same feet, I swear, and they came in rotation; first the run and then the walk and then the run again. I wondered at first idly and then wildly why a man should act these two parts at once. One walk I knew; it was just like yours, Colonel. It was the walk of a well-fed gentleman waiting for something, who strolls about rather because he is physically alert than because he is mentally impatient. I knew that I knew the other walk too; but I could not remember what it was. What wild creature had I met on my travels that tore along on tiptoe in that extraordinary style? Then I heard a clink of plates somewhere; and the answer stood up as plain as St. Peter's. It was the walk of a waiter; that walk with the body slanted forward, the eyes looking down, the ball of the toe spurning away the ground; the coat-tails and napkin flying. Then I thought for a minute and a half more; and, I believe, I saw the manner of the crime as clearly as if I were going to commit it."

Colonel Pound looked at him keenly; but the speaker's mild gray eyes were fixed upon the ceiling with almost empty wistfulness.

"A crime," he said slowly, "is like any other work of art. Don't look surprised; crimes are by no means the only works of art that come from an infernal workshop. But every work of art, divine or diabolic, has one indispensable mark. I mean that the center of it is simple, however much the entourage may be complicated. Thus in Hamlet, let us say, the grotesqueness of the gravedigger, the flowers of the mad girl, the fantastic finery of Osric, the pallor of the ghost and the grin of the skull are all oddities in a sort of tangled wreath round one plain tragic figure of a man in black. Well, this also," he said, getting slowly down from his seat with a smile—"this also is the plain tragedy of a man in black. Yes," he went on, seeing the Colonel look up in some wonder, "the whole of this tale turns on a black coat. In this, as in Hamlet, there are the rococo excrescences—yourselves, let us say. There is the dead waiter who was there when he could not be there. There is the invisible hand that swept your table clear of silver and melted into air. But every clever crime is founded ultimately on some one quite simple fact; some fact that is not itself mysterious. The mystification comes in covering it up, in leading men's thoughts away from it. This large and subtle and, in the ordinary course, most profitable crime was built on the plain fact that a gentleman's evening dress is the same as a waiter's. All the rest was acting; and thundering good acting, too."

"Still," said the Colonel, getting up and frowning at his boots, "I am not sure that I understand."

"Colonel," said Father Brown, "I tell you that this archangel of impudence who stole your forks walked up and down this passage twenty times in the blaze of all the lamps, in the glare of all the eyes. He did not go and hide in dim corners where suspicion might have searched for him. He kept constantly on the move in the lighted corridors, and everywhere that he went he seemed to be there by right. Don't ask me what he was like; you have seen him yourself six or seven times tonight. You were waiting with all the other grand people in the reception-room at the end of the passage there, with the terrace just beyond. Whenever he came among you gentlemen he came in the lightning style of a waiter, with bent head, flapping napkin and flying feet. He shot out on to the terrace, did something to the tablecloth, and shot back toward the office and the waiters' quarters. By the time he had come under the eye of the office clerk and the waiters he had become another man in every inch of his body, in every instinctive gesture. He strolled among the servants with the absent-minded insolence which they had all seen in their patrons. It was no new thing to them that a swell from the dinner party should pace all parts of the house like an animal at the Zoo; they knew that nothing marks the smart set more than a habit of walking where one chooses. When he was magnificently weary of walking down that particular passage he would wheel round and pace back past the office; in the shadow of the arch just beyond he was altered as by a blast of magic and went hurrying forward again among The Twelve Fishermen, an obsequious attendant. Why should the gentlemen look at a chance waiter? Why should the waiters suspect a first-rate walking gentleman? Once or twice he played the coolest tricks. In the proprietor's private quarters he called out breezily

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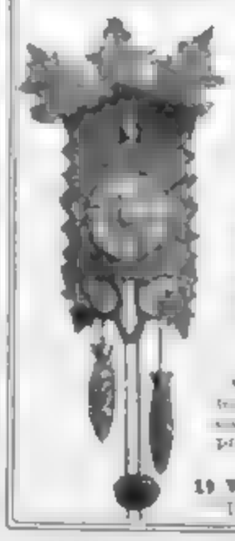

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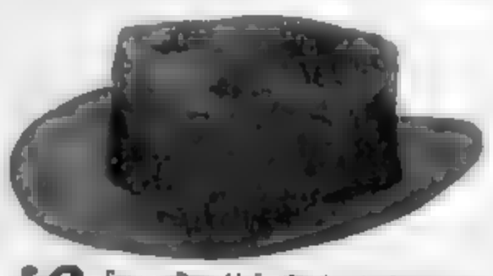

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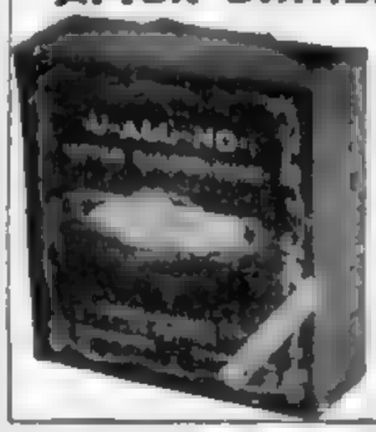

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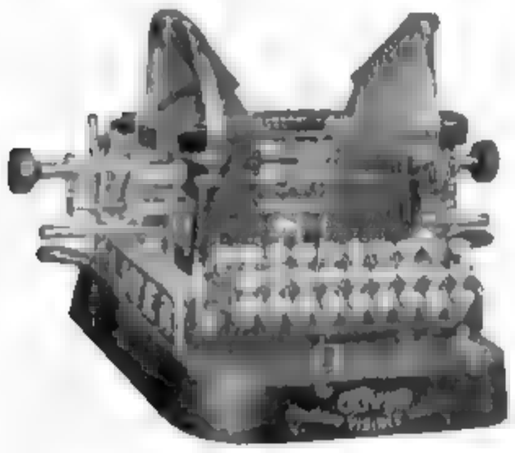

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for a siphon of soda water, saying he was thirsty. He said genially that he would carry it himself, and he did; he carried it quickly and correctly through the thick of you, a waiter with an obvious errand. Of course, it could not have been kept up long; but it only had to be kept up till the end of the fish course.

"His worst moment was when the waiters stood in a row; but even then he contrived to lean against the wall just round the corner in such a way that, for that important instant, the waiters thought him a gentleman, while the gentlemen thought him a waiter. The rest went like winking. If any waiter caught him away from the table, that waiter caught a languid aristocrat. He had only to time himself two minutes before the fish was cleared, become a swift servant, and clear it himself. He put the plates down on a sideboard, stuffed the silver in his breast pocket, giving it a bulgy look, and ran like a hare—I heard him coming—till he came to the cloak-room. There he had only to be a plutocrat again, a plutocrat called away suddenly on business. He had only to give his ticket to the cloak-room attendant, and go out again elegantly, as he had come in. Only—only I happened to be the cloak-room attendant."

"What did you do to him?" cried the Colonel with unusual intensity. "What did he tell you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the priest immovably, "that is where the story ends."

"And the interesting story begins," muttered Pound. "I think I understand his professional trick. But I don't seem to have got hold of yours."

"I must be going," said Father Brown.

They walked together along the passage to the entrance hall where they saw the fresh, freckled face of the Duke of Chester, who was bounding buoyantly toward them.

"Come along, Pound," he cried breathlessly. "I've been looking for you everywhere. The dinner's going again in spanking style, and old Audley has got to make a speech in honor of the forks being saved. We want to start some new ceremony, don't you know, to commemorate the occasion. I say, what do you suggest?"

"Why," said the Colonel, eying him with a certain sardonic approval, "I should suggest that henceforward we wear green coats instead of black. One never knows what mistakes may arise when one looks so like a waiter."

"Oh, hang it all!" said the young man. "A gentleman never looks like a waiter."

"Nor a waiter like a gentleman, I suppose?" said Colonel Pound with the same lowering laughter on his face. "Reverend Sir, your friend must have been very smart to act the gentleman."

Father Brown buttoned up his commonplace overcoat to the neck, for the night was stormy, and took his commonplace umbrella from the stand.

"Yes," he said, "it must be very hard work to be a gentleman; but, do you know, I have sometimes thought that it may be almost as laborious to be a waiter."

And saying "Good evening" he pushed open the heavy doors of that palace of pleasures. The golden gates closed behind him and he went at a brisk walk through the damp, dark streets in search of a penny omnibus

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of detective stories by Mr. Chesterton. The fourth story will be printed in an early issue

A Husband Feeder

A HUSBAND-AND-WIFE combination in vaudeville, with the husband as the feeder and the wife as the real attraction, worked for Lew Fields in one of his summer shows.

The two were popular and got much newspaper space. Also, they had a thousand dollars a week.

One day the husband, puffed up by what the newspapers said about the singing of his wife, went in to see Fields. "Mr. Fields," he said, "it is twelve hundred a week from now on for us or we quit right here."

"Twelve hundred, eh?" Fields asked with interest.

"Yes, sir, twelve hundred a week or we quit and go out on the big time in the Morris circuit."

"Well, sonny," said Fields, "I think an awful lot of your wife's work, but I don't think she is worth eleven hundred and seventy-five dollars a week to me."

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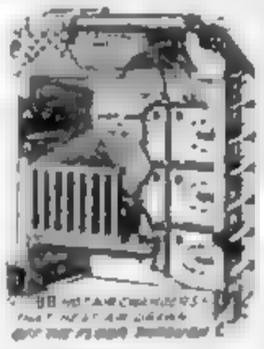

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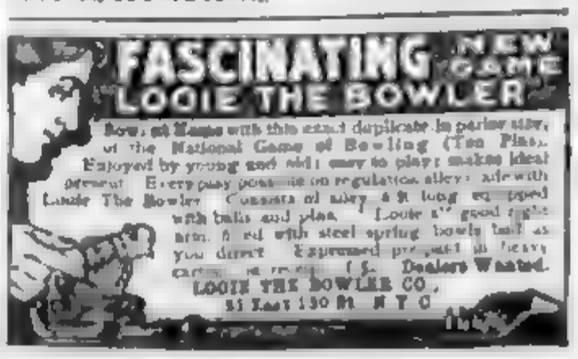
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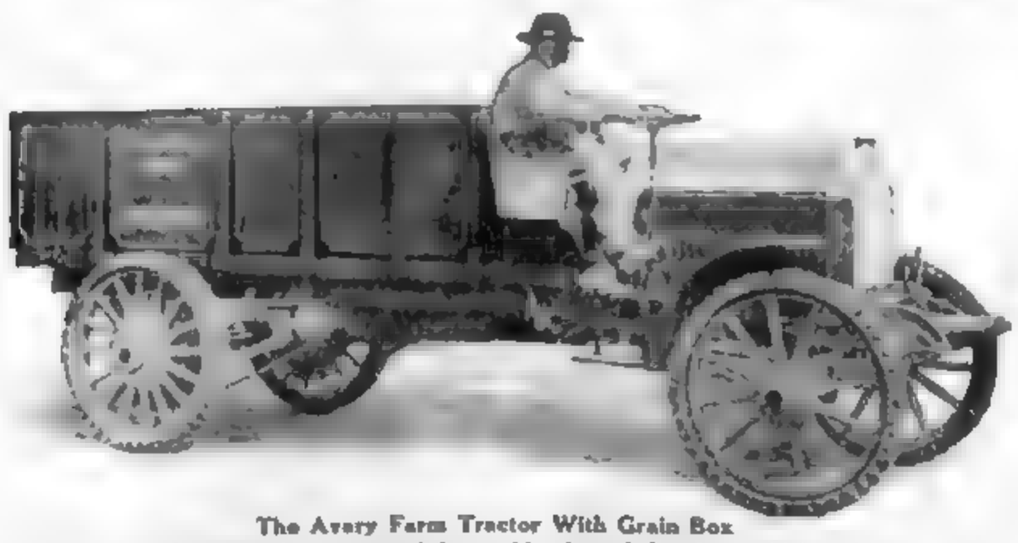

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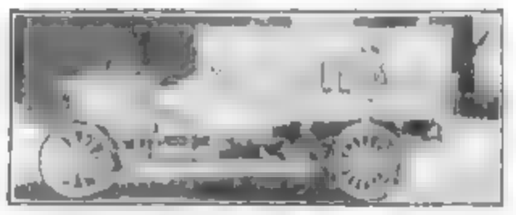

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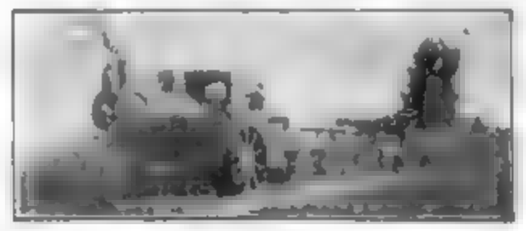

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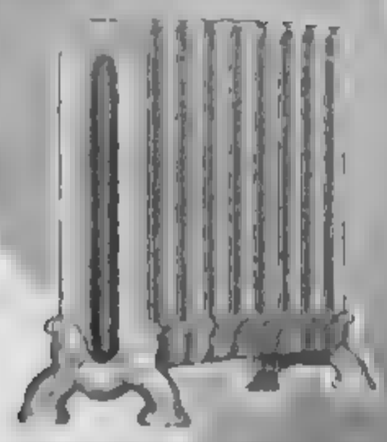
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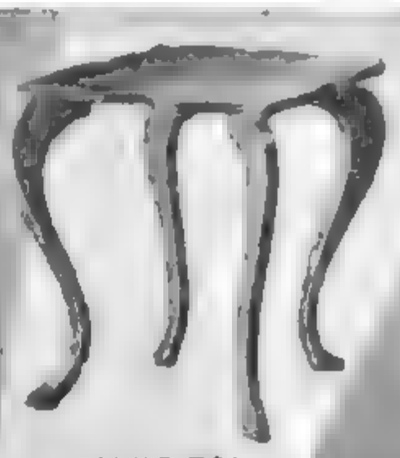
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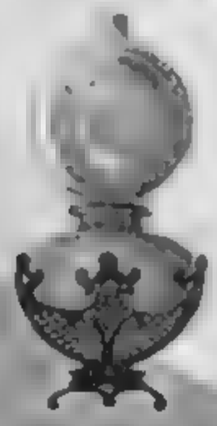
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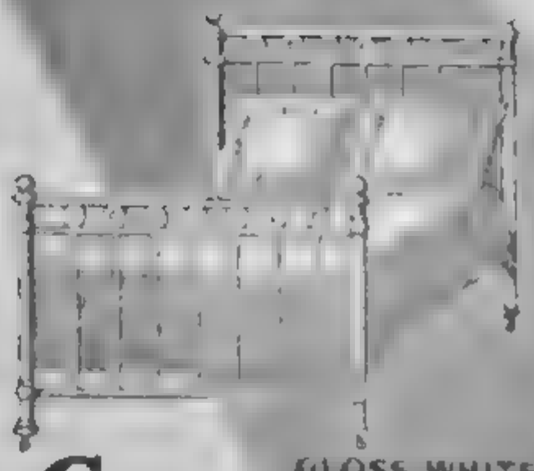
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True, we wholesale to a few clothiers who want the best sort of men's and boys' clothes.

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Put up in hanks of 50 ft., 75 ft., and 100 ft. Price 1 cent a foot.

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Samson Cordage Works

88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF AVIATION

(Continued from Page 5)

experiments, having as an objective the determination of the value of the aeroplane in aggressive warfare, as well as for defensive purposes.

That the passenger-carrying aeroplane is useful for reconnaissance is undisputed. An officer occupying the passenger-seat of an aeroplane can at one glance obtain more information regarding an enemy's position than could be obtained by a whole regiment of scouts under the old system.

For aggressive purposes the aeroplane involves a number of complicated questions. Principal among these are the extent of its invulnerability and the possibility of using the flying machine for attack. In both instances the argument that stands out strongest is that the destruction of an aeroplane would not involve the loss of more than one or two lives, which in warfare would not be regarded as a great risk.

Experts regard the aeroplane as a very difficult target, since it travels at great speed and at varying heights and has very little surface to present as a mark. I believe that an aeroplane could be riddled with bullet-holes and as long as the motor and propeller remained undamaged it would not be entirely disabled.

I have tried experiments of dropping weights from the machine when at different heights with the intention of hitting a target. I have also carried as a passenger an army officer who undertook to shoot at a target with an ordinary army rifle. In both forms of experiment the results were highly successful and indicated to the military experts who observed them that, with practice and development of devices to assist the marksman, great accuracy could eventually be obtained.

New Highways Opened

Owing to its adaptability to over-water flights, the aeroplane will undoubtedly take a part in future naval battles, and because of its comparatively small cost it would not be surprising if the military development of the aeroplane should result in the abandonment of costly battleships and perhaps aid greatly the general movement for disarmament. When the stage has been reached where a four or five thousand dollar flying machine can be used to destroy one or more battleships costing millions of dollars, there will naturally result some change in the present fighting equipment of the large nations.

All efforts to improve and develop aviation will be futile, however, unless immediate steps are taken properly to guide and direct this development. The Government, assisted by aero clubs and aviators of experience, should take the matter in hand and guard against recklessness, which not only involves the lives of the aviators but also endangers the lives of spectators on terra firma. Rules and regulations will not accomplish this purpose. The air is a great highway that has just been opened to the public. It must be regulated and governed as are other great highways.

Judging from the success attained in an experiment made at the recent aviation meet at Sheepshead Bay, New York, the wireless telegraph will play an important part in aviation. A sending instrument was installed on one of the machines and a receiving apparatus erected at the grandstand. The operator of the aeroplane, Mr. McCurdy, successfully sent the following message to Mr. H. M. Horton, who prepared the apparatus:

"Another chapter in aerial achievement is recorded in the sending of a wireless message from an aeroplane in flight."

This message was sent from the machine twice and received by Mr. Horton on both occasions. An important feature of the test was that the aviator sent the message while operating his machine.

In Germany they have advanced more rapidly than we have in this country. Aerial lighthouses have been constructed and preparations made for the day when an aeroplane must be guided in its course similarly to ships at sea.

"What is the next great step in the development of aviation?" is a question that I am frequently asked; and, doubtless, it is the question that is occupying the

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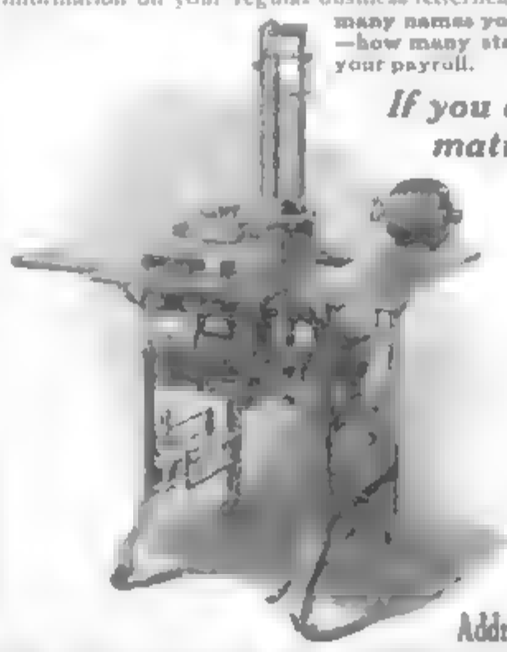

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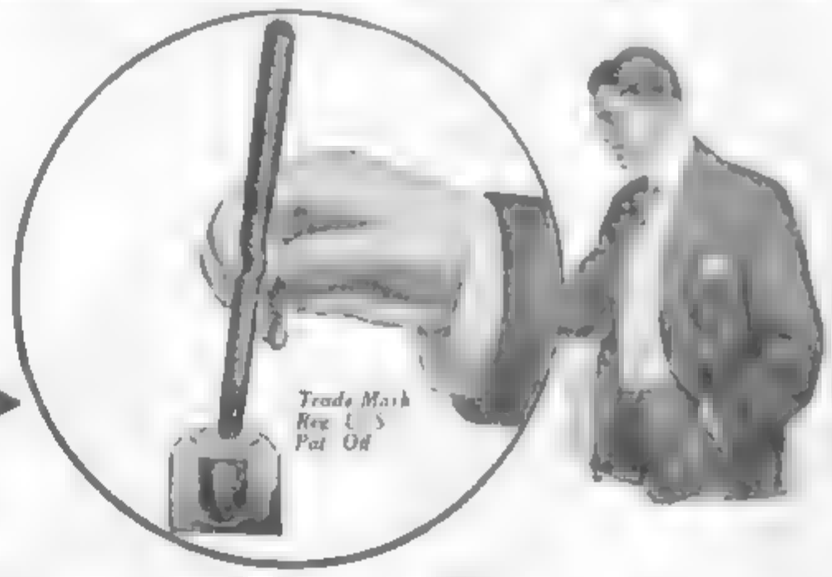

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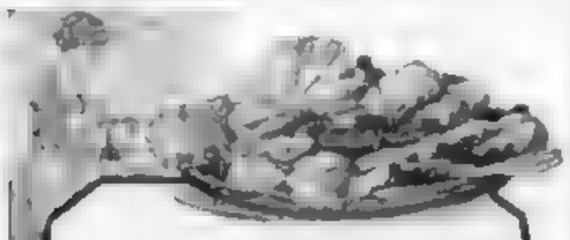

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attention of all those who have faith in the future commercial value of the aeroplane.

To my mind the imperative step that should be taken is the establishment of "air lanes," where watercourses cannot be used. These lanes should consist of what might be termed a roadway entirely free from obstructions and from which all other forms of transportation shall be excluded. These roadways should connect the large cities at first, and later all cities of importance.

These aerial highways should be so constructed or arranged that an aeroplane may land safely anywhere along the course. The maintenance of these intercity courses could be made comparatively inexpensive by producing upon them certain crops which would not be a serious hindrance to the landing and starting of aeroplanes. Eventually, as traffic increases, systems of signaling could be arranged to aid aviators in foggy weather.

Of course great progress will be made in the development of the attachments and improvements on the machines themselves as the necessity arises. Just as occurred with the automobile, so with the aeroplane there will be headlights, mufflers for the motors, taxi-aeromobiles, and so on along the entire list. Safety devices for machine and operator will probably occupy the greatest attention for the present.

Operating Expenses Low

Not only is the aeroplane more practical than the automobile was in the same period of its development but it is more economical. In my flight from Albany to New York the cost of gasoline consumed was at the rate of one cent a mile, notwithstanding a speed of over fifty miles an hour. Taking an automobile over the same distance, the cost for the motive power would be about fifteen cents a mile.

If given proper care an aeroplane would average a repair cost of perhaps ten per cent of the repair cost for an automobile. The life of an aeroplane also compares favorably with that of an automobile. As long as the motor of an aeroplane lasts the machine itself continues to be of value.

An aeroplane can be bought today for five thousand dollars, a price which must be paid for many makes of automobiles at the present time. Unquestionably as the demand for aeroplanes increases the price will become lower.

From appearance the aeroplane gives the impression of involving very little cost in its manufacture. It appears to be constructed on very simple lines—a wooden frame covered with cloth and held together by wires. A biplane has been said to have more nearly the appearance of a side view of an open trolley car than any other thing in existence.

The appearance of the aeroplane is very deceiving, however, and upon close inspection it will be found that a well-constructed machine is made of the finest material and that every detail displays the finest workmanship. This is as it should be, for it is the care that has been exercised in the construction of the machine that minimizes the danger to which the aviator is subjected.

Even the construction of the wooden framework of the aeroplane permits of practically nothing but handwork by the most expert workmen. Again, time figures as a large part of the cost.

The framework must be covered with a strong material having the properties of lightness, durability, strength and flexibility, and must also be weather-proof. No metal lends itself to this use and the aeroplane constructor is confronted with the necessity of using a special patented rubberized silk material, which combines all the requisite properties to a large degree.

An aeroplane, in landing, ordinarily strikes the ground at a speed of thirty to forty miles an hour, and under certain conditions at a much greater speed. Its running gear must absorb the shock of this collision between the earth and the machine.

Perfection in details of workmanship will occupy the attention of manufacturers henceforth. Those who expect to revolutionize flying machines—and several hundred letters which I have on file testify to the number who have these expectations—will do well to devote themselves to the improvement of the present types of machines and leave the revolutionizing process to take care of itself.

Aviation is here to stay—a practical commercial industry that is bound to grow to proportions that cannot be estimated.

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Over three-quarters of a million subscriptions for

The Saturday Evening Post *and*

The Ladies' Home Journal

will expire. Most of these will be renewed. We want to engage representatives, either men or women, all over the country to look after this business for us and to send new orders. For the work we will pay a liberal weekly salary and a commission on each order.

¶ The work is pleasant, throwing one in contact with the best people in the community, and it can be carried on in leisure hours. A definite payment for work, concerning which we will send, without cost, all necessary instructions and everything necessary.

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IT is the same with all Snider Foods—Snider's Tomato Catsup and Snider's Chili Sauce are prepared with equal care and are all the condiments a well appointed household needs.

USE them upon steaks, cutlets, roasts, cold meats, oysters and all fish; also for seasoning all prepared food requiring a "snap." As a foundation for puree they are most convenient.

FRIENDS are very *likely* to *just drop in* about lunch time if you serve Snider's—they have a famous reputation for quality.

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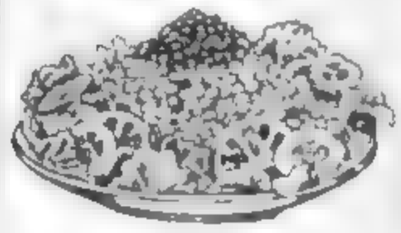
With Combination Salad



Cut crisp cucumbers and tomatoes into quarter inch dice, or into slices as preferred. Set into ice box again, to thoroughly chill. Prepare heart lettuce by thoroughly washing in *cold* water and setting beside the ice to chill.

When ready to serve luncheon, dispose lettuce leaves around edge of platter; open a can of Snider's Pork and Beans and empty into center of lettuce circle, arranging beans in a neat pyramid. Garnish base of pyramid liberally with the chilled tomato and cucumber, and serve cold, with mayonnaise.

(Paste this in your cook book.)

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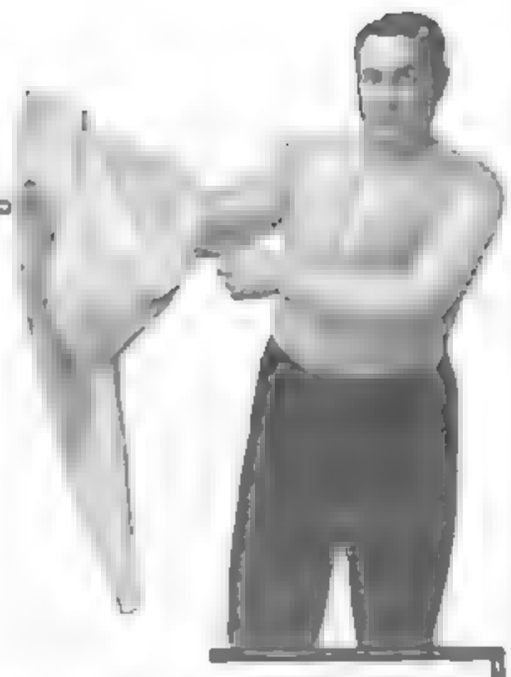

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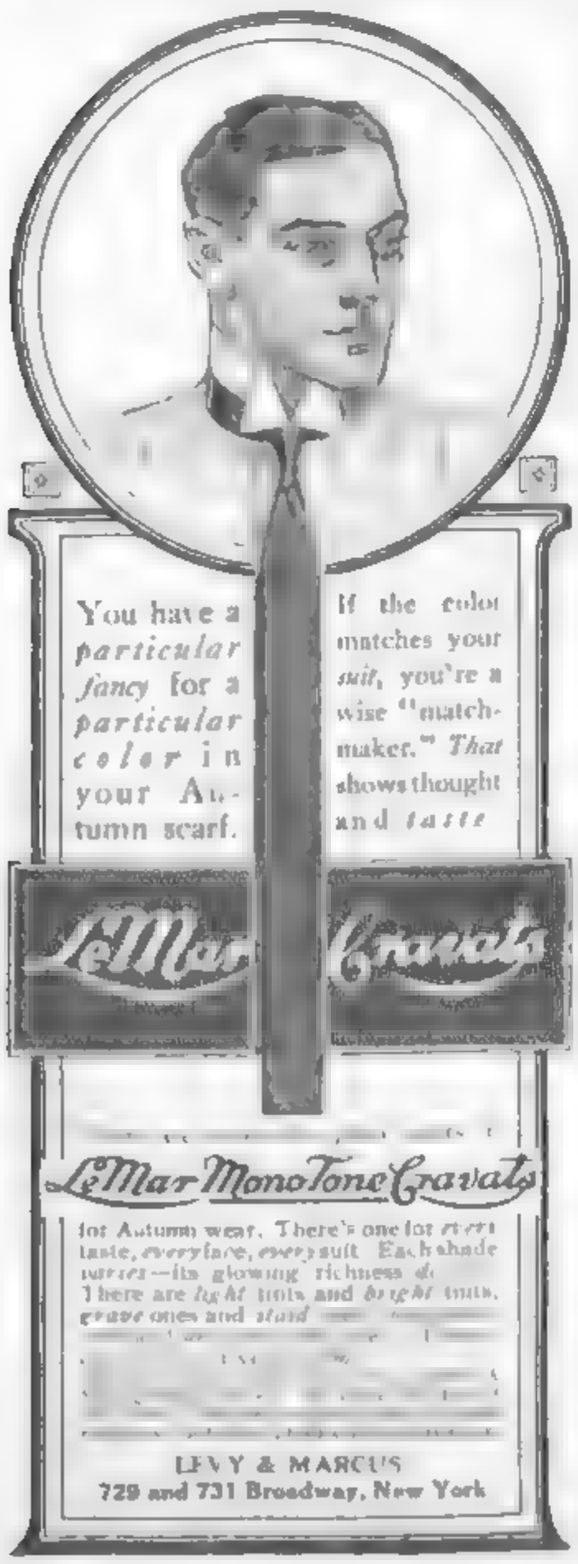

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LEVY & MARCUS
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THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 21)

"It's more apt to come nor'west, and hard, with this rain' glass," Bell retorted.

But before the following morning the wind was southeast, thus putting the Daffodil well to windward.

Bell's prophecy was true, though a trifle belated, and a hard nor'wester gave the Shark the weather-gauge for the finish of the run. Early one morning the old schooner pushed in sluggishly against the four-knot tide racing out between Old Point and the Riprap, and came to anchor just beyond the can-buoy opposite the hotel, on the far side of the swash-channel leading to Hampton. There was no sign of the Daffodil, and Captain Bell was anticipating a pleasant if unhygienic sojourn with certain whisky-drinking, poker-playing friends from the cruisers and battleships lying in the port when, to his intense disgust, he received a letter from his lawyers requesting an interview for the current week.

"Marblehead!" he snapped to Heldstrom. "I've got to be in Boston the end of this week or early the next. Dammit!"

So the Shark got up her anchor, scarcely wet, hoisted sails still unfurled and slipped out with the same tide that had so stubbornly contested her entry. Saddened eyes from the men-o'-war followed her departure. An old crony with three lovely daughters and a taste for vintage wines was a serious loss to his friends.

Halfway across the mouth of the Chesapeake the rheumy eye of Captain Bell, which was one of the quickest aboard to pick up objects at sea, discovered a diminutive fleck on the drab wall of the sky.

"Here comes that Pilot-fish!" said he. "I thought we'd lost him!"

Wood, sufficiently keen of sight, marveled. There had been no question in Bell's voice; he was merely stating a fact. Wood's glass revealed it as a fact. Like most men who have certain talents that excel and some lacking faculty that can never be more than an object of ridicule, Bell was unconscious of the former and fought hard for recognition in the latter. In the same connection he was a profane man, yet an authority on the Bible. At heart he was religious.

The news of the Pilot-fish brought all hands on deck more quickly than an alarm of fire might have done. The wind had got into the northeast and Bell, scanning the weather conditions with an experienced eye, told Wood that it looked to him as if they were in for a hard "easter," and that the following morning might find the Shark behind the Delaware Breakwater, there to wait until the weather improved.

The Daffodil was coming up with the fresh easterly breeze, valiantly bucking the strong ebb tide. As the two vessels rapidly approached each other a peculiar quiet fell upon the deck of the Shark. The little yawl looked very tiny and very much alone upon that broad expanse of gray water, and the knowledge that she was coming in from the sea at the end of a run of nearly a thousand miles inspired some admiration.

"Stand by to give 'em a dip o' the ensign," growled Bell to the quartermaster of the watch.

The courses of the two vessels would bring them abreast of each other at the distance of about half a mile. Hermione glanced at her father.

"Why don't you speak him and tell him where we're bound?" she asked.

"Not a bit of it!" snapped Bell. "Let him find out for himself at Old Point."

With everything taut and drawing the Daffodil drew abeam and through the glass Hermione saw the Finn scramble aft and run a small packet to the peak.

"There goes his ensign in stops," said she.

"Dip!" ordered Bell. The Shark's ensign came slowly down. At the same moment Applebo broke out his own at the mainpeak. The Daffodil held straight on her course toward Hampton Roads.

"I'll bet he hasn't had much sleep," said Bell grimly.

From the forecastle of the Shark there came the subdued though vehement sounds of a lively altercation. Heldstrom came swinging aft, scratching his head.

"Der bets is all mixed up, zir," said he. "I don't know if I owe der cook ten dollars or if he owes me fifteen!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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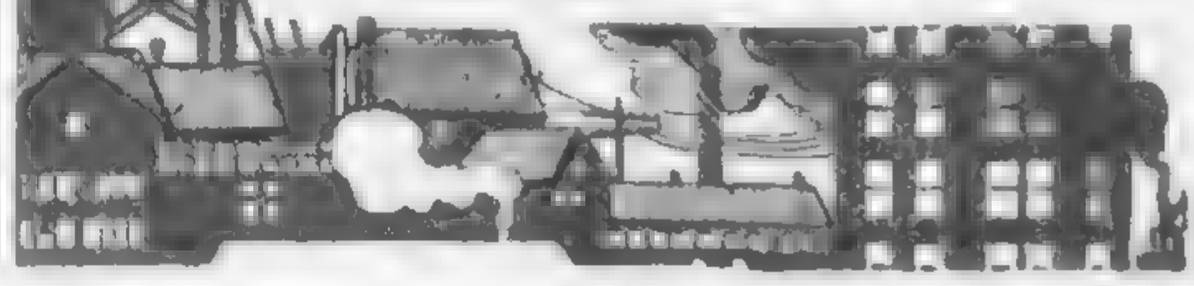

What's-the-Difference Kitty

(Continued from Page 13)

are ye goin' to do with it when yer go to work?" says she. "You know it's foolish," she says.

Then I seen the old sullen look in his face an' he kinder growls, an' he says: "There ain't nobody can take it from me," he says; "he's mine!"

At that Kitty Rogers laughed right out. "Maybe so," she says, "only I'll bet it ain't a boy at all. Did you think it was a boy?"

"Gee!" he says with a silly grin, "I never thought of nothin' else," an' he stood there pickin' with his big fingers on the edge of his coat until Annie spoke to him again.

"I believe," she says, "you need a guardian as bad as the baby needs one," she says. "Tomorrow mornin'," she says, "you bring it over here," she says, "an' leave it with me daytimes," she says, "till you can make other arrangements," she says. "I ain't goin' to see the little thing die just because you're fond of it," she says.

"It has mighty soft hands!" he says, smilin' thoughtful as if he didn't hear. "It's strong too. It tries to talk an' it knows what I say. Gee!" he says, "them eyes!" he says; "ain't they clear! They watch yer like a Pinkerton all around the room. Say, him an' I has got it all fixed," he says. "But I guess yer right, Mrs. Hands," he says, an' then he looks at me an' I could see he thought maybe I might not like the deal. "What do you think?" he says. "Can I bring it over tomorrow?" he says.

"Sure," I says, grinnin' an' ready to tease him. "Have you give it a bath yet?" I says.

"A bath!" he says, like he was struck with a bullet. "Gee," he says, "that's right," he says; "I'd forgot," he says. "I didn't read that far in the book," he says. "I don't believe she's very dirty. She don't look it."

"How do yer know it ain't a boy?" says Kitty Rogers, with her devilment, but my Annie got up out of her chair kinder brisk, the way she does when she's got her mind made up.

"I guess I'd better go back with yer," she says, "an' fix the poor little thing fer the night," she says. "I never heard the beat of it," says she; "no bath!" she says.

At that Kitty Rogers played a couple of them bars on the planner an' she jumped up too. "Sit down, Mrs. Hands," she says; "let me go."

"What would people say?" Annie asks.

"What's the difference?" says Kitty. "Come on," she says to Martin Leeds, an' she grabs up her hat, an' he looks at her kinder stupid, an' out they went.

It was near an hour an' a half when she come back. We could hear her singin' over the edge of Maple Hill, an' yet when she come in she was kinder solemn.

"There ain't anythin' the matter?" says my Annie.

"No, I should say not!" says Kitty. "Oh, that certainly is some baby, Mrs. Hands! It likes me too, but it sure likes him! It's just as I thought. It's a girl. Ain't he the big fool! He's kinder glad at that," she says, "an' it's asleep now. It looks awful nice layin' there. I always thought before it would be a big bother to take care of one of 'em," she says. "Well, I must be goin'," says she.

"I suppose you'll be down on Main Street," says my Annie.

"I will not," says Kitty. "It ain't very late, but I'm goin' home," she says.

It weren't till the next day we seen Kitty again. Martin brought the kid over in the mornin'. You'd laugh to see him set her down. You'd thought she was full of nitro-glycerine, sure. An' Annie, who oughter know somethin' about 'em by this time, told Martin that she was a good one. An' he was that pleased he grinned all the way down to the factory. An' I thought it must have hurt his face, it had been set one way so long.

An' when he was goin' home that night he left a few minutes early, as if he couldn't wait any longer.

I can see him now with his coat over his arm, an' Kitty Rogers come out of the stitchin'-room an' met him on the stairs. "I'm goin' up after supper," she says, fer I heard her—"I'm goin' up after supper to see your kid. You don't mind?" she says.

He stopped an' looked at her kinder steady fer a while, an' then he says, "No"—like that.

An' so she come that evenin', an' the next but one, an' so on, just droppin' in as if she wanted to make somethin' of the baby. An' sometimes she'd play on the pianner a minute or two, an' Martin would stretch his big body down in my new rockin'-chair an' hold the kid an' grin at it. An' he always thought somethin' was goin' to happen to it. I remember one night he run a mile an' a half down to the other end of Main Street at two o'clock to get the doctor. The kid had the colic, or somethin'. An' he made a big noise outside the house, an' Doc Turner put his head out the window, rubbin' his eyes, an' says: "What's the matter?"

An' Martin says: "Doc, the kid is goin' to fly the coop!" he says. "It must be," he says; "hurry!" says he. "Its feet is cold!"

"So is mine!" says Doc Turner, an' shut the winder. An' then Martin put his shoulder against the door an' bust it open, an' got hold of the doctor somehow, an' was goin' to pull him out of the house, bare feet an' all. He was that crazy about the kid. He'd called her Patience. Ain't that a whale of a name? An' when the Doc got there she was asleep an' breathin' easy an' regular, the way them little machines run when all their bearings is right.

Anyhow, it seemed to me as if the business of leavin' the kid with my Annie daytimes was goin' to keep up a long while—maybe till Patience wore puffs in her hair, or the like of that.

"Annie," I says to her, "this has got to stop," I says. "I won't have you bothered with this baby any more," I says.

"Sh!" she says, "you'll wake it before he comes," she says, turnin' the egg-beater very soft so's not to make too much noise. "To tell ye the truth, Jim," she says, "I like to have it here," she says. "Since our little Mike has got so he can undress himself, our own ain't half enough trouble to keep me happy," she says.

We couldn't know then what was goin' to happen—something that would take the young one away from us.

I won't forget that night. It had been one of them days like this, an' like the day Leeds had first come to the factory. But toward evenin' it was warm an' we was sittin' out under that tree there in my yard, an' Kitty Rogers had come the way she sometimes did, only she had got so she weren't so perky an' crazy-actin' as she used to be. An' we was sittin' there just as it was growin' dark, an' the baby was in the carriage that used to be little Mike's. I'd got it down out of the loft in the barn. Nobody seemed to have much to say anyhow. An' all of a sudden I heard the gate click an' I looked up an' I seen Martin comin' toward us.

You could see it right on his face. There was somethin', an', whatever it was, it told yer that it would be best to let him do the talkin'. His face was kinder set an' he looked tired.

"I've been walkin' ever since I left the factory," he says. "I ain't had no supper. You've all been nice to me," he says. "I ain't afraid to talk to all of yous. I've got to say it," he says. "I've walked a lot fer a week, thinkin' an' thinkin', an' I know I've got to say it!"

"What's the matter?" says Kitty, grabbin' one of her bare arms with the other hand an' lookin' frightened. "What's the matter?" she says.

An' with that he walks up to where she was sittin'—I can see his big shoulders now—an' he says: "Kitty," he says, "I've always talked pretty short to you," he says. "I had to," he says; "but you listen to me, Kitty!" he says, very savage an' rough. "If I'd had my way I'd made love to you," he says; "I'd have shown yer how I felt," he says, an' caught his breath.

"You ain't married?" says Kitty, an' you could hardly hear her ask it, it was that weak.

"No," he says; "Jim knows," he says. "He knows I'd do the square thing," says he, "an' not make love to no girl till she knew," he says. "Look at me!" he says rough, an' she stared up at him. "I'll tell yer!" he says very slow. "I'm a jailbird!" he says. "I near killed a man once. Now listen!" he says. "I've served ten years

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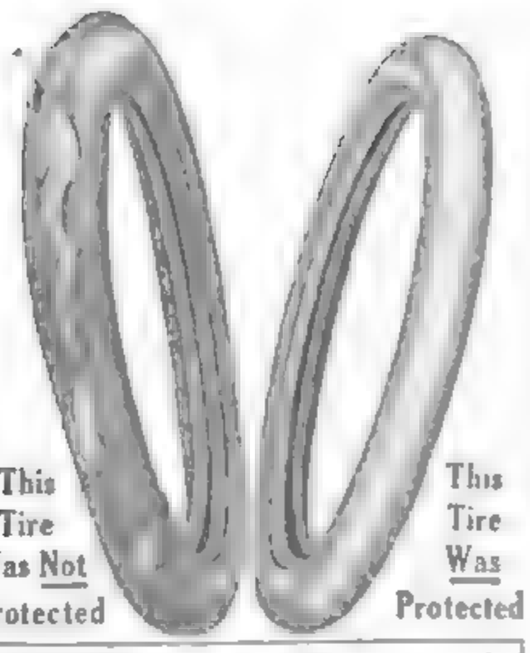

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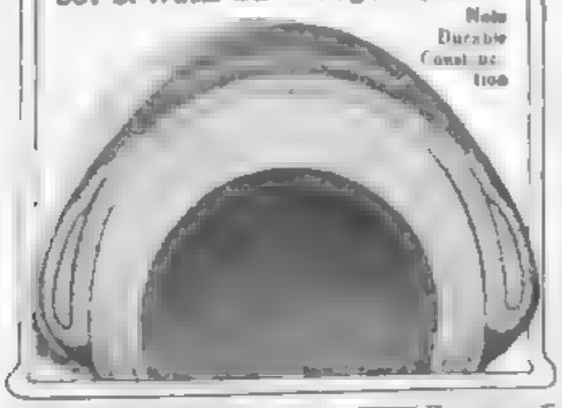

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in the pen!" he says, gaggin', an' kept right on lookin' at her, an' neither of 'em never moved. An' after a while he says: "That's me! How do you like that?"

She'd been starin' back at him, an' then she put her two hands over her face, an' I thought fer a minute she didn't want to see him. My Annie just sat mighty still, an' I seen her jaw was shut near tight enough to break a tooth, an' she watched the girl.

An' when Kitty took her hands down you could see her cheeks was wet, an' she seemed ashamed of it. "I guess I'm a fool," she says to us, an' then she got up an' looked at him out of them gray eyes of hers an' pointed a finger at him.

"Now you listen!" she says sharp. "People has called me wild, an' I've run away from home, an' I've had a bad name; but I ain't bad," she says. "Listen!" she says. "I wanted you to be nice to me," she says; "I thought maybe you would. I thought it wouldn't do to be called wild or nothin' if you ever wanted me. I kinder thought, too, it wouldn't do if I was goin' to take care of any baby or anythin'. An' I cut it out. Now I ask you straight—you know me—do you think what you've told me has got me goin'? Do you think it would jar me loose? I ask yer! You know me! What's the answer?"

The big feller tried to speak to her, but he couldn't. So she went over to him an' caught the edges of his coat an' stood close to him, an' looked around at Annie an' me with that old fightin' look in her eye.

"What's the difference?" she says, an' then I guess she seen that Annie an' I stood all right on that question, fer she hung on a little tighter an' looked up at him an' laughed an' says again, but not like the first time: "What's the difference?"

An' whenever I hear anybody say them words I think of the day the Old Boss was up in the stitchin'-room an' I pulled him over to the window an' showed him Martin Leeds pushin' a baby-carriage down there by the railroad's covered bridge, an' how he looked a long time an' then grinned at me very sheepish, an' says: "Darn your picture, Jim! What kind of a hat do you want?" he says. "You old believer!" he says. "If I had my way you'd have a crown," says he, "fer yer faith," he says.

Plucky Boys

THE young heroes of boyish fiction are not without parallels in real life. A son of a ne'er-do-well was fortunate in having a mother who worked to keep him in school until he could get a decent elementary education. When he was eight years old the boy, who is exceptionally bright and ambitious, began selling newspapers in their little town by way of helping his mother. He was very genial, willing and enterprising. Everybody liked him. In two years, by selling magazines and Sunday papers as well as the dailies, he built up a business that netted him nearly three dollars a week, which is considered unusual in that sort of community. Half of his earnings were given to his mother, and the rest went into a home bank, to be deposited at the building and loan annex. The boy's school principal, who also had charge of the annex, used to give him encouragement as he sorted out the large number of pennies he brought in, and by the combined efforts of his mother and himself he is to be kept in school until he graduates. His father's death and other emergencies have interrupted his savings at times, but he now has two hundred dollars to his credit, and when he gets a job, upon leaving school, he means to purchase a lot and place his mother in a home of her own before he is twenty-one.

Another boy, fourteen years old, goes to school, driving a delivery wagon for the local laundryman after hours, and delivering groceries on Saturdays. His mother earns money by washing, and tries to keep the house going as nearly as possible with her own money. All that the boy has left each week after expenses have been met goes into his savings account, which was started when he first began to earn money for himself. His surplus now exceeds two hundred and fifty dollars, and as he possesses considerable ability at drawing, and likes that work, he aims to continue saving until he has four hundred dollars, which will cover the cost of a course in a school of design. Since his juvenile account was opened he has drawn out money on only one occasion, when three dollars were spent for a Christmas present for his mother.

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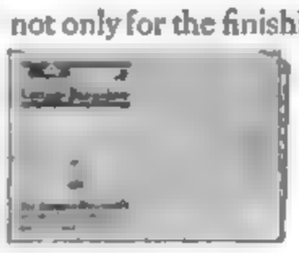

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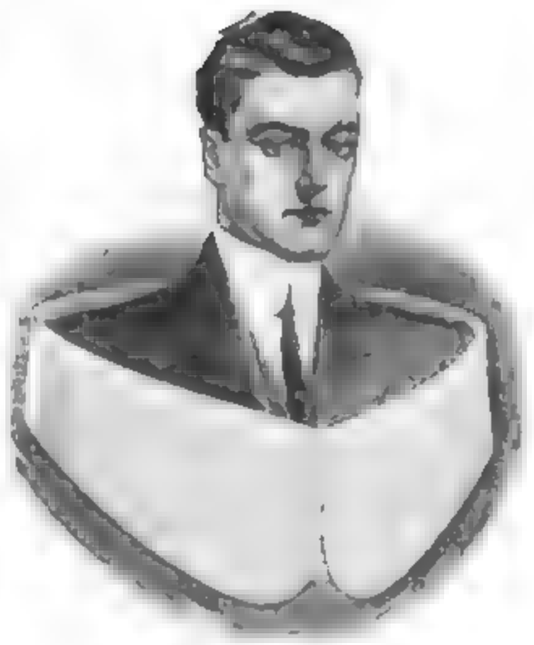

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The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

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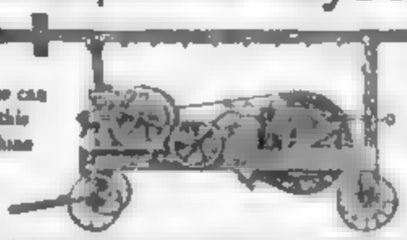

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The well drilling business offers great possibilities for big profit money making. Two [illegible] of Buffalo, Minn., earned $717 in 75 hours with our machine.

Waterloo Well Drilling Outfits

have been standard for over 40 years. Every [illegible] farmer and ranch must have its own [illegible] Write [illegible] book.

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1528 Chestnut St. (Established 1867) Waterloo, Iowa

New Fall Book on Home Beautification Free!

Astonishing Beauty of Wonderful Moorish Roof Amazes Nation's Home Owners!

New Discovery Works Wonders in Beautifying and Increasing Value of Simplest and Grandest Homes!

Delightful charm, beauty and dignity of appearance of *Metal Spanish Tile* crowns with an air of distinction the home graced by this *wonderful, indestructible roofing.*

It is the modernization of the wonderfully beautiful [illegible] edifices.

[illegible] left behind by the fleeing Moors driven out of Spain centuries ago—until 1910 could not be made practical for the modern home, despite its alluring beauties.

After years of experiment we at last hit the solution. That is why today we are able to offer American homes the amazing attractiveness of

Metal Spanish Tile Roofing

Its scores of vital, practical advantages cost less than common [illegible]

It is absolutely wind, weather, storm, fire and lightning proof. Easy to apply. No soldering. No special tools—any ordinary mechanic can [illegible].

It is guaranteed non-breakable.

Home Builders and Home Owners—simply send us today the dimensions of your building and we will tell you by return mail [illegible]

Carpenters! Builders! Contractors!

Write today for full particulars about this wonderful roofing—how it will add tremendously to the value of every home you put it on because of its truly amazing powers of [illegible]

The Edwards Manufacturing Co.

The Largest Makers of Metal Roofing, Metal Shingles and Metal Ceilings in the World

516-536 Culvert St., Cincinnati, O.

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Shirt Studs that are Easy to Put In and Take Out

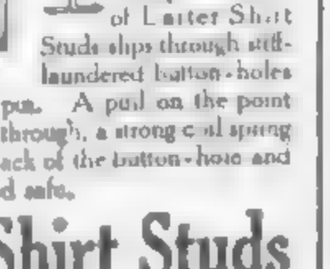
Goes In This Way

Stop soiling your shirt front and losing time and temper fretting with "button-back" or other troublesome studs.

The pointed end of Larter Shirt Studs slips through stiff-laundered button-holes quick and easy as a pin. A pull on the point draws the other end through, a strong coil spring snaps it across the back of the button-hole and your stud is anchored safe.

Larter Shirt Studs and Larter Vest Buttons

have been part of staple [illegible] furnishing stores for years. They are made in thousands of styles. You can see and examine them at your dealer's. If he happens not to sell them write us, we'll send you the name of a nearby dealer who does.



A Larter Vest Button

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In many exquisite Larter styles, described and pictured Larter Shirt Studs and Vest Buttons, including the numerous variety to which they are made, and [illegible] what is correct in shirt studs for every occasion.

Larter Shirt Studs and Larter Vest Buttons can be identified by this trade mark plainly stamped on each one

A Larter Stud

[illegible]

Larter & Sons, 21 Maiden Lane, New York City

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, bliss, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. **$1.00**

Panton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEW WOMAN AND HER WAYS

(Continued from Page 15)

The thrust penetrated, and because he was new and not willing to discharge a clerk on the day of his arrival, the manager lowered his feet. By the time the owner arrived, however, he had worked himself into a state of indignation.

"Look here!" he said; "there have got to be some changes in this office."

"That's just what I think," the owner returned. "The whole force is going to leave if there are not changes."

It was some time before the manager could be made to understand that if the girls were a part of the machine, so was he; that if he had the right to put his feet on the desk in the presence of a lady, they felt that they had the right to resent it.

"Why, they only get ten dollars a week—ten!" shouted the manager. "Just business girls at ten dollars!"

Patiently the employer explained that there are human values that do not come under the head of ten dollars a week, and that as long as the manager stayed with him he would have to take off his hat to the office force; if necessary, fasten his feet in the wastebasket while dictating, and smoke before and after the girls were taking his letters. It was only because the manager wanted his own salary badly that he was finally driven to act on the assumption that there is still democracy in small cities, and that the little as well as the great may share in it.

Everything conspires in the small city to make the personality of the employee count for something. If a man of German parentage owns a factory he gives the preference to girls of his own extraction. If a man of a certain religion has a shop he hires preferably girls of that religion; and his most important customers are of his own creed. The daughter of a G. A. R. man, however useless she may be, can always find something to do. Anybody whose ancestors were first settlers in the place a hundred or two hundred years ago will always be given a chance to work. So much that is religious and social, and so much that has to do with sentiment counts in the small city in a way that it never can in a more populous place.

Miss Joliffe's Trade

And the employee's personality is not by any means sunk in the glory of the firm's name. A certain milliner in the largest department store of a small city was a very beautiful woman. She came from a country family and she was personally very little known, but an air of romance hung about her. Once a man had shot himself for her sake, and for his sake she had practically withdrawn herself from the world and always wore black—an exceedingly becoming color to her. This atmosphere was the more piquant because before the tragedy she had been a glowing, dashing creature, a little venturesome. So all the women went to her for hats and stayed because she made them so perfectly. And always instead of saying, "I got my hat from Baker & Brown," a customer would say "I got my hat from Miss Joliffe." When she was tolled away from Baker & Brown by Hawley & Smith, women still went for their hats "down to Miss Joliffe's."

Such a woman may be invaluable in drawing trade and may finally win a place in the firm. One such was a young woman of good family, but poor, disinclined for housekeeping, and interested in business. She got a position in an art and jewelry shop, the owner of which was an old friend, and from the first she brought him trade. For one thing, she knew all the exclusive people in the city and all the moneyed people in the whole county. She knew their tastes in jewelry and art and she bought her stock accordingly. She would remind a young man friend with a large supply of sisters and aunts whenever the birthdays of these were approaching, and would advise him as to what he should select for presents. When young Ames, engaged to Miss Lee, tried to buy her a new art bracelet, the saleswoman gently propelled his mind toward an ornament for the hair, partly because the latter cost more, partly because hair ornaments were a new fad and had to be sold quickly, and partly because Miss Lee's former fiancé had bought her a new art bracelet. Such

A Light Making Machine with a Strange Appetite

FEED IT

Crushed Stone *and* Water

Once a Month

and it will supply you with enough home-made gas to run thirty-five lights. Just the thing for a farm or a country place of any sort.

Makes a cheap, exceptionally brilliant light—more economical than kerosene and quite as convenient as electricity. Already there are 185,000 of these machines furnishing light for as many homes.

* * *

You can set one in one corner of your cellar or in an out-building. Then all you need to do is to feed it the curious crushed stone known as "Union Carbide,"—a few pounds once a month.

The machine does the rest—automatically it brings the carbide a little at a time in contact with plain water.

The water liberates genuine acetylene gas stored in the carbide. This it does only when the lights are burning. Makes just enough acetylene to supply the lights in use and stops working when the lights are shut off.

* * *

You can have a cluster of lights in every room in the house,—one in the cellar,—one in the attic,—one on the front porch,—one at the back door,—one in the shed,—one in the barn yard,—two in the horse barn (or garage, if you have one), and four in the cow barn.

With an installation of this kind, you would have positively the most efficient and safest light equipment money can buy.

The "Union Carbide" which comes to you in sheet steel hundred pound drums won't burn and can't explode.

The fixtures are permanently attached to walls and ceilings—the light flame is so stiff, wind does not affect it.

Every burner can be equipped to light with the pull of a chain—no matches required, and in addition to all this, the gas is not poisonous.—You could sleep all night in a room with an open burner and suffer no harm.

* * *

Considering these advantages, is it any wonder that the engineers of the National Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters have pronounced modern Acetylene Light Safer than any of the illuminants it is displacing?

The cost of a plant depends upon the number of rooms, barns and buildings you wish to light.

Write us how many and we will send you an estimate free, together with an intensely interesting booklet telling all about the light for home use and how it has been used successfully by Cornell University to grow plants—same as sunlight. Just address Union Carbide Sales Co., 157 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Dept. O-55.

Perfect Sweeping with practically no exertion and no fatigue may be accomplished by going over your floor ONCE with the

NATIONAL Roller Bearing Carpet Sweeper

No matter whether a carpet or rug has long or short nap, the National adjusts itself to it automatically by weight handle pressure and [illegible] Chinese bristle brushes [illegible] never lose their "snap") get every scrap, speck and raveling. Ideal for quick "brushing up" in dining room or sewing room, saves strength for general house cleaning.

Most convenient, because it has individual dump levers and instant brush release. And [illegible] device prevents scarring.

The rubber tires on the brush rollers insure thorough and constant sweeping no slipping at the same time the [illegible] roller bearings and perfect construction make the National the easiest running of all sweepers.

Handle cannot split or loosen, special dust pans will not rust. Every appliance for quality and convenience is found in the National Sweeper. Ask your dealer.

Free booklet, "How to Double the Life of Carpets and Rugs," is worth writing for

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MEN'S $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00 and $5.00
WOMEN'S $2.50 $3.00 $3.50 $4.00
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THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom. Value guaranteed.

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PATENTS: [illegible]

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Footwear

The Eureka

Our latest Comfy. Beautiful in design. Protects the ankle well and weighs only 5½ ozs. the pair.

Made of pure "Comfy" felt with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and soft leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread.

Women's [illegible] $2.00
Men's [illegible]

The Tailor-Made

An exceedingly handsome felt slipper, trim and neat as its name implies and very dressy. Regular "Comfy" construction as above.

	Price
Women's [illegible]	$1 25
Men's [illegible]	1 35
Misses', [illegible]	1 10
Child's, [illegible]	1 00
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Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue, No. 38, showing many new Styles

Dan. Green Felt Shoe Co.
110-112 East 13th St. New York

Quick Dressing

Pick up either garter, there are no rights or lefts.

The Swivel Catch

swings both ways, adjusting itself on each garter for either leg. There are no cords to wear out or chafe.

C·M·C GARTER

"The Garter Without Objections"

Men Prefer it because it
Will not Tear the Stocking.
Will not Bind the Leg.
Will not Unfasten or Slip.
Each Garter for either Leg.
No cords to Chafe or Break.

25 cents will convince you

The best dealers have them, or Sample pair by mail. Send your dealer's name and 25 cents

Clark Mfg. Co.
246 F Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
New York, 377 Broadway

knowledge and tact would be useless in a large city. It brought directly and indirectly hundreds of dollars a year to this shop in a small city.

A few such good business women there are in any small city. They are no longer in their first youth, they always need the money, they frequently have others dependent on them besides, and almost invariably they have little interest in the lighter phases of life. Sometimes chance decides what they shall take up, sometimes deliberate choice. They do not suffer from the keenness of competition they would meet in a large city, and they are aided by that village-like community of interest which seems to belong to any city under fifty thousand inhabitants.

Catering is an extremely popular occupation, and it is surprising how many women of exclusive family take it up. One such, who was perhaps more typical than the women of the average small city would care to admit, really did much to educate her city socially. She was the daughter of a general of such excellent standing all over the country that she could afford to be democratic. One of a large number of beautiful daughters, she made an unfortunate marriage, and came back a widow to find her home not just as she had left it. A married daughter is usually a welcome visitor, but she can rarely become again the integral part of the family life that she was once. This woman was independent and a born leader, and so she made a home of her own, and as the city was rapidly growing, she set up as a cateress.

A Stewardess in Society

There were a few old families in the city, and many who were trying hard either to be old or "in"; nice worth-while people, but perhaps provincial. The democratic cateress who had been all over the world, and had been presented in two or three courts in Europe, interested herself, while she was earning her living, in delicately bringing up her customers in the ways of the sophisticated. People from out of town never quite understood her position. She would serve a perfect dinner, and afterward she would mingle with the guests in the drawing-room, always treated with the utmost deference. Gradually, under her influence, her customers began to set their tables formally for every-day use, and some of them began to have dinner at night. By-and-by she had a number of their houses redecorated according to her own taste. She introduced bridge luncheons, and it was through her influence that a country club was founded; naturally she became the stewardess. She made plenty of money, and, what she liked better, she had plenty of power with high and low. When the proprietor of the chief hotel had to discharge his negro force because he could not control them, she took them on, and soon there was nothing that they would not do for her. Few of the ladies who sat rocking on the porch of the country club realized that she was really their social mentor, and she was content to be the unrecognized power behind the throne.

The women workers in the little cities have every reason yet to believe in democracy. It is true that with the increasing prosperity of the times that brings country clubs and automobiles, social lines are being more closely drawn and snobbishness is adding to its hydra heads. But all this has not a very serious effect on the worker; at least, it does not make a machine of her. She counts in her little business world, and she knows that if she should drop out it would make some difference both from the business and human point of view.

Doubtless in the big cities there are many men and women who came away from the little places to make their fortunes, and who wish they could go back. They sit in their mechanical offices and their crowded shops, animated Things, valued impersonally for what can be got out of them. Their fortunes are yet to make, yet they cannot go home lest they be accounted failures. But who can say how longingly they think of home, where one had time to look out of the windows and see what was going on, and where what was going on had some personal meaning. How many little cities, with their wide shady streets and familiar faces in the doorways, turn at last into El Dorados for the people who left them so lightly.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren dealing with The New Woman and Her Ways.

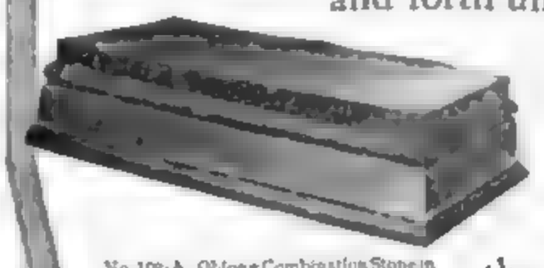
CARBORUNDUM
Sharpening Stones

No. 10" A. The Round Combination Stone for carpenter's use

Price [illegible] by mail, $1.50

Carborundum is the only Sharpening Stone that actually cuts

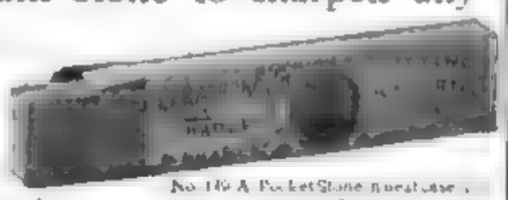
Other stones *rub.* They *bend* the edge of the tool back and forth until it finally wears away. It is very difficult to get a keen, even edge by that process.



No. 108-A. Oblong Combination Stone in aluminum box, $2.75; without box, $1.25

Carborundum is very hard and very sharp—as hard and as sharp as a diamond. It *cuts* the steel—gives the tool an edge so keen and smooth that even a microscope will not disclose any "wire."

There is a Carborundum Stone to sharpen any tool that is made, from a razor to an axe, and to do it better and quicker than any other sharpening stone on earth.



No. 118-A. Pocket Stone [illegible]

No. 98-A. Knife Sharpener. Octagonal, with stag handle, in satin lined box. Extra fine quality, $1.00.

Ask your dealer—don't accept a substitute

The Carborundum Company
Dept. A, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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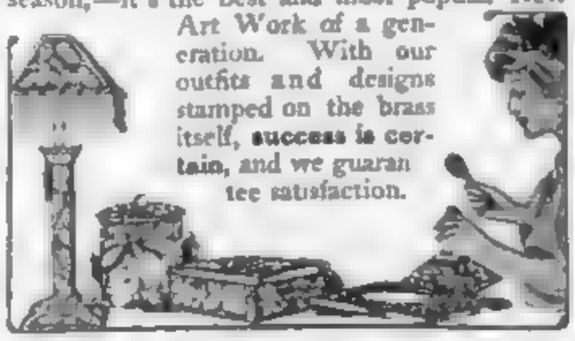
Everyone will be doing Brass-Craft this season,—it's the best and most popular New Art Work of a generation. With our outfits and designs stamped on the brass itself, **success is certain**, and we guarantee satisfaction.



We Give Away a Complete Outfit

consisting of Tool for Stippling, polishing and shaping combined Mallet and Modeling Tool, Package Coloring Powder, Steel Wool and Polishing Plush, to everyone sending 25c for this Brass-Craft Calendar, (worth $1.00 when decorated) It is Brass with stamped design (see illustration) and perfectly spun over 3-ply Basswood Panel, includes Brass Hanger, Round Head Tacks, Calendar Pad and full directions, all prepaid. *Write today*

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Illustrates hundreds of new Brass-Craft articles suitable for Home Decoration, Gifts, etc. Shows how a little investment in materials and time can produce liberal returns in both pleasure and profit.

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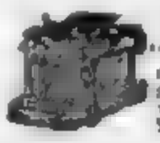

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Big opportunity to make money. No competition, exclusive territory. Low price, quick-selling office-specialty. Saves licking envelopes.

SAUNDERS SEALER

with Automatic Moisture-Feed, seals 40 to 50 envelopes a minute with one operation, 2000 envelopes without refilling. Always ready—requires filling only once a week for ordinary mail. Made of brass—polished nickel finish. *No rubber hose to press to feed the water*—nothing to get out of order. Guaranteed for one year. Price $2. post-paid—money back if not satisfied. Territory going fast; write for particulars.

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"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals, New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hub, Puncture Proof Tires, the highest equipment and many advanced features not found on any other wheels. *Guaranteed 1 year.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $5 to $8

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Agents Wanted for the only account of his adventures in Africa by himself

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151 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

Your Skin, also, is like This

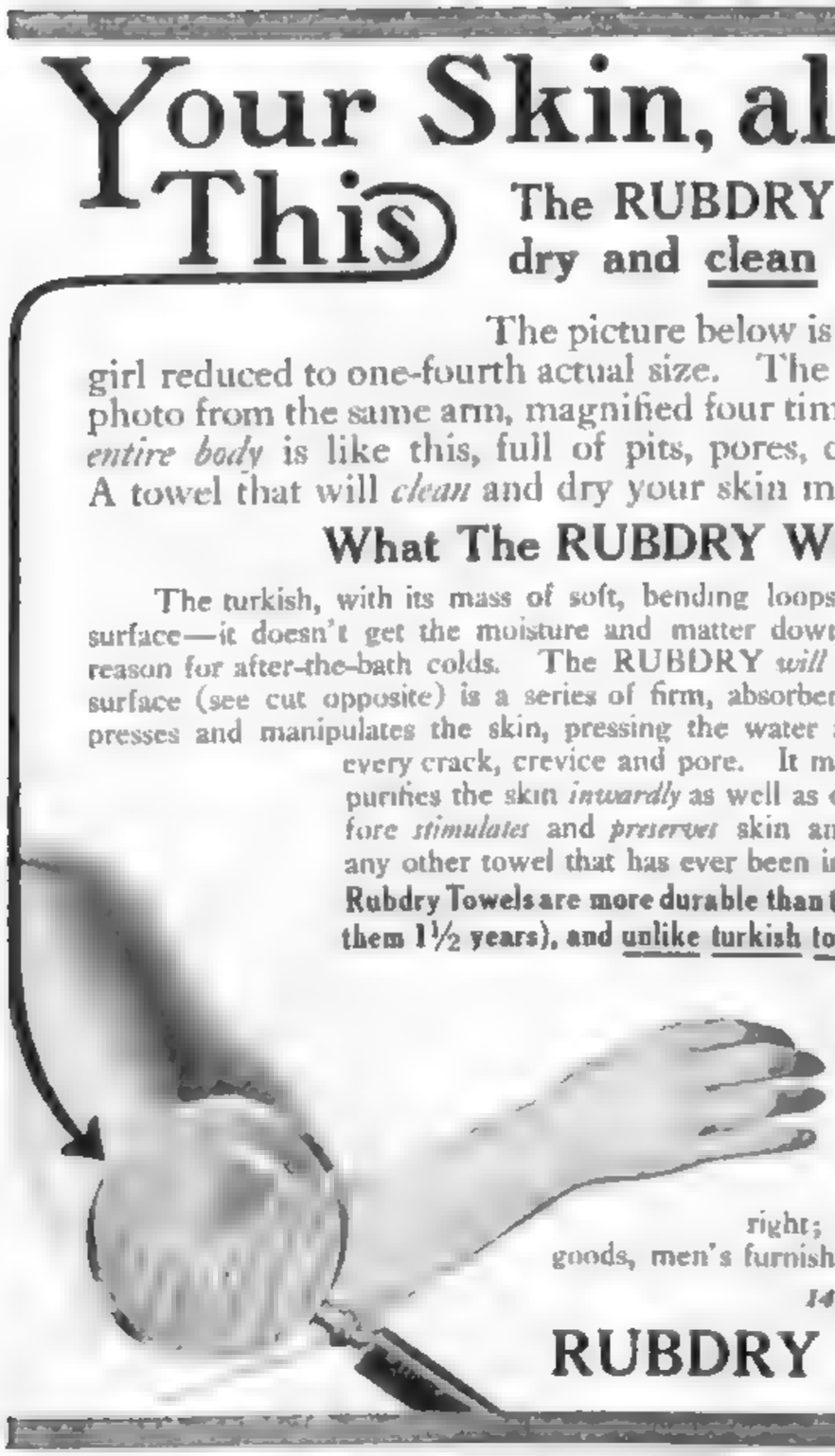
The RUBDRY bath towel is made to dry and clean the pores and fissures.

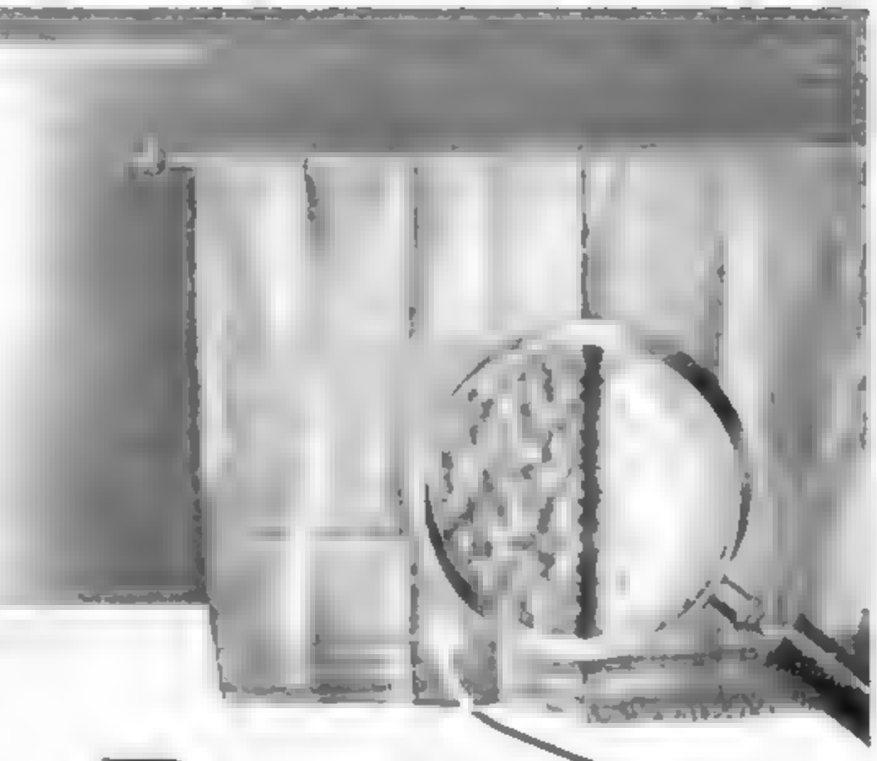
The picture below is the smooth arm of a girl reduced to one-fourth actual size. The enlarged section is a photo from the same arm, magnified four times. *Your* arm—*your entire body* is like this, full of pits, pores, crevices and fissures. A towel that will *clean* and dry your skin must clean the fissures.

What The RUBDRY Will Do

The turkish, with its mass of soft, bending loops, can only brush over the surface—it doesn't get the moisture and matter down *in* the skin—that's one reason for after-the-bath colds. The RUBDRY *will* clean the skin. Its surface (see cut opposite) is a series of firm, absorbent nubs. It kneads, presses and manipulates the skin, pressing the water and impurities from every crack, crevice and pore. It manipulates, dries and purifies the skin *inwardly* as well as outwardly and therefore *stimulates* and *preserves* skin and body better than any other towel that has ever been invented.

Rubdry Towels are more durable than turkish (we guarantee them 1½ years), and unlike turkish towels, don't shed lint.





RUBDRY

THE COTTON SPONGE BATH TOWELS

Above shows actual texture of Rubdry Bath Towel.

Don't wait 'til "you need some towels." Get a RUBDRY today.

Prices (per towel) Guaranteed 1½ Years

39c, 53c, 73c. RUBDRY Extra . . 65c; RUBDRY De Luxe . $1.25

You'll be better for it. You'll feel better for it. You may *have thought* turkish towels were all right; but a few weeks' use of Rubdry will abundantly convince you otherwise. Send to us today, if your dry goods, men's furnishing dealer or druggist doesn't have them. We'll be glad to pay expressage at prices above

14¾ in. x 20 in. Demonstration Chart free. One Rubdry Washcloth for 4c to cover postage

RUBDRY Towel Company, 167 South Angell Street, Providence, R. I.

No Tufts!

This is the Mattress of Comfort. It's the

SEALY

Tuftless Mattress

Pure, Long-Fibre Cotton.
No Layers or Sections.
The Only Successful Tuftless Mattress.

As you turn from side to side, it undulates like a billowy sea. It is this [illegible] makes it the most comfortable mattress the world. When you lie down on a Sealy it [illegible] to meet the curves of your body.

When you move about on a Sealy it *undulates* to accommodate your change of position. The chief reason for this is that the Sealy is made without a tuft

[illegible] fastening about fifty coil rivets through it. These tufts make a mattress rigid, unresilient and without the property of accommodating itself to the irregular forms and pressures of the recumbent human body.

But in hair, layer-felt and cheaper mattresses, tufts are absolutely necessary to retain the shape of the mattress for any length of time.

The Sealy Patented Pneumatic Process *and* the Sealy Quality of pure, long-fibre cotton filling produced the [illegible]

We raise the cotton for Sealy Mattresses on our own 14,000 acre plantation in the finest cotton growing section of the South, while the average "cotton-felt" tufted mattress is made, not of real cotton at all, but of cotton waste and mill waste.

Not only is the filling of the Sealy Mattress unrestricted by tufts, but in the Sealy Pneumatic batt process the cotton fibres are left with their full natural curl and elasticity

Read How The Sealy Is Made:

The Sealy [illegible] is not made up of layers or sheets, but is formed in one [illegible] each cotton fibre is interlaced and interwoven [illegible] and air blown it apart with compressed air until the fibres are thoroughly separated.

Then each fibre stands with its natural curl and springiness free and unrestrained. This air-blown cotton is fed from above slowly, evenly, by compressed air into a deep mould the width and length of a mattress. Air currents distribute it uniformly as it is wheeled into [illegible] Sanitary substance have been blown into the mould, the batt thus formed is five feet high. The batt is [illegible]

The Sealy Triple Guarantee given by our Dealer Triply Protects You

First [illegible] entirely of pure, new, long fibre cotton, without linters or mill waste. (Do not buy [illegible])

Second [illegible]

Third [illegible] your money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES [illegible] are covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Brookfield Sateen, or Mercerized Art Ticking.

Send for our booklet "The Real Difference in Mattresses"

We want you to read it. We also give you the name of our representative where you can see [illegible]

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. D Houston, Texas

Factories also Offices at our 14,000 [illegible] Texas

A Living from Poultry

Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

$1,500.00 from 60 hens in ten months on a city lot forty ft. square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner lot in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such results by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by THE PHILO SYSTEM

The Philo System Compared With All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

[illegible] and in many respects has the greatest, accomplishes [illegible]

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

[illegible] has the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

[illegible]

Our Six months old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each per Month

in a space of two square feet for each bird. We prevent all loss of any description as well and the food used is inexpensive as compared with how others are using.

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Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

[illegible]

Chicken Feed At 10 Cents a [illegible]

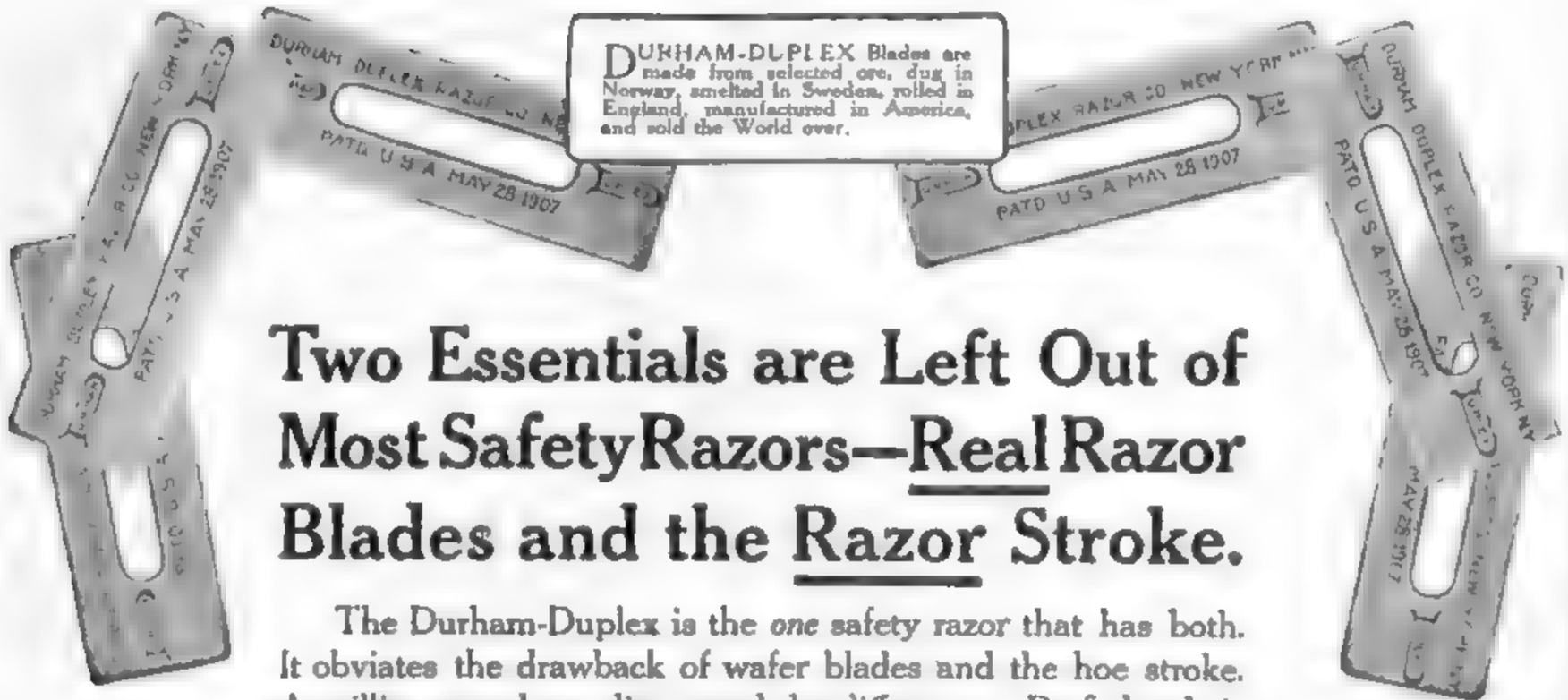
Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a [illegible]

Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken

[illegible] automatically or kill any that may be on them who [illegible] in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the [illegible] make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 30 cents.

Special Offer: ***Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.***

E. R. PHILO, Publisher, 2517 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.



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The Durham-Duplex is the *one* safety razor that has both. It obviates the drawback of wafer blades and the hoe stroke. A million men have discovered the difference. Profit by their experience. Get a real Safety razor—the

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The Durham-Duplex gives the Sliding Diagonal Stroke of the old-style razor—the only correct shaving stroke.

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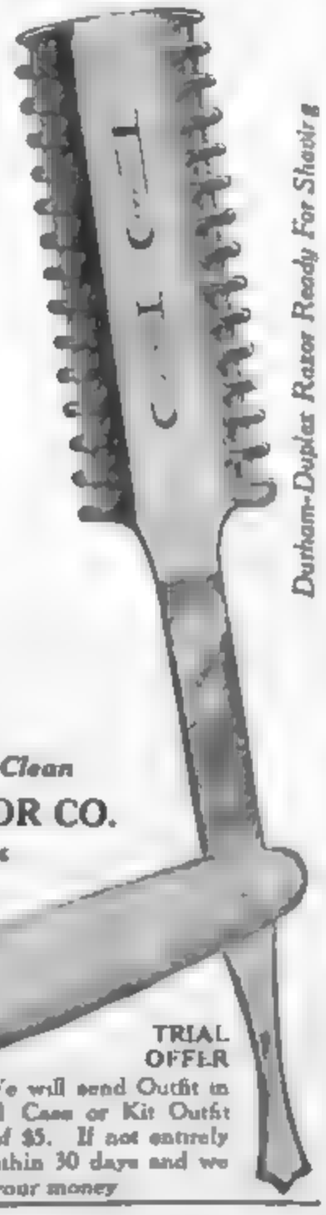

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We will send Outfit in Standard Case or Kit Outfit upon receipt of $5. If not entirely satisfactory return within 30 days and we will refund your money

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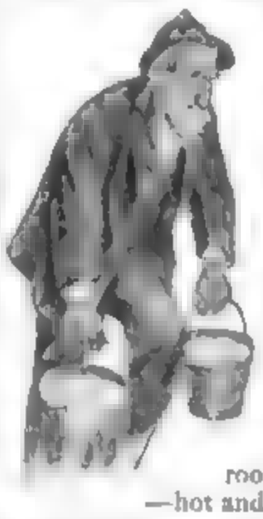
Do you realize that it is unnecessary to carry water for any purpose—no matter where you live?



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For 38 years GARLAND Stoves and Ranges have had the greatest sale of any stoves and ranges in the world. The line comprises Stoves and Ranges, Furnaces, Gas Ranges and Appliances. The GARLAND costs you no more than stoves and ranges of inferior grade. Secure the World's Best.

Write us for Free book and Dealer Proposition which will be mailed at your receipt of your request. Ask your dealer to show you

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BAKE WELL! COOK WELL! HEAT WELL! (THEREFORE ALL'S WELL!)
Furnaces, Gas Ranges and Appliances
Sold by Leading Dealers All Over the World
The Michigan Stove Company
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WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF
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Large List [illegible] Dialogues, Monologs, Hand Books, Drills, Operettas [illegible] Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Dept. 36 Chicago, Illinois

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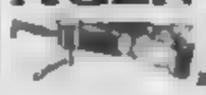
Good commissions for live men. Write
ORDER OF OWLS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

AGENTS ARE MAKING MONEY selling the Brandt Automatic Razor Stropper. It sharpens any razor in the world [illegible] for wholesale price and terms.



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STANDARDIZED—with the

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(ALL THE WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT)

The DuPont Powder Company of Wilmington, Del., the most prominent manufacturers of explosives for Government and private use in the world, lately purchased on a single order 521 L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriters.

To standardize their equipment, *acting on unanimous recommendation of a board* of five of their mechanical engineers, to whom all competing makes were submitted.

It will pay you to standardize your typewriter equipment with the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter for the same reason that decided this shrewd, hard-headed business corporation—superior merit of the machine!

And the reason holds good whether you use one typewriter or five hundred.

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Don't get mad when shoe laces break

Just go to your dealer and say "N F 10" and you'll get the strongest, longest-wearing shoe laces ever made for high shoes.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking. Finished with patented fast-color hold-fast tips.

Guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair in black or tan—four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. At all shoe, dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Write any way for booklet showing complete line

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.
Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Oxford Laces and Corset Laces.

Retail Reconstruction Service

(Concluded from Page 9)

age and general character, the length and width of the shoe he wore, style and leather chosen, price paid, and so forth. Several months later, when it was time to change low shoes for high, he wrote Mr. Lonesomehurst a letter, mentioning his size, and stating that he had kept him in mind in ordering the season's stock. Mr. Lonesomehurst's fall shoes were waiting for him. That the shoeman had taken pains to remember his size in shoes impressed Mr. Lonesomehurst, because this was something that he could not remember himself. In a year this dealer was sending shoes direct to the homes of unseen commuters, and Mr. Lonesomehurst put them on and paid the bill, fit and style being satisfactory eight times out of ten. Naturally, no city shoe store could compete with such service, and the information on these cards was so valuable that the merchant extended the system to every man, woman and child who bought shoes. In a couple of years he knew practically every pair of abnormal feet in his community, as well as the averages in normal sizes, and his unsold end-size stock was brought down to almost nothing.

A somewhat similar system was installed by a coal dealer who had the details worked out by a production engineer. This coal man visited every house in his community, looked over stoves and furnaces, noted exposure and winds and made an estimate of the amount of fuel needed to heat a given house, as well as the size of coal adapted to the apparatus. Many customers were burning wrong sizes. Most of them could heat with less. A few suggestions as to management of furnaces often cut down the coal bill. Four or five double windows on the exposed side of the house might effect marked economies. This service has brought him all the best trade.

A Manufacturer's Experiment

Much of the retail business thus far has been conducted from the merchant's side of the proposition. That is why the average retailer is deeply involved in prices and discounts and margins. But the service that characterizes the new kind of retailing demands that the merchant get over to the customer's side of the counter and think from that standpoint.

The difference is neatly illustrated in the experience of a wealthy manufacturer of women's suits in the Middle West. His product, of high quality, was being sold by prominent merchants all over the country. At the same time he was a prophet without honor in his own community, for not one of the large retail establishments in his own city carried his goods. All bought stock in the East and his salesmen made no headway with them. As a matter of pride, this manufacturer opened a retail store there himself under another name. It was put in charge of the most capable manager he could find in the East. For a season or two this manager obediently sold none but the backer's products; but presently his instincts as a buyer and his knowledge of feminine preferences led him to stock a few garments from Eastern houses. These sold so well that he bought more and more, until soon he had got into the way of putting the boss' goods side by side with competitors' in making his decisions, and the latter were getting most of his patronage. The manufacturer's retail enterprise was thriving and making money, yet at the same time he was selling hardly a quarter of the goods carried in his own store, and his manager stuck stubbornly to this policy for the sake of giving the best service to customers. The manufacturer was bitterly chagrined for a time; but eventually wisdom prevailed, and he entered upon a study of conditions and improvements of his own product which greatly strengthened his trade.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Collins on New Wrinkles in Retailing. The second paper will appear in an early issue.

"Standard"

GUARANTEED BATHS *and* LAVATORIES

See that your bathroom fixtures are of the highest sanitary worth and you will have done much towards solving the problem of home health.

The one way to be certain about this is to make sure that the **"Standard"** Guarantee Label is on every plumbing fixture you buy. This label does more than serve as a guide to fixtures that create and perpetuate health in the home—it is the makers' guarantee against defects in material and workmanship. It is your safeguard against risk in purchasing.

All genuine **"Standard"** fixtures for bathroom, kitchen and laundry are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with one exception. There are two classes of our Guaranteed Baths, the Green and Gold Label Bath, and the Red and Black Label Bath. The Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years.

If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install a guaranteed fixture—either the Green and Gold Label Bath, or the Red and Black Label Bath according to the price you wish to pay. Guard against substitutes trading on our name and reputation. They must have the **"Standard"** guarantee label to be of our make. All fixtures purporting to be **"Standard"** are spurious, unless *they bear our guarantee label.*

Send for your copy of our beautiful new book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from $75 to $400. This valuable book is sent for 6c postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Department F. Pittsburg, Pa.

Offices and Showrooms: New York: 35-37 West 31st St., Chicago: 415 Ashland Block; Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut St.; Toronto, Can.: 59 Richmond St., E.; Pittsburg: 949 Kent Ave.; St. Louis: 100 N. Fourth St., New Orleans: Cor. Baronne and [illegible] Cortelyou Building, Boston: John Hancock Building, Louisville: 119-23 W. [illegible] Road, S. E.; London, E. C.: 59 Hudson Viaduct, Houston, Tex.: Preston [illegible]

KRYPTOK LENSES

The Only Perfect Two-Vision Lenses

Kryptok Lenses embody two pieces of glass, of different refraction, *cemented* [illegible] *fused into one*, and ground into a lens having *two* distinct focal points.

There is no cement—no clouding of vision—no edges to catch dust or to become cracked and jagged in cleaning. Kryptok Lenses last indefinitely, barring accidental breakage. A pasted lens may separate at any time and become useless.

Read through the lower part of KRYPTOKS (near vision).
Look through the upper part of KRYPTOKS (far vision).

Kryptok Lenses are absolutely smooth on BOTH sides.

Try the Candle Test. [illegible] glasses wherever [illegible] the lens where [illegible] Insist that your [illegible] fit you with genuine Kryptoks. Descriptive booklet free.

The KRYPTOK COMPANY, 185 E. 23d St., New York

A $61.00 Dining Set for $27.50

Only one of the 75 remarkable bargains offered in our catalog, mailed free, which explains exactly how you can save over one-half on high grade solid oak furniture.

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Your money back if you are not satisfied. You take no risk. Our method saves you one-half in the manufacturing cost, one-half on freight charges, and all of the 40% to 50% profit which the jobber and retailer must add to the manufacturer's price.

A Few of the Many Bargains Offered in Our New Catalog:

$15.00 Chair with cushion	$ 6.75
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Cost to Less Than First Month's Salary

Young men [illegible] We [illegible] grading [illegible] Write [illegible]

The Automobile College of Washington, Inc.
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Largest school of [illegible] engineering in U. S. Ref. Fourteenth St. [illegible] Bk., Wash. D C

LITTLE LEAKS

They mend all leaks instantly

[illegible] Completely sealed [illegible] 10c postpaid

Agts wanted Collette Mfg Co Box 119 Amsterdam N Y

Bonanza Wheat-Farm Methods

(Concluded from Page 18)

plowing is out of the way about the time most of his neighbors are beginning to turn their soil; so with seeding, harvesting and threshing. His big force of working stock, tools and men are at his command, and he is always able to hire them to his short-handed neighbors at a profit. He also operates one or more farms for absentee owners, taking three-fourths of the production for his share. This work is always done after his own is out of the way.

In threshing time Mr. Dalrymple issues a little local newspaper called the Daily Sheet. Though it is done on the typewriter instead of on a printing-press it is read by all hands as eagerly as though printed on the finest book-paper. It is really the score sheet of the Home Threshing League, and gives the number of bushels of grain turned out by each threshing gang. Its effect is to stir up competition between the "teams" and to inject the spirit of baseball rivalry into the prosaic work of harvesting.

The mammoth Dalrymple farm, founded by Oliver Dalrymple, now dead, has twenty-two thousand acres under cultivation. It is divided into seven sections—all but one division being located near Casselton, North Dakota. This great enterprise is under the direct management of John Dalrymple, a young college man, who spends his winters in Europe and is a student and a man of the world. His rating among his neighbors is expressed in the words: "A better farmer than the old man—and that's saying a heap!"

"My system of cropping," said this young bonanza farmer, "is to take three straight crops of grain, mainly spring wheat, and then change to barley or winter rye, sown in the fall. Each year our manure spreaders cover about three hundred acres. There is plenty of manure available, as we keep five hundred horses and twenty-five cows. The mark we try to aim at consistently is clean land—high cultivation—and make it pay as it runs. I am satisfied that every year's clean-up leaves the land in better shape than it was before, and I am willing to own that the farm as a whole pays us good, generous interest on a valuation of one hundred dollars an acre. The land that has been hardest worked is subjected to a rigid barren-summer fallow. In other words, we give the land we are going to fallow a shallow plowing in the fall. It is then plowed twice the following summer and in the fall is sown to winter barley or wheat."

Short-Changing the Dalrymples

"Generally there are two or three sections in clover. Clover is always followed by wheat in the spring. We use the bluestem strain, although we are making field tests with Alberta red. Also we are testing certain varieties of flax. All seeds are subjected to germinating tests. This year the crops of the old Dalrymple farm were nine thousand acres in wheat, twenty-five hundred acres each in oats, rye and barley, seventeen hundred acres in flax and nine hundred acres in corn—the remainder being in grass crops or summer fallow."

The young manager of this bonanza estate believes that it is cheaper to raise his horses than to buy them. From extensive experience he has determined that it costs him eighty-five dollars to raise a colt to the age of three years, when it is ready to be broken and put to work. As the prevailing price of good working teams is from five hundred to six hundred dollars, he would seem to have the best of the argument. Besides, he believes that in doing his own breeding he is able to get far better stock than he would generally be able to buy in the open market. His drove of horses is headed by four choice Percheron stallions, and he has fully two hundred brood mares. Today there are at least one hundred and twenty-five unbroken colts in his pasture. His reason for choosing Percherons is "because they stand grief better." He declares that his brood mares are not out of the harness more than three days at the time of foaling and that the colts learn to pick their feed more quickly when they are not allowed to run with their mothers. Colts are first fed oats and bran. Corn in the shock and oat straw is all they get after their first year until they are broken, with the exception of summer pasturage. Hay is fed to horses only in the working season. Mr. Dalrymple's books show that his working horses eat fifty dollars' worth of grain a year each and that his barn feed bill almost equals his yearly expenditure for labor.

The working equipment of this famous bonanza farm is expressed in large figures: there are two hundred and fifty sets of harness, two hundred wagons, eight huge steam tractor engines, eight separators that thresh twenty thousand bushels of wheat a day, one hundred and ten binders, and one hundred gangplows, each able to plow five acres a day of stubble land.

More than three thousand carloads of grain—or about eighty-seven average trains—were shipped from this farm last year. When the yearly yield is less than five hundred thousand bushels John and William Dalrymple think the farm has short-changed the family.

The summer force of the farm is about two hundred men, while the payroll in the busy season carries four hundred to five hundred men. Thirty hands comprise the winter crew. The full-season hands receive twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month, and the harvest and threshing force two to three dollars a day. All hands are Scandinavians. The advantage of this is that many "green" hands are attracted direct from the old country and have no difficulty in getting along where their own language is the prevailing tongue.

The Rough-Riding Automobile

According to John Dalrymple's records, the average cost a meal of the raw materials eaten by a farmhand is seven cents; the cooking and service brings the cost up to thirty-five cents a day for each man. About fifty tons of flour, twenty-five barrels of coffee and fifty half-barrels of salt fish are used in the chuck houses on the farm each year. In the working season the average meat consumption of the hands is about a steer and a half a day. These cattle no doubt could be profitably raised on the farm. A dairy of twenty-five cows is maintained to furnished the milk consumed on the place. Hogs are considered an incidental by-product, and three to four hundred porkers are raised each year.

Each of the six divisions of the great farm has its own buildings, teams, machinery equipment and foreman, and carries a separate account on the books kept in the big office building. All time accounts, however, are handled at the central office, and each laborer's account is kept posted "up to the minute." Every night each foreman calls the manager on the telephone, at a given time, and makes a complete report of the day's doings. The Oliver Dalrymple farm had a complete telephone system before one had been installed in the city of Buffalo. One general superintendent has direct oversight of the foremen. There isn't a busier automobile in North Dakota than the one that whisks John Dalrymple from one farm to another. It is broken to plowed ground and is expected to go anywhere that a pair of workhorses can pull a load.

The essence of all the volumes of figures in the central office of this big bonanza farm is this: It costs an average of eight dollars and forty-five cents to produce an acre of wheat. To this might be fittingly added that the fields in this year of extreme drought—only three-fourths of an inch of rainfall in the crop-making period—give substantial evidence that the average yield will be about fourteen bushels to the acre. Look at the present price of wheat and you can hardly escape the conclusion that being a bonanza wheat farmer is far from the worst fate in the world!

EVEN a sheep wears his wool on the *outside*. That's where it is in *Duofold*. *The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it.* Only fine cotton, linen or silk touches you. The outer fabric is of wool, pure silk or silkoline, as you prefer.—*Two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between.*

You feel none of the crawly, prickly sensation induced by an all-wool garment; none of the clammy feeling that a solid cotton garment gives. You feel no weight.

Duofold is as easy as your skin. It keeps you dry and evenly warm all the time indoors or out. And as to style, it is the leading fashion among well-dressed men everywhere.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various shades. Money back if not satisfied. Your dealer will supply you. Or if necessary write to us. We'll arrange for you to get what you want. Don't "put up" with something else. You don't have to.

Shall we send you the *Duofold* style booklet? It gives facts about hygienic dress that every modern man should read.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York

Nature's Way

Is for man to walk on the earth and not on hard surfaces. *Bailey's* way beats *Nature's* way by making *all* surfaces easy for the wearer of

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

The tread, constructed with flexible "U" shaped ribs, together with flat-ended rubber studs, make these heels positively ***non-slipping*** on ice or other slippery surfaces, insuring ease and safety with every step.

Mailed upon receipt of price

35 Cents Per Pair
For Men or Women

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot.

Dealers, write for prices

¶ Bailey's Rubber Heels were invented by Mr. C. J. Bailey, the inventor and patentee of Bailey's Rubber Brushes, "Won't Slip" Crutch Tips and "Won't Slip" Tires.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.
22 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

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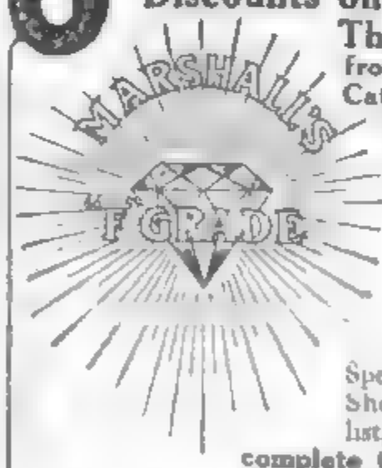

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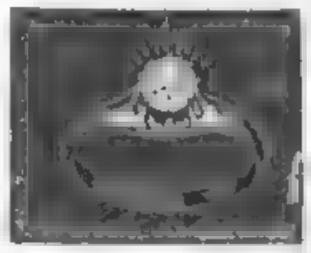
WRITE for our special offer on the choicest quality of diamonds. Special Discount Sheet and price list, together with complete Geo. E. Marshall Catalog, sent free.

For Instance



This exquisite diamond—absolutely perfect in cut and color—a gem of the rarest scintillating beauty, mounted on a beautiful Tiffany setting. **$69.00**, $13.80 down and $6.90 a month, or **8 per cent discount** for all cash.

On Approval These or any other diamonds from our catalog, prepaid **on approval**, without obligations. See catalog

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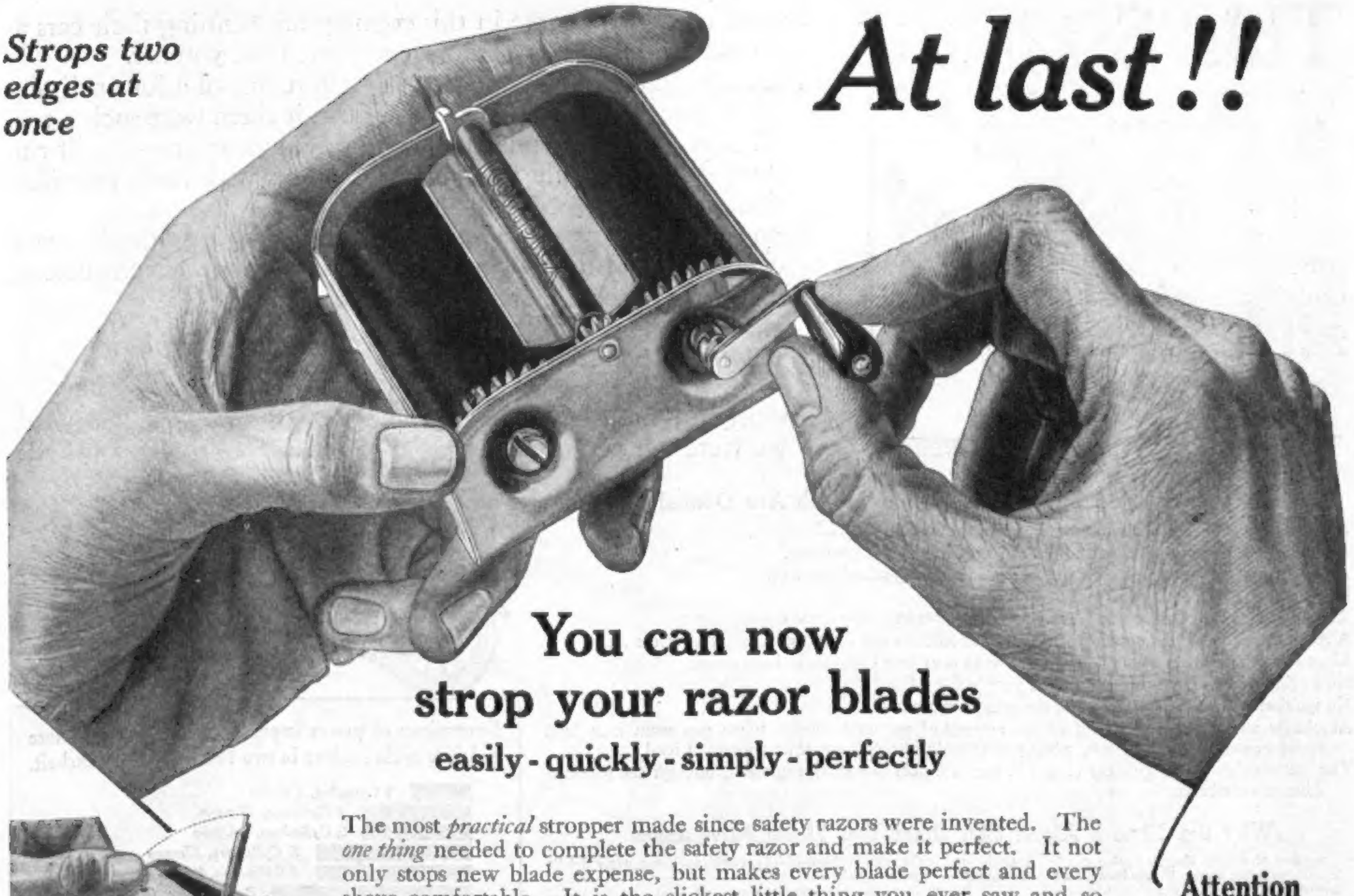
Strops two edges at once

At last!!



You can now strop your razor blades

easily - quickly - simply - perfectly

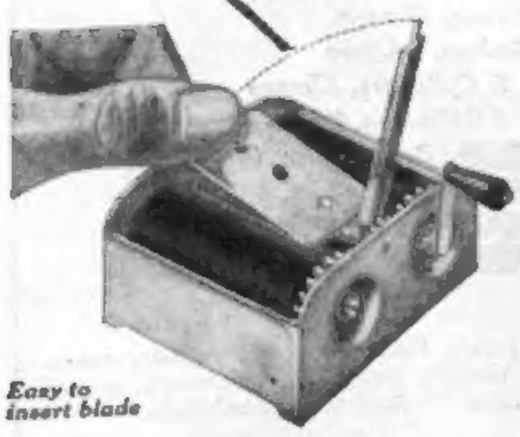
The most *practical* stropper made since safety razors were invented. The *one thing* needed to complete the safety razor and make it perfect. It not only stops new blade expense, but makes every blade perfect and every shave comfortable. It is the slickest little thing you ever saw and so simple you wonder why *you* didn't think of it. The

Twinplex Safety Razor Stropper
Two edges at once

is a handsome little nickeled box, two horsehide rollers, a blade holder and a crank—that's all. So simple a child can use it—so small you can carry it in your pocket. It can't get out of order—will last a lifetime and will pay for itself every year. *We guarantee it for 10 years.*

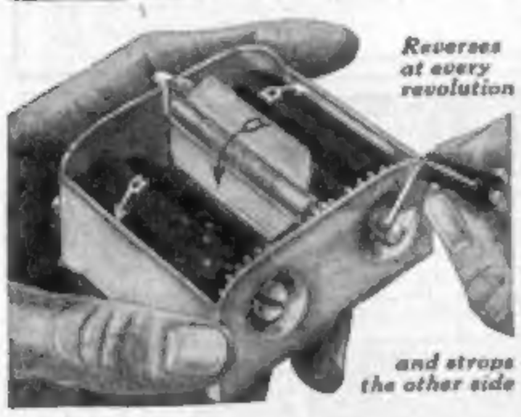
Attention Dealers!

There will be a big demand, at once, for the "Twinplex." If you haven't ordered write at once for terms to dealers.



Easy to insert blade

Strops both edges at once



Reverses at every revolution

and strops the other side

Just fits the palm of the hand—needs no hook

Simple—easy to use

Slip the catch, raise the holder—drop on the blade—close the holder and turn—that's all. No danger of cutting your hands—impossible to cut the strop.

Strops two edges at once

Then automatically reverses and strops the other side. You can strop a dozen blades with the "Twinplex" in the time it takes to strop two with other stroppers.

Fits the palm of your hand

It is small—only 2½ x 2¼ x 1½ inches. Needs no hook—simply hold it in one hand and turn. Takes up no more room in a grip than your razor.

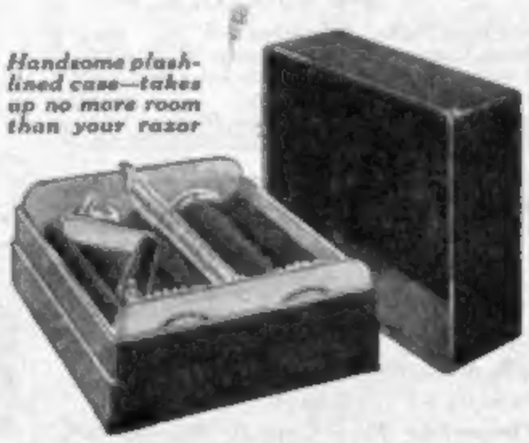
Handsome plush-lined case

protects it from dust—keeps it bright and clean. The "Twinplex" is a well made, beautiful little wonder. Can be used at home, on the train, or in a hotel equally well.

Pays for itself every year

The average safety razor user spends $4 to $5 a year for new blades and then doesn't always get a smooth shave. The "Twinplex" stops all further blade expense and makes old blades better than new.

If you have kept your old blades you should now have enough to last a lifetime, for the "Twinplex" will sharpen them better than new, and keep them sharp.



Handsome plush-lined case—takes up no more room than your razor

Thirty-day trial offer

Use the "Twinplex" 30 days, and if you are not delighted with it take it back to the dealer and he will refund your money. We stand back of the dealer on this offer. The "Twinplex" is sold by dealers, always for $3.50. We prefer to have you buy from your dealer, but if he hasn't stocked, we will send you one, express prepaid, on receipt of $3.50.
Under our 30-day trial offer you take no risk, but if you prefer to see a "Twinplex" before buying fill out the coupon below and mail to us.

Our simple little book tells all about this simple little stropper. Write for it.

Fill out whichever coupon you prefer

Twinplex Manufacturing Company, 307 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send a "Twinplex" to the dealer named below. If I like it I will buy it. If I don't like it I am under no obligations to buy it.

My name _____

My address _____

Dealer's name _____

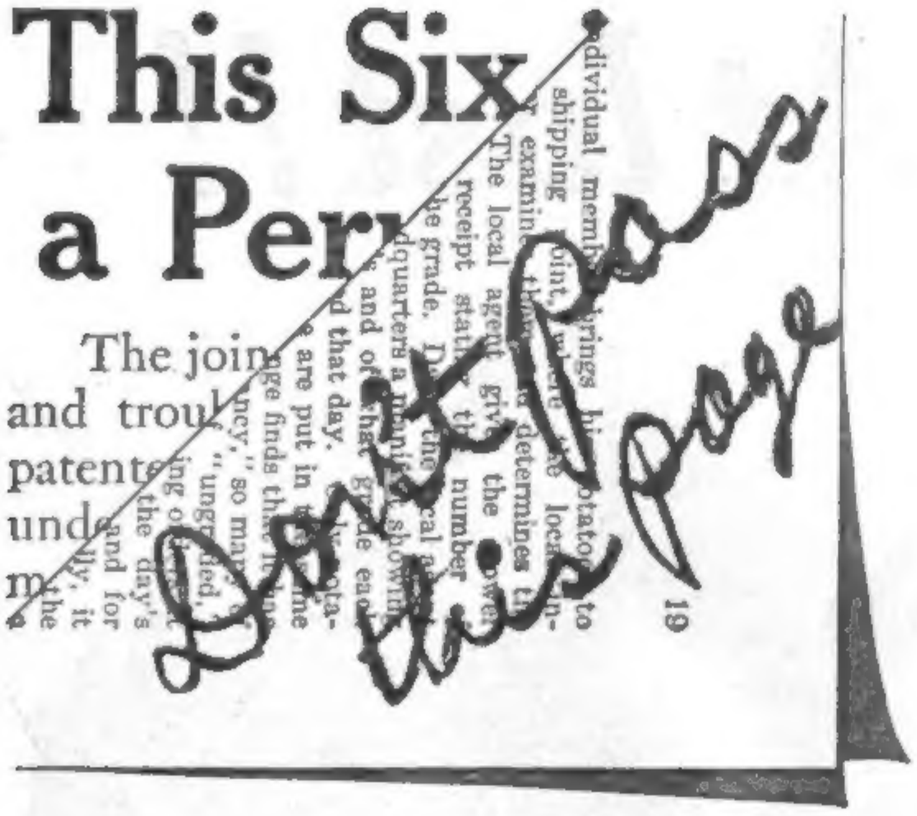
My razor is a _____

Enclosed is $3.50 for which please send me a "Twinplex." If I am not delighted with it after 30 days' trial, I will return it, express collect, and you agree to refund me $3.50.

Name _____

Address _____

My razor is a _____



Several thousand people in this country are running their cars at a much lower cost, per month or year, than you are.

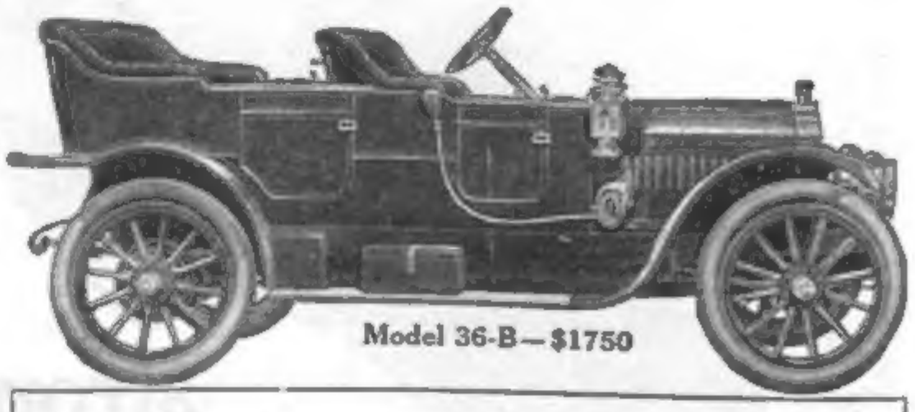
They are getting the same turning effort out of a four-cylinder car as you could get out of an eight—if there were such a car. The car they drive runs more smoothly than yours—it will run more slowly on high gear and climb grades with vastly less effort than your car.

If you care to know how and why they are enjoying this advantage over you, it will pay you to read this Elmore advertisement.

The product of the Elmore plant has gradually been increased from 150 to 3,100 cars per annum. And we are just as fa. away from satisfying the demand today as we were ten years ago.

Elmore

Valveless Two Cycle



Model 36-B—$1750

Advantages Enjoyed by Elmore Owners Which Are Denied to You

A lower cost of upkeep than any other car in the world.
Continuous power and all that it implies in smoothness and economy.
A power impulse from each cylinder, every time the fly-wheel revolves.
More power in our four than you get in your six.
The same turning effort in our four as you would get in a four cycle eight.
A greater overlap of one power impulse over another in our four than in any four cycle six.
More power at a lower speed than you get with your four cycle six at high speed.
No engine trouble from one end of the year to the other.
No ignition trouble from one end of the year to the other.
Absolutely automatic foot-control of the amount of gas used—more, when you want it at high speed or on a hard pull; less, when you want less at slow speed or on a good road.
The same volume and quantity of gas in each cylinder for every explosion, through the patented Elmore distributer.

Why the Elmore Alone Can Offer You These Advantages

A lower cost of upkeep than any other car in the world is possible with the Elmore largely because of the continuous power supplied by the Elmore engine.

The Elmore engine furnishes continuous power because it is a valveless two cycle.

It gives you more power impulses from each of the four cylinders, every time the fly-wheel revolves—one impulse overlapping another.

For this reason you get as many power impulses from one cylinder in the Elmore as you get in your car from two.

This is why you get more power in the Elmore four than you get in your six, and much smoother action than you would get in a four cycle eight.

The overlap of one Elmore impulse over another is equal to the power of an extra cylinder.

The Elmore overlap is half an impulse—the overlap in the four cycle six is only one-sixth of an impulse.

So you get in the Elmore more power at low speed than you get with your four cycle six at high speed.

In climbing a hill with the Elmore, you have not only the power produced by an impulse from each cylinder, but this excess power of one impulse overlapping another by one-half. On the grade, or at low speed, the Elmore engine pulls like a locomotive and HANGS ON.

The Elmore owner loses none of this tremendous power through valve leakage; while every four cycle car, unless its valves are continuously cleaned and reground, is losing all the time, from one-fifth to one-third of the energy which its engine develops.

The Elmore engine has no valves. It wastes neither power nor gasoline. The Elmore four-cylinder engine has 600 less parts than any four cycle six-cylinder.

The Elmore owner has an advantage over you, because you have no means of controlling the volume of gas to each cylinder, nor of regulating the flow of gas. The Elmore owner does this infallibly and automatically—through the Elmore patented gas distributer.

Each Elmore cylinder gets the same amount of gas for every explosion, whether you are using much gas at high speed, or little gas at low speed.

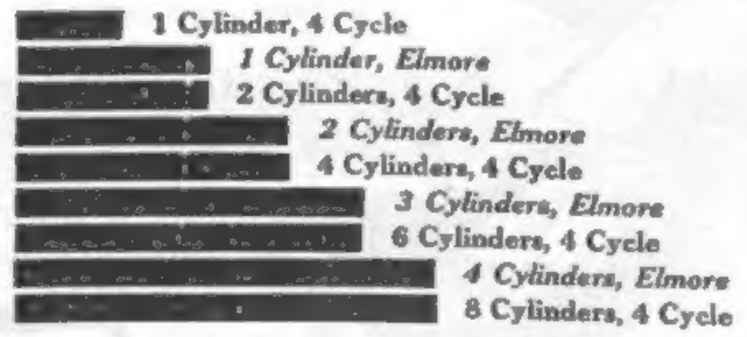
The intake of gas into the Elmore cylinders is absolutely positive; it does not depend upon the uncertain action of valves. The port opens and the gas flows into the cylinder, compressed and ready for conversion into power.

We have given here the barest outline of the Elmore virtues. Yet you can see the tremendous possibilities opened up; you can compare, in a way, the action of the Elmore with your four cycle car.

The real comparison can be made by calling on the local Elmore dealer for a demonstration. If you do that you will become an Elmore enthusiast, and eventually, if not at once, an Elmore owner.

Write to-day for the Elmore literature.

Comparison of power impulses developed by Elmore and four cycle engines in two full turns of crankshaft.



The Elmore	The Four Cycle
Each Elmore cylinder exerts power at EVERY turn of the crankshaft—twice the impulses of the four cycle.	Each four cycle cylinder exerts power only at every second turn of the crankshaft.
Elmore four-cylinder engine gives crankshaft eight impulses in two full turns.	Eight impulses, in two full turns of crankshaft, from eight-cylinder engine.
Elmore power impulses overlap.	Intermission between four cycle power impulses.
Elmore power therefore continuous.	Four cycle power therefore not continuous.
Overlap in Elmore four-cylinder half an impulse, coming when power stroke is full and strong.	Overlap in four cycle "six" but one-sixth of an impulse, coming when power stroke is almost exhausted.
Result—Continuous power in volume possible only with the Elmore or with an eight-cylinder four cycle engine.	Result—A let down, if not an actual intermission, in flow of power.

Elmore Manufacturing Co., 704 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

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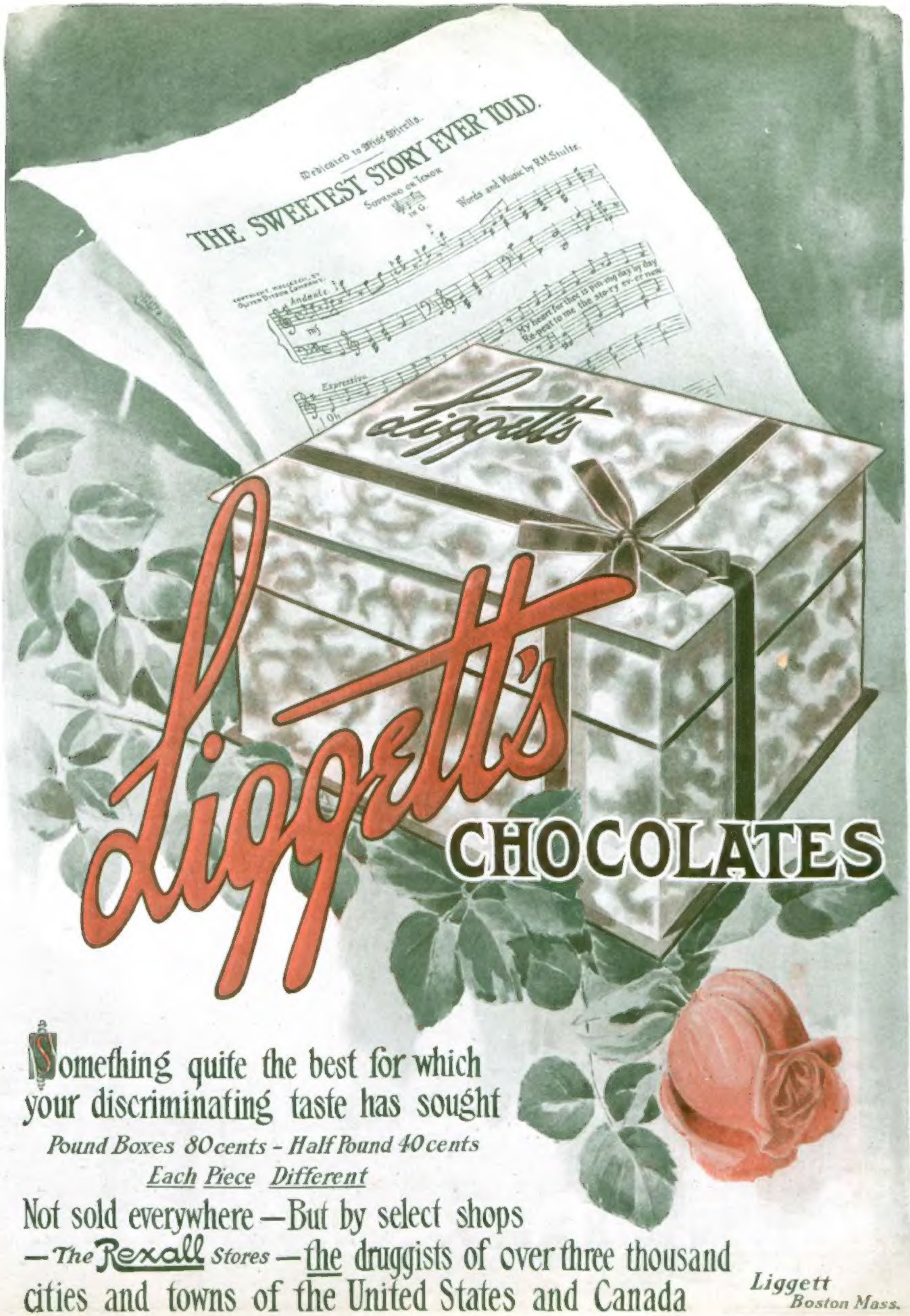
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